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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME INTO ENGLAND

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PART ONE: CARADOC'S OAK

MANY great men have come out of old Warwickshire. Shakespeare is most famous of these, yet one who was even greater than he lived and wrought a mighty work a thousand years and more before the poet was born. But the Stratford man was ever a curious delver in old forgotten facts, which he overlaid with innumerable fancies, and you may read in his books a fanciful story of Cymbeline, or Cunobelin, real king of ancient Britain, and true father to Caradoc. Caradoc is the hero of Warwickshire, although Master Shakespeare seems not to have heard of him. It is ever the world's loss that he did not, for his deft fingers would have woven a marvellous, beautiful web from the strange tangled threads that have fallen into my clumsy hands. Yet here they lie, on this clear Christmas morning in Warwickshire, and though you find my handiwork labored, you may know it is a labor of love.

King Caradoc came out with his train and his troop of Druidical priests to rebuild the stronghold of Warwick on a beautiful dawning of May. Warwick had been founded by "the radiant Cymbeline," his father, in the truly radiant year when Christ was born; but it had been overthrown by the Romans in the struggle about the tribute-money, described by Shakespeare himself. Cymbeline, from some strange whim of happiness, had closed that warfare with the memorable words:

> Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
> And to the Roman empire, promising
> To pay our wonted tribute. . . .
> Laud we the gods;
> And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
> From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
> To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
> A Roman and a British ensign wave
> Friendly together. So through Lud's town march:
> And in the temple of great Jupiter
> Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
> Set on there!

But Caradoc had not been nurtured at the court of Augustus in the manner of his fickle father, Cymbeline; his nourishment

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had been that of freedom. That island "outside the world," as the Romans called Britain—that "Neptune's park," as Master Shakespeare quaintly names it, "ribbed and paled in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters"—had fed in Caradoc the love of liberty and scorn of tyranny and fealty to Fair Play, which is Britain's chiefest glory to this day. Not so with his brother Adminius. When the dying Cymbeline had pressed the crown upon Caradoc's ruddy head last year, in the presence of all the people, the dark and gloomy elder brother had stolen away to Cæsar, with a promise to return and take revenge.

But no foreboding clouded the brightness of the young king's countenance as he came out through the forest to the rebuilding of Warwick in the chill dawn of this May day morning, the sixth of the moon, in the fortieth year of our Lord. That "perfect beauty and great strength" which Britain early demanded of her kings met in regal consummation in Caradoc. His lithe, erect figure, with its crown of rich ruddy hair, was set off by true kingly trappings that spoke of no mean artifice among his weavers, jewellers, hosiers, and needlewomen. One who has digged in the musty records of that ancient age informs us that he must have worn a long furred mantle of sables over his tunic of blue, which reached to his shapely knees; and the tight hosen or breeches were bound with golden cross-garterings from the middle of the calf to the ankles, where they were met by black-pointed skin shoes. Around his neck was a massive gold torque. At his side hung a long shining sword, the hilt of which was studded with bright enamel. His flowing hair was surmounted by a peaked cap of gay striped cloth, the predominating color being scarlet. To the peak clung the golden dragon of Britain—"the dragon of the great Pendragonship." His eyes were blue and keen and fearless; his features clear cut, and his face clean shaven except for an auburn moustache that grew well down on either side of a mouth at once gentle and firm, betraying also that lurking sense of humor which is the unfailing accompaniment of both sympathy and hard common-sense. Caradoc, leading his ceremonious procession through the starlit aisles of the forest, was followed close by a band of twenty tangle-haired chieftains, whose long and brightly chequered woollen cloaks—the primitive Highland plaids—were fastened with pins and brooches of boars' tusks, each man carrying spear and battered shield. Behind these came trooping, two by two, the bearded Druids, clothed in clinging robes of solid scarlet, with massy rough bands of hammered gold on wrist and bare ankle, and a long rough wooden staff in each right hand. Caradoc, scorning the splendid new temples of Rome, had fostered this ancient British cult, not because it appealed to his devotion, but because it was fixed in the soil, and could be utilized for patriotic purposes.

These sombre disciples of Taranis and Camulus were chanting their hymn to the dawn in low monotonous wailings as the king led on the advance through and out of the forest to the smooth summit of a little gorse-sprinkled hill, beside the "soft-flowing Avon"—and, there suddenly pausing, struck his gigantic spear into the soil which he had chosen for the planting of the corner-stone of Warwick. It was beneath the spreading branches of an oak, the only tree left standing on the hill, and the Druids gave a shout of rapturous joy. With them the high oak was held sacred as the stern and lonely monarch of the trees, speaking to them of their gods; and it pleased them to note the pious foresight of the king. Instantly the archpriest, old Dallan, hurried forward, searching the pale green boughs with keen eyes, while his fellows pressed about him in silence, and the chieftains encircled the tree. Then, suddenly, without warning, and as though he never had come before, the sun shot up above the vast unbroken forests to eastward, and kissed the budding oak upon the hill-top, so that there ran "a little noiseless noise among the leaves" as they trembled at the touch of his rays. On the instant the eager-eyed arch-Druid, thrusting both clenched hands straight upward in highly wrought religious excitement, uttered a tense prolonged shriek which fairly curdled Caradoc's blood:

"Oo-yee! The Mistletoe, All-Heal!"* *Oo-yee!"*

As the sunrise lit up the big tree, the searching eyes of Dallan the Druid had discerned a branch of the mystical mistletoe growing close in against its huge trunk, little witting that the shrewd king had found

* The druid word for mistletoe meant "All-Heal."

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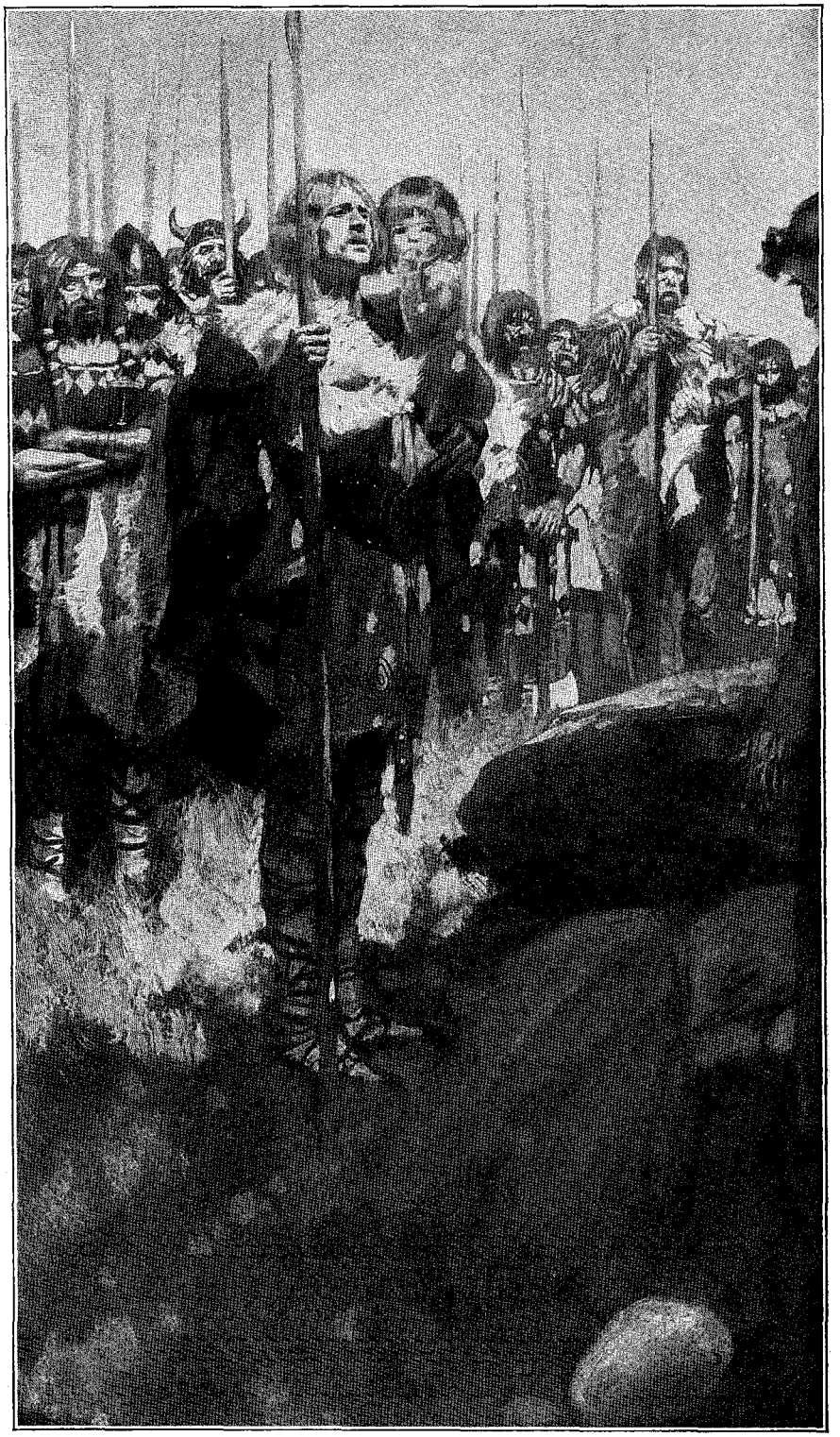

Drawn by Frank Craig.

"Keep thou to thy oaks and thy mistletoe."—Page 647.

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it there before him, and had carefully chosen his hour. To these fanatical religionists, the combination of omens was so impressive that not a man of them but shivered to his marrow with the rapture of superstitious awe—the oak, the dawn, the mistletoe in the sixth day of the moon, the king and his corner-stone!—and the cry that shrilled from their throats as they stood with uplifted clenched hands behind Dallan, their leader, frightened many a squirrel from his feast of tender twigs among the tree tops.

When the cry had died down from want of breath, but before its echoes had faded in the forest, the hook-nosed, bearded Dallan, beating himself twice upon the breast, raised his hands once more toward heaven and then shouted:

"Know ye, O people of Britain, that heaven smiles on you this day! The oak is the strong unswerving god. The mistletoe is man, dependent on the gods for his being. The dawn is heaven's smile. It is the sacred sixth day of the moon. Here have ye seen the holy tokens, fixed in perfect unison at the moment of mighty adventure. By the sacred Anguineum which I bear upon my breast"—here he wrenched it from its twisted chain of gold and held it aloft—"I declare that the favor of our gods is with King Caradoc, and that he shall mightily prevail!"

Here the Druids chanted a loud and fervent "amen," and the war-men clashed spear against shield, while Caradoc stood smiling proudly beneath the beneficent tree. Dallan was an impressive figure, tall and tense, the sun striking fire from the curiously fashioned gold disc that formed his head-gear, and turning his robe to blood color. He resumed his interrupted oration:

"Wherefore I call upon you, Druids, while the king with his chieftains marks out the boundaries of new Warwick, to get you to your duties, which ye know so well, and build here, where the king's spear stands, an altar for fitting sacrifice on this golden day of the dawn."

He lowered his gaunt arms, in token that his speech was now ended. Three priests pressed toward him for instructions. These directions he whispered in their ears; then held against each of their hearts, in turn, that mystical charm of the serpent's egg, or Anguineum, which the elder Pliny describes as of "about the size of a moderately large round apple, having a cartilaginous rind studded with cavities like those on the arms of a polypus." It was always produced—according to tradition—from the saliva and frothy sweat of innumerable serpents, writhing in an entangled mass in the moonlight, the egg being tossed up by their hissing as soon as formed. The divinely favored Druid who contrived, as it fell, to catch it in his sagum, or white linen apron, rode off at full speed upon horseback, pursued by the serpents until they were checked by the passage of a clear running stream. When Dallan had pressed the Anguineum hard against the breasts of the three priests in turn, they disappeared quickly in the forest; one, with a livid scar upon his face, which reached from temple to nostril, going in the direction of the village of wattled huts from which the procession had come, the others toward a neighboring cattle-pit. Meanwhile, the remaining Druids, about two score in number, were already hurrying hither and thither in search of large stones from the hillside, which they built in an astonishingly short time into a rough unplastered altar between the tree and the sun.

This done, Dallan beckoned to the chief of the saronidæ, or bardic instructors of youth; and the winner of the circlet of gold in the last annual contest of bards stepped out facing the sun, with the British banner of scarlet uplifted in the same hand that held his rude harp, and chanted:

O Thou strong King of Day,
Lord of Light,
Who chasest away
the dark night,
Thou hast smiled on the Oak,
Thou hast bless'd Caradoc,
And we praise Thee with all of our might!

O Wheel of the world,
Turning Wheel,
On our banner unfurl'd
set Thy seal!
Give us true hearts of oak
For our liege Caradoc,
In the name of the sacred All-Heal!

Gruff shouts of applause arose from the throats of the war-men as the bard brought his impromptu chant to its close and the poet had no sooner retired to his place in the now silent and expectant band of Druids than the two scarlet-robed priests were seen

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advancing from the rim of the forest leading two large white bulls. Caradoc and his chieftains moved out from under the tree to observe the ceremony which followed. The bulls were fastened by their horns to the trunk of the oak. Dallan was then lifted up on the shoulders of the two assisting priests until he could clamber to a seat upon the lowest bough. A golden knife was handed up to him. With this, standing upright among the branches of the tree, he cropped the sacred All-Heal, or mistletoe, amid the pious chanting of the priests, catching the precious parasite in his snow-white sagum as it fell. He then descended, with the assistance of the two tall Druids, and placed the mistletoe upon the altar. Returning to the tree, amid the perfect silence of the people, he raised the same golden knife above his head, and, with two deft practised strokes of his sinewy arm, severed the jugular veins of the bulls. Their hot blood spouted gurgling on the tree-trunk, and the Druids chanted a mournful "amen" to this further good omen. The bulls fell, without breaking their bands, one sharp horn piercing the tree until the sap oozed. A short convulsive struggle, and they lay quite still. The Druids heaved a sigh of relief over the fortunate killing. After Dallan had placed certain parts upon the altar for burning, his followers rushed in for their portions of the sacrificial feast. Caradoc and his chieftains, knowing that the great fire would not be lit upon the corner-stone altar until the sun had quite reached his zenith—when the elaborate ceremony of dedication would take place—now set out on their journey to mark out boundaries for the walls of the town.

This engaged them for the space of several hours. Meanwhile the Druids had built a huge fire, and had eaten their hastily roasted beef "rather after the fashion of lions," though with the assistance of little bronze knives; gnawing the joints to the bone, and then tossing the denuded bones upon the glowing coals. The feast ended, they had stretched themselves around the barbecue fire to enjoy the sleepy pleasure of repletion, awaiting the hour of high noon. But their luxury was soon interrupted by the return of the scar-faced priest, bearing a crying child in his arms, and followed by the crouching figure of the mother. She seemed but a poor soiled creature, in her rough ragged gown of hodden-gray, tied about the waist with thongs of straw—her matted hair covering her face like a veil, and half stifling her pitiful sobs. They gave no heed to her, but instantly every man sat erect with attention to this highest rite of all the Druid ritual. Only on extraordinary occasions did the Druids practise human sacrifice, but Dallan had felt that the events of the morning demanded high mass to Taranis, and was the more willing to make it since Myfanwy's sunny-haired boy had caused scandal among the chaste Britons. Her husband had been slain by the Romans, and her honor thus left defenceless against the tongue of Coran the scar-faced. Why should not the child be built as a stone of offence into the altar of the corner-stone, acceptable to the gods on two counts? So the archpriest arose with great dignity, and directed that preparations should begin, after observing that the king and his warriors had quite disappeared in the distance.

The two-year-old boy had been quieted by a big pone of saffron cake which Myfanwy drew from her bosom and thrust into his small chubby hands. This poor creature seemed utterly cowed as she squatted on her haunches near the altar and watched the awful procedure through her tresses of rough tangled hair. Coran had placed the little child within, by the removal of three or four stones, and now Dallan stood directing the mason who was busily mixing his mortar. When it was finally ready, the workman scooped a quantity of the slimy mass into his hands, and smeared it skilfully between the chinks with his bony forefinger. The small Dunwallo sat quietly within, munching his saffron cake in the growing darkness.

Suddenly Myfanwy thrust herself forward on her knees, and, peering hungrily through a crevice in the altar, exclaimed in tones that were vibrant with the pain of wounded love, and that framed themselves into the blind unconscious poetry of Celtic passion:

"I see his face, there gleaming like a rose!"

The mason's hands were busy at their task of shutting out the light from the oven; the smack of mortar against the stones made deeper darkness about the innocent child.

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"I see his eyes, gleaming like twin stars!" exclaimed the passionate mother.

A rough hand seized her by the shoulder, but she wrenched herself free and pressed her wet face against another part of the unfinished oven, while the mason's hand closed up the crevice that had just served as a little window of love.

"I see his hair, gleaming like the dawn!" screamed Myfanwy; and then, as they tore her away and closed the last poor channel of vision, she thrust her knotted hands high above her head, and, falling backward prone upon the ground, shrieked in heart-rending agony:

"I see nothing, nothing, nothing! O my child!" *

Coran spurned the prostrate woman with his foot, and harshly bade her be silent. Like a fury she seized him by the ankles, and began gnawing at his bones like a snarling maddened dog. When they tore her loose the shins of the priest were bleeding, and while they held her there half reclining on the ground, she fixed her crazed glassy eyes upon him and poured forth a torrent of words:

"Thou dog of a Druid!" she screamed; "would thou wert with the dead fetid marsh-hag that bore thee! May scurvy rot thy bones and the darkest demons seize thy scowling soul! Thou it was that didst enter my hut with thy leer and thy lolling tongue! Hand of my husband it was that did brand thee across thy foul face when he came in at eve from the hunt to find a wild beast in his home! Him didst thou betray to the Romans; me hast thou robbed of mine honor, with the ulcerous sting of thy slander; and now thou hast taken my child!"

But her voice was stifled with the folds of her own coarse gown as they finally crushed her fierce convulsions with superior strength, and dragged her back to the village through the forest. Coran, pointing ruefully down at his ankles, suggested that she, too, be included in the sacrifice; but Dallan, who remained unruffled throughout the mêlée, waved away the suggestion with a stately gesture and the curt pronouncement that so high a dedication could not be profaned or cheapened by the blood of an unholy female.

The sacred oven having now been completed, quantities of punk and dry wood from the hill-side were heaped about the bloody sacrifice on the altar, as well as on the ground at its base; and, as the sun drew almost directly overhead, while Caradoc with his escort of warriors could be seen coming in from their circuit, the three priests seized brands from the barbecue fire, and awaited the word of command. Old Dallan, his arms folded and his bushy gray brows gathered to a dignified frown, stood under the oak facing the altar, his Druids assembled around him ready to chant with their bards the solemn incantation to Taranis when the flames should leap up toward the sky. The men who had dragged poor Myfanwy back to her empty hut in the village came running, quite out of breath, in time to join themselves to the Druidical company—followed to the edge of the forest by a motley group of villagers, who stood peering timidly and in open-eyed wonder at the mystic ceremonial on the hill-top. Caradoc, with a half-suppressed yawn leaned on his spear among the war-men, facing the archpriest and the altar. Dallan cut his keen eye toward the sun, then lifted his hand as a signal for the chant to begin. It droned like the low drowsy murmur of bees as the Druids took up the weird strain:

O Taranis, oak-hearted Deity,
Taranis, blood-loving Lord,—

swelling to articulate sound as the priests rushed with their flaming firebrands and thrust them among the fagots on the altar. The dry twigs crackled as the fire caught them; the chant dropped again to a drone, before the wild hurricane of sound that should ascend with the uplifted flames. A tiny red coal sifted in through the lid of the oven and fell upon the baby's naked shoulder, just as the little drowsy eyes were yielding to the spell of the close darkness and the feast of the great yellow pone—and the shrill cry of a terrified child pierced the low monotone of the bards precisely as the flames roared heavenward and the chant soared into a scream.

But the quick ear of Caradoc had caught the shrill note of keen childish agony, cutting the air like a knife, and he thought of his tiny infant daughter in Siluria. At a flash his eye swept the freshly plastered oven of human sacrifice; he discerned that his well-known dislike of this horrid feature

*These four exclamations of Myfanwy, together with the name, are borrowed from the book of the Warwick Pageant, which occurred in the summer of 1906.

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of Druid ritual had almost been baffled—and on this day of all days!—by the crafty fanaticism of Dallan. Like a catapult he flung himself toward the altar, his splendid robe and towering cap slipping from him; and lay fiercely about him with his great Homeric spear, showering sparks and living coals in such fashion that the amazed Druids shrank back under the tree. In a moment he had toppled over the altar, with its burden of scorched bloody sacrifice; in a moment he had seized small Dunwallo and lifted him aloft in his arms. Turning then with blazing eyes toward old Dallan, he read that hook-nosed fanatic a lesson in royal rebuke such as made him flinch before the face of his Druids, while the war-men looked stolidly on.

"Thou bloody evil priest!" shouted Caradoc, his right hand burning with pain,—

"Keep thou to thy oaks and thy mistletoe, but know that human sacrifice shall never stain the stones of new Warwick, nor bloody the fame of my reign! On peril of thy life shalt thou venture ever to attempt the like again! I swear it by the great Pendragonship!"

Dallan had recovered his composure; and there was real majesty in the old fanatic's bearing as he spoke for the outraged gods:

"And know thou also, O Caradoc, that the gods will be avenged this very day! I swear it by the sacred Egg-of-the-Serpents!"

The king was walking indifferently over toward his chieftains, all his splendid youthful grace and strength revealed with the loss of the trappings that had veiled him—the half-naked and quite dirty child snuggling its sunny head on his shoulder. As if in swift answer to the priestly imprecation, a horseman came crashing through the underbrush from the village and flung himself on one knee before the king:

"The Romans are upon us, my Master! They have crossed the street-ford * of the Avon and are within two leagues of this place! Adminius, thy brother, leads the way!"

PART TWO: TWENTY YEARS AFTER

A score of years have passed by, and we look upon the same scene again. The great oak is still standing, more majestic and stalwart than ever, though bare and forbidding of aspect in the gloom of a baleful December evening. Every trace of the ill-starred altar has disappeared, and the boundary stones so carefully placed by Caradoc and his warriors had never been visited again, for the coming of the treacherous Adminius with the Romans had brought on a seven years' war, which had left no time for town building. Adminius was slain in the opening battle, while Caradoc fought the war through, only to be betrayed at its close by a treacherous stepmother, Cartismandua, who delivered him up to the Romans. That had been twelve years ago—just after the final sanguinary struggle at the great stronghold of Breidden Hill. The subsequent revolt of the amazonian British queen, Boadicea, which expelled the Romans from Lud's town (or London), and slew them to the number of seventy thousand, was a merely temporary victory, succeeded by fiercer oppression. During the dozen dreary years that had intervened since Caradoc's war, the people of Warwickshire had endured a dread peace that seemed to them far worse than warfare, trodden down as they were by their conquerors. They longed for Caradoc's return from his enforced exile in Rome, but there were no priests to voice their petitions, as the fierce Druids had been exterminated by order of Claudius on account of their frenzied resistance to invasion. Suetonius with his powerful army had even stormed their sacred island of Mona—now known as Anglesey—burning the fanatical priests by the hundred in their own huge cages of wickerwork, built for colossal human sacrifice.

The forest had been partially cleared between the hill-top and the old British village, and now a strong Roman settlement marked the site of the Warwick of the future. The Romans, always keen judges of locality, had confirmed the judgment of Caradoc, and posterity continues to praise it. "Under this hill, hard by the river Avon," as one quaint old writer has phrased it, is "the very seate itselfe of pleasantnesse. There have yee a shady little wood, cleere and cristall springs, mossy bottomes and caves, meadowes alwaies fresh and greene, the river rumbling here and there among the stones, with his stream making a milde noise and gentle whispering, and

* Now Stratford.

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besides all this, solitary and still quietnesse, things most grateful to the Muses." The muse of William Shakespeare was certainly partial to his native Warwickshire,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads.

The Romans of that period have been charged with decadent taste in many things, but Warwick must be remembered in their favor.

The old tree on the deserted hill-top had become a sort of Charter Oak to the Britons, recalling the days of their freedom, and bound up with the memory of their lost leader, whose unselfish defiance of Taranis had been talked of beside every hearthstone, though there were not wanting those who believed that all the ills of the last score of years had been extorted by the angered gods as ransom for Dunwallo's freedom. The less superstitious, however, pointed with some reason to the fact that Druidism had been quite extinguished as a proof that its gods wanted power. The people lacked a religion, and centred their scanty hopes upon the return of King Caradoc, to whom the more faithful looked forward to as one who should redeem Britannia out of all her troubles.

Around the solitary "Oak of Caradoc," as it had now come to be called, Britons chafing under serfdom were accustomed to gather as opportunity offered, there to find that companionship which misery is said to delight in. On the December evening in question, about the time of the sinking of the sun, a group of men bearing great bags of corn on their shoulders came trudging over the hill toward the village—paused wearily underneath the oak as if by common agreement—dumped the bags down on its gnarled spreading roots, and then threw themselves upon the damp ground for an hour of sweet stolen leisure. Believing that an idle brain is a mischievous workshop, the taskmasters had contrived that their subjects should have small respite from toil; when nothing else remained to be done, the peasants were forced to bring uncounted tribute of corn from their strange subterranean granaries, for storage in the governmental warehouse. It was a doubly odious drudgery, because it combined with sweaty and painful labor the surrender of hard-earned harvests. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a white-haired but still vigorous laborer, with a livid scar seaming his face, kicked viciously at his burden as it fell on the ground at his feet, and exclaimed, when he had thrown himself upon it and leaned his thin aching back against the tree:

"May this corn rot the bones of the Romans! 'Tis the heaviest load ever I bore!"

"Peace, Coran," replied a youthful companion, of strikingly thoughtful demeanor; "curses come home to roost, and our curse is heavy already."

Old Coran sat upright as though he had springs in his backbone. His pale eyes flashed fire, and the scar on his face seemed to deepen. The fanatical devil that lived in his heart shook his voice to a very cataract of utterance:—

"Ay, well hast thou said, young Dunwallo, that curses come back home to roost! And well hast thou said that our curse is too heavy to bear! To come from thy lips of all men! Came not our curse out of thee?"

This question he screamed with such shrillness that Dunwallo looked alarmedly about; and then, smiling sadly, replied:

"Softly, softly, testy Coran, or the Romans will give us merry Yuletide with a vengeance—if they snare us thus loitering at our toil."

"Yuletide, indeed!" answered Coran, the four other men listening intently to what promised to become a lively broil. "What knowest thou of the Yuletide?"

"Oh, Coran," soothed the gentle Dunwallo, "thou art not the only one to meet and converse with the Norsemen who came up the river from Lud's town. I know of their worship of the Yule."

"Ay, the Yule!" whispered the bitter old priest of former days, with strident intensity of passion, leaning forward with skinny elbows on his knees, his pale eyes glowing like coals,

—"Knowest thou not 'tis the hour of the power of the Yule Wheel?—that the angered Wheel God of heaven is turning him now in his courses?—and, if he be not appeased in his wrath, he will burn us to hell with his curses? This week the Sun wheels in his circuit; woe be to us if we spit toward the Yule!"

The superstitious British peasants sat now with their chins in their palms, weary

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and worn with sore toil, despondent from oppression and exposure in this strangest of all British winters, but listening with eager intentness to the spokesman of long forgotten gods.

"Who would spit toward the Yule, Father Coran?" asked Dunwallo, seriously enough, for he had brooded long and deeply on his possible share in the curse, and was accustomed to furtive reproaches, though never before had any dared openly frame the indictment that had haunted his melancholy mind. Since that dreadful Doomsday, as the Britons were accustomed to call it, when Caradoc had overthrown the altar, and Myfanwy had died of her epileptic fit in the poor empty hut of wattled reeds, and the Romans had overrun the country, he had been treated as a being apart, belonging as it were to the gods, and therefore immune from harm and entitled to bounty as their foundling, yet shunned by many with dread. These facts had wrought their effect on a naturally sensitive temperament, and now his heart was like lead as he waited for Coran to answer.

The old man held back his reply, peering keenly into the youth's fearless eyes, his face twitching with unearthly excitement, his scar throbbing like a thing alive. When the answer was finally moulded, it fell slowly from his thin writhing lips, each word with a sting as of a wasp, impelled by that malignant ferocity which religious bigotry draws to its prime.

"Accursed of the gods!" he hissed.

"Spawn of leprous sire and lying dam! Robber of the altar, cheater of the sacrifice, it is thou that spittest at the Yule! Seest thou not that thy living is a daily insult to deity? Knowest thou not that thy life's blood is forfeit to the hunger of Taranis? Well do I remember that damnable May-day noontide when old Dallan called vengeance from the skies. The smell of fire still clung to thy swaddling bands when the courier fell from his frothy horse and proclaimed, like a herald of hell, the coming of Jupiter's scourge. The beak of the eagles of Rome hath rended the hearts of our people because all the gods in high heaven wreak revenge for the cheating of Taranis. Thy hag mother died in her frenzy, and left me these anklets as keepsake, as thy father hath marked me this scar. Thy puny life was forfeit, I tell thee; the mad king raped it from the oak god's very jaws! In exchange for thy puling infant's drachm of blood, the blood of our oak-hearted manhood has deluged Britain with red floods of fury, even from that day to this. War, war, war! Toil and pain, toil and pain, toil and trouble! Bloody curses, stinking woes, and filthy serfdom—that hast thou brought to our bosoms! Thou art the hell-born incubus of Britain, and the father of fiendish woes! Even the clouds and the seasons retch at thee! Why this reeking moisture of midwinter? Why these steamy months of lukewarm fog? Why this baleful threat of deadly plague? Why do the worms rot the trees, and the weevils plague the corn, and the mole-rats pollute the brook-bed, except for thee? Wherefore should the snow stick in the sky, save for shuddering fear of thee? 'Land of the wintry pole,' indeed! Why should the oily rivers creep unpurified of ice in their slimy serpentine beds except that the cold gods of purity disdain thee? They are all in league with Taranis; never has such a winter's season come to Britain, never hath land groaned under heavier woe. Thou clingest to thy whelp's life as a leech—yea, leech thou art to Britain's sucked-up heart—devourer of thy land and thy people! Here under this oak tree came the awful curse on us from thee; when thou payest here under this tree thy debt to the cheated Taranis, then, and not till then, will Britain be freed of her curses! I swear it by the Egg-of-the-Serpents, which I tore from the dead hand of Dallan!"—and, wrenching the sacrosanct charm from its hiding place in his girdle, he thrust it with violence against Dunwallo's wildly beating heart.

The aged man leaned back exhausted, his breast heaving with its torrent of delirium. The fetid breath of that dense winter in England turned more than one man toward madness. The half-mad and wholly fanatical Coran had not escaped the sword of Suetonius for naught. With such seed corn of fierce Druidism existent, that intense barbaric faith might again find full field in Britain. His hearers were visibly affected. The four peasants muttered anxiously together, stealing deadly looks toward Dunwallo. The full watery moon that had supplanted the failing twilight showed the youth's face as pallid as a ghost's, his great eyes staring into vacancy. Presently he

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spoke. It was the fruit of much melancholy brooding, fertilized by the sick ghastliness of the season, and ripened suddenly by the blaze of Coran's wrath. In Dunwallo spoke the voice of a martyr, unremembered now, yet worthy of a place beside those who died in the highway at Oxford. His voice was low but steady; his face had the grandeur of a god.

"Coran, it comes to me that thou art right. And I am ready to pay the forfeit for my people."

The old man leaped to his feet with the agility of a panther; the four peasants lumbered clumsily to theirs. Only Dunwallo remained seated among the scattered bags of corn.

"Say it again!" screamed the unfrocked priest—"say what mine ears have seemed to tell me!"

"I say it," answered Dunwallo. "Here and now will I pay forfeit for my people."

One of the men said:

"Dunwallo, well spoken. It is due that thou shouldest die and save thy people. Thy life is truly forfeit to the gods." And in this they all seemed to concur.

They found a scrawny spray of mistletoe, and bruised its juices on his face and hands. Coran sealed him with the deadly Anguineum. They bound him with their leather girdles to the oak tree, as an ox. They discussed the place where they might sink his corpse in the Avon and escape the detection of the Romans, being afraid to venture a fire. Coran was feverish with excitement, while Dunwallo, his eyes closed, remained to all appearance divinely calm throughout the whole procedure. The five men finally stood out before him in the moonlight—Coran in the centre, harshly chanting the blood-curdling death-song, knife in hand. But listen!

A voice of singular sweetness and persuasion interrupted the unholy dirge:

"My children!"

Coran whirled about with the swiftness of lightning, recognized as by intuition the wan figure of the white-haired Caradoc standing there alone in the moonlight, and raised his murderous knife frenziedly upon the exiled king. But the weapon fell harmless from his hand as he huddled in a dead faint upon the sodden ground. The four men fell back amazed. Caradoc stooped, with infinite tenderness, and ministered to the unconscious Druid. When the sick man had revived, he bade one of the peasants support him, then hastened to unbind Dunwallo. When each knew who the other was, they embraced and wept. Then Caradoc stooped once more over the prostrate form of the Druid, whose strength seemed utterly spent, and, laying the gaunt head with its horrible livid scar upon his knee with all of the careful gentleness of a woman, he then bade the others, filled with silent awe-struck wonderment as they were, to be seated about him on the ground.

The watery pall had passed away from the face of the moon, and she shone clear and wholesome upon them—the ragged king and his huddling disconsolate children. And then he told them his story.

"I have come back to you at the Yuletide," said Caradoc, "at the cost of my kingly crown. My freedom I purchased, my children, to lead you to serve the Prince of Peace."

"The Prince of Peace! What a name!" muttered the fierce old priest of Taranis, looking wide-eyed into Caradoc's face.

"Yes, my children," continued this great Nursing-Father, while his hand caressed the face with its scar; "He purchased the peace of His people by the forfeit of His life upon the tree."

Dunwallo stirred uneasily; the peasants leaned forward on their elbows; Coran would have struggled to his feet, but the gentle hand of Caradoc restrained him.

"Why!" exclaimed the old Druid, "we were about to claim the forfeit of Dunwallo!"—and when Caradoc had heard the whole story of the young man's voluntary sacrifice, he looked with deep love on Dunwallo, and then told the story of the Cross. He told them also how his wife and daughter had died in their far Roman exile, happy in the peaceful faith they had heard proclaimed by a notable Jew named Paul. He told them how his own heart had been comforted in the thought of working for the peace of his people. Then, coming back to the present, he continued:

"I had thought it was only the fondness of memory that lured me by way of the oak. I longed to stand under this tree, where I parted with the glory of the past. So I left my men with the coracle, down by the margin of the river, desiring to come on alone. But now I know I was sent here.

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I was sent to the Oak as your daysman, to set you at one with Emmanuel, and to turn your awful Yuletide into Christmas."

"Christmas—what is Christmas?" asked Dunwallo.

"Christmas is redeemed childhood," answered the white-haired Caradoc. "It was the unknown touch of Christmas in my heart that set you free from Taranis a score of years ago"—and he told them the story of the manger.

"Christmas is redeemed motherhood," the wise old evangelist went on, thinking of the pitiful Myfanwy; and he pictured to their minds the Virgin Mother.

"Christmas is a redeemed world," the king continued; "and chiefly it is the redemption of our joy. It turns our ugliness to beauty, our slavery into sonship, and all our outward sorrow to an innermost delight. It takes the whole wide world and makes it new again, with a gift like the ministry of snow. There was that in your old religion, faithful Coran, which it will possess and transform. A Father takes the place of Taranis, and Christ shall become your Druid. There is never a truth or beauty in the world but Christmas will welcome them and mould them to itself with fragrant freshness. So the coming centuries will cherish the sacrament of sacrifice, though Christmas altars shall never feel the stain of blood. Even your Oak"—and he waved his hand lovingly upward—"will surrender his sacred All-Heal, and the Yule log will burn in the chimney, and the greenery of forest gods will wave—not as signs of dark and helpless fear, but to bid the cheerful world a merry Christmas."

And he told them how the trembling shepherds heard the first Christmas words, "Fear not!"

Coran was sobbing like a child whose breast has been eased by the mother. The four burly Britons let the salt tears roll down their swarthy faces, unabashed. A light shone in the eyes of Dunwallo.

"Listen!" whispered Caradoc:

"Hear ye not the sounds of heavenly music?"

But it was only the wind in the woven harp of the boughs of the ancient oak tree, with a soft shy promise of snow. Six men shouldered heavy burdens, Caradoc taking that of Coran. The seven stole together down the hill-side to their huts, through the first falling flakes of Christmas weather. In the morning all the world was wintry white, and the dread of threatened plagues had passed away. The White Christ had come with Caradoc to Britain—Who covers the sins of the world.

TO H. C. BUNNER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

You know the way to Arcady
Where I was born;
You have been there, and fain
Would there return.
Some that go thither bring with them
Red rose or jewelled diadem
As secrets of the secret king:
I, only what a child would bring.
Yet I do think my song is true;
For this is how the children do:
This is the tune to which they go
In sunny pastures high and low;
The treble pipes not otherwise
Sing daily under sunny skies
In Arcady the dear;
And you who have been there before,
And love that country evermore,
May not disdain to hear.

*** This poem, written about 1887, is now first published, by the permission of Mr. Bunner's family with the approval of Mrs. Stevenson.

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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

By Theodore Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

III.—ON SAFARI. RHINOS AND GIRAFFES.

WHEN we killed the last lions we were already on safari, and the camp was pitched by a water hole on the Potha, a half-dried stream, little more than a string of pools and reed beds, winding down through the sun-scorched plain. Next morning we started for another water hole at the rocky hill of Bondoni, about eight miles distant.

Safari life is very pleasant, and also very picturesque. The porters are strong, patient, good-humored savages, with something childlike about them that makes one really fond of them. Of course, like all savages and most children, they have their limitations, and in dealing with them firmness is even more necessary than kindness; but the man is a poor creature who does not treat them with kindness also, and I am rather sorry for him if he does not grow to feel for them, and to make them in return feel for him a real and friendly liking. They are subject to gusts of passion, and they are now and then guilty of grave misdeeds and shortcomings; sometimes for no conceivable reason, at least from the white man's stand-point. But they are generally cheerful, and when cheerful are always amusing; and they work hard if the white man is able to combine tact and consideration with that insistence on the performance of duty the lack of which they despise as weakness. Any little change or excitement is a source of pleasure to them. When the march is over they sing; and after two or three days in camp they will not only sing, but dance when another march is to begin. Of course at times they suffer greatly from thirst and hunger and fatigue, and at times they will suddenly grow sullen or rebel without what seems to us any adequate cause; and they have an inconsequent type of mind which now and then leads them to commit follies all the more exasperating because they are against their own interest no less than against the interest of their employer. But they do well on the whole, and safari life is attractive to them. They are fed well; the government requires that they be fitted with suitable clothes and given small tents, so that they are better clad and sheltered than they would be otherwise; and their wages represent money which they could get in no other way. The safari represents a great advantage to the porter; who in his turn alone makes the safari possible.

When we were to march, camp was broken as early in the day as possible. Each man had his allotted task, and the tents, bedding, provisions, and all else were expeditiously made into suitable packages. Each porter is supposed to carry from fifty-five to sixty pounds, which may all be in one bundle or in two or three. The American flag, which flew over my tent, was a matter of much pride to the porters, and was always carried at the head or near the head of the line of march; and after it in single file came the long line of burden bearers. As they started, some of them would blow on horns or whistles and others beat little tomtoms; and at intervals this would be renewed again and again throughout the march; or the men might suddenly begin to chant, or merely to keep repeating in unison some one word or one phrase which, when we asked to have it translated,

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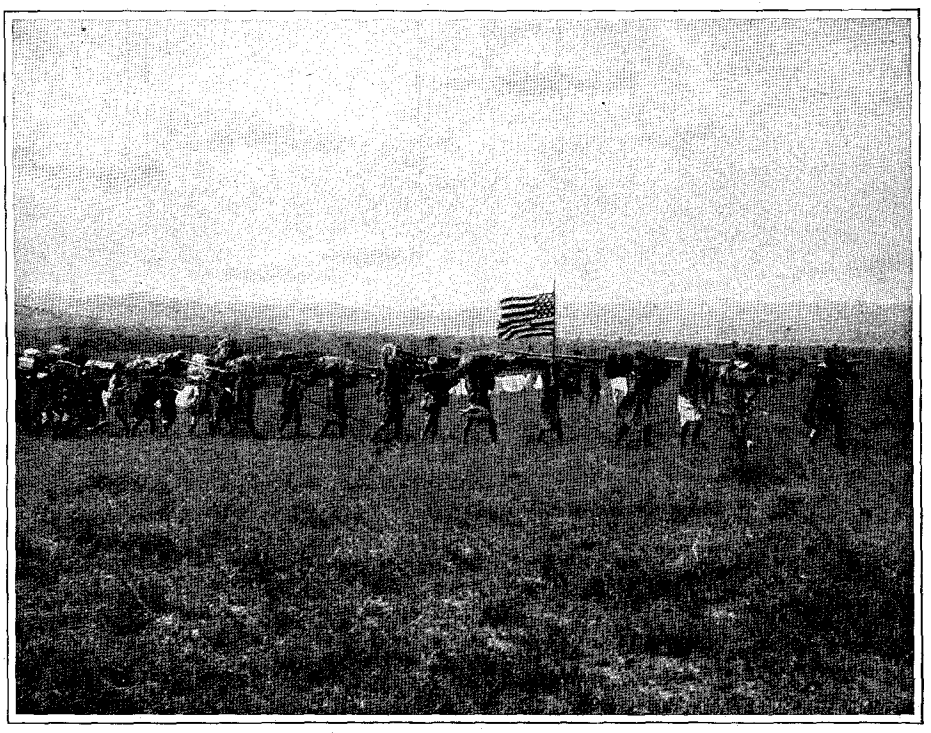

The American flag was always at the head or near the head of the line of march.
The caravan on Safari at Potha.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

might or might not prove to be entirely meaningless. The headmen carried no burdens, and the tent boys hardly anything, while the saises walked with the spare horses. In addition to the canonical and required costume of blouse or jersey and drawers, each porter wore a blanket, and usually something else to which his soul inclined. It might be an exceedingly shabby coat; it might be, of all things in the world, an umbrella, an article for which they had a special attachment. Often I would see a porter, who thought nothing whatever of walking for hours at midday under the equatorial sun with his head bare, trudging along with solemn pride either under an open umbrella, or carrying the umbrella (tied much like Mrs. Gamp's) in one hand, as a wand of dignity. Then their head-gear varied according to the fancy of the individual. Normally it was a red fez, a kind of cap only used in hot climates, and exquisitely designed to be useless therein because it gives absolutely no protection from the sun. But one would wear a skin cap; another would suddenly put one or more long feathers in his fez; and another, discarding the fez, would revert to some purely savage head-dress which he would wear with equal gravity whether it were, in our eyes, really decorative or merely comic. One such head-dress, for instance, consisted of the skin of the top of a zebra's head, with the two ears. Another was made of the skins of squirrels, with the tails both sticking up and hanging down. Another consisted of a bunch of feathers woven into the hair, which itself was pulled out into strings that were stiffened with clay. Another was really too intricate for description because it included the man's natural hair, some strips of skin, and an empty tin can.

If it were a long journey and we broke it by a noonday halt, or if it were a short journey and we reached camp ahead of the safari, it was interesting to see the long file of men approach. Here and there, leading the porters, scattered through the line, or walking alongside, were the askaris, the rifle-bearing soldiers. They were not

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marksmen, to put it mildly, and I should not have regarded them as particularly efficient allies in a serious fight; but they were excellent for police duty in camp, and were also of use in preventing collisions with the natives. After the leading askaris might come one of the headmen; one of whom, by the way, looked exactly like a beaten, and perhaps the whole line would burst into a chant.

On reaching the camping ground each man at once set about his allotted task, and the tents were quickly pitched and the camp put in order, while water and firewood were fetched. The tents were pitched in long lines, in the first of which stood my tent,

The caravan on Safari at Potha.
In single file came the long line of burden bearers.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Semitic negro, and always travelled with a large dirty-white umbrella in one hand; while another, a tall, powerful fellow, was a mission boy who spoke good English; I mention his being a mission boy because it is so frequently asserted that mission boys never turn out well. Then would come the man with the flag, followed by another blowing on an antelope horn, or perhaps beating an empty can as a drum; and then the long line of men, some carrying their loads on their heads, others on their shoulders, others, in a very few cases, on their backs. As they approached the halting place their spirits rose, the whistles and horns were blown, and the improvised drums

flanked by those of the other white men and by the dining tent. In the next line were the cook tent, the provision tent, the store tent, the skinning tent, and the like; and then came the lines of small white tents for the porters. Between each row of tents was a broad street. In front of our own tents in the first line an askari was always pacing to and fro; and when night fell we would kindle a camp fire and sit around it under the stars. Before each of the porters' tents was a little fire, and beside it stood the pots and pans in which the porters did their cooking. Here and there were larger fires, around which the gun-bearers or a group of askaris or of saises might gather. After

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Stopping for luncheon at Bondoni rocks.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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nightfall the multitude of fires lit up the darkness and showed the tents in shadowy outline; and around them squatted the porters, their faces flickering from dusk to ruddy light, as they chatted together or suddenly started some snatch of wild African melody in which all their neighbors might join. After a while the talk and laughter and singing would gradually die away, and as we white men sat around our fire, the silence would be unbroken except by the queer cry of a hyena, or much more rarely by a sound that always demanded attention—the yawning grunt of a questing lion.

If we wished to make an early start we would breakfast by dawn, and then we would usually return to camp for lunch. Otherwise we might be absent all day, carrying our lunch with us. We might get in before sunset or we might be out till long after nightfall; and then the gleam of the lit fires was a welcome sight as we stumbled toward them through the darkness. Once in, each went to his tent to take a hot bath; and then, clean and refreshed, we sat down to a comfortable dinner, with game of some sort as the principal dish.

On the first march after leaving our lion camp at Potha I shot a wart-hog. It was a good-sized sow, which, in company with several of her half-grown offspring, was grazing near our line of march; there were some thorn-trees which gave a little cover, and I killed her at a hundred and eighty yards, using the Springfield, the lightest and handiest of all my rifles. Her flesh was good to eat, and the skin, as with all our specimens, was saved for the National Museum. I did not again have to shoot a sow, although I killed half-grown pigs for the table, and boars for specimens. This sow and her porkers were not rooting, but

Making camp at Bondoni.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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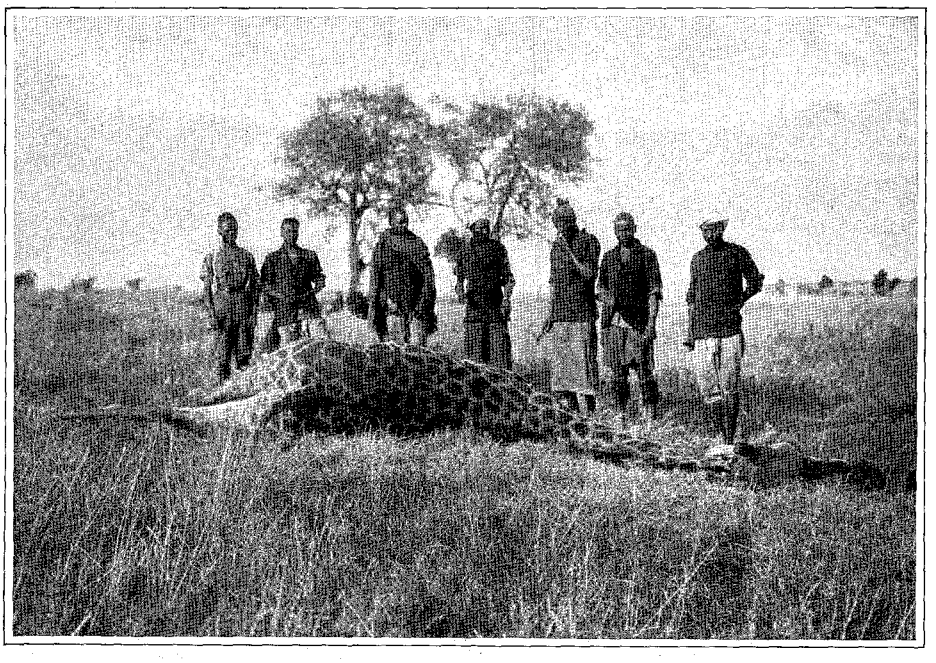

The old bull giraffe and Heller's Wkamba skinners.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

A young bull giraffe, shot by Mr. Roosevelt at Kilimakiu.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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were grazing as if they had been antelope; her stomach contained nothing but chopped green grass. Wart-hogs are common throughout the country over which we hunted. They are hideous beasts, with strange protuberances on their cheeks; and when alarmed they trot or gallop away, holding the tail perfectly erect with the tassel bent forward. Usually they are seen in family parties, but a big boar will often be alone. If the weather is cloudy or wet they may be out all day long, but in hot, dry weather we generally found them abroad in the morning and evening. A pig is always a comical animal; even more so than is the case with a bear, which also impresses one with a sense of grotesque humor —and this notwithstanding the fact that both boar and bear may be very formidable creatures. A wart-hog standing alertly at gaze, head and tail up, legs straddled out, and ears cocked forward, is rather a figure of fun; and not the less so when with characteristic suddenness he bounces round with a grunt and scuttles madly off to safety. Wart-hogs are beasts of the bare plain or open forest, and though they will often lie up in patches of brush they do not care for thick timber.

After shooting the wart-hog we marched on to our camp at Bondoni. The gun-bearers were Mohammedans and the dead pig was of no service to them; and at their request I walked out while camp was being pitched and shot them a buck; this I had to do now and then, but I always shot males, so as not to damage the species.

Next day we marched to the foot of Kilimakiu Mountain, near Captain Slatter's ostrich farm. Our route lay across bare plains thickly covered with withered short grass. All around us as we marched were the game herds, zebras and hartebeests, gazelles of the two kinds, and now and then wildebeests. Hither and thither over the plain, crossing and recrossing, ran the dusty game trails, each with its myriad hoof-marks; the round hoof-prints of the zebra, the heart-shaped marks that showed where the hartebeest herd had trod, and the delicate etching that betrayed where the smaller antelope had passed. Occasionally we crossed the trails of the natives, worn deep in the hard soil by the countless thousands of bare or sandalled feet that had trodden them. Africa is a country of trails. Across the high veldt, in every direction, run the tangled trails of the multitudes of game that have lived thereon from time immemorial. The great beasts of the marsh and the forest make thereon broad and muddy trails which often offer the only pathway by which a man can enter the sombre depths. In wet ground and dry alike are also found the trails of savage man. They lead from village to village, and in places they stretch for hundreds of miles, where trading parties have worn them in the search for ivory, or in the old days when raiding or purchasing slaves. The trails made by the men are made much as the beasts make theirs. They are generally longer and better defined, although I have seen hippo tracks more deeply marked than any made by savage man. But they are made simply by men following in one another's footsteps, and they are never quite straight. They bend now a little to one side, now a little to the other, and sudden loops mark the spot where some vanished obstacle once stood; around it the first trail makers went, and their successors have ever trodden in their footsteps, even though the need for so doing has long passed away.

Our camp at Kilimakiu was by a grove of shady trees, and from it at sunset we looked across the vast plain and saw the far-off mountains grow umber and purple as the light waned. Back of the camp, and of the farm-house near which we were, rose Kilimakiu Mountain, beautifully studded with groves of trees of many kinds. On its farther side lived a tribe of the Wkamba. Their chief with all the leading men of his village came in state to call upon me, and presented me with a fat hairy sheep, of the ordinary kind found in this part of Africa, where the sheep very wisely do not grow wool. The headman was dressed in khaki, and showed me with pride an official document which confirmed him in his position by direction of the government, and required him to perform various acts, chiefly in the way of preventing his tribes people from committing robbery or murder, and of helping to stamp out cattle disease. Like all the Wkamba they had flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of humped cattle; but they were much in need of meat and hailed my advent. They were wild savages with filed teeth, many of them stark naked, though some of them carried a blanket.

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Mr. Roosevelt, Captain Slatter, and rhino shot by Mr. Roosevelt at Kilimakiu.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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Their heads were curiously shaved so that the hair tufts stood out in odd patterns, and they carried small bows, and arrows with poisoned heads.

The following morning I rode out with Captain Slatter. We kept among the hills. The long drought was still unbroken. The little pools were dry and their bottoms baked like iron, and there was not a drop in the water-courses. Part of the land was open and part covered with a thin forest or bush of scattered mimosa trees. In the open country were many zebras and hartebeests, and the latter were found even in the thin bush. In the morning we found a small herd of eland at which, after some stalking, I got a long shot and missed. The eland is the largest of all the horned creatures that are called antelope, being quite as heavy as a fattened ox. The herd I approached consisted of a dozen individuals, two of them huge bulls, their coats having turned a slatey blue, their great dewlaps hanging down, and the legs looking almost too small for the massive bodies. The reddish colored cows were of far lighter build. Eland are beautiful creatures and ought to be domesticated. As I crept toward them I was struck by their likeness to great clean handsome cattle. They were grazing or resting, switching their long tails at the flies that hung in attendance upon them and lit on their flanks, just as if they were Jerseys in a field at home. My bullet fell short, their size causing me to underestimate the distance, and away they went at a run, one or two of the cows in the first hurry and confusion skipping clean over the backs of others that got in their way—a most unexpected example of agility in such large and ponderous animals. After a few hundred yards they settled down to the slashing trot which is their natural gait, and disappeared over the brow of a hill.

Masai Elmoran, Machakos road station.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The morning was a blank, but early in the afternoon we saw the eland herd again. They were around a tree in an open space, and we could not get near them. But instead of going straight away they struck off to the right and described almost a semicircle, and though they were over four hundred yards distant, they were such big creatures and their gait was so steady that I felt warranted in shooting. On the dry plain I could mark where my bullets fell, and though I could not get a good chance at the bull I finally downed a fine cow; and by pacing I found it to be a little over a quarter of a mile from where I stood when shooting.

It was about nine miles from camp, and I dared not leave the eland alone, so I stationed one of the gun-bearers by the great carcass and sent a messenger in to Heller, on whom we depended for preserving the skins of the big game. Hardly had this been done when a Wkamba man came running up to tell us that there was a rhinoceros on the hill-side three-quarters of a mile away, and that he had left a companion to watch it while he carried us the news. Slatter and I immediately rode in the direction given following our wild-looking guide, the other gun-bearer trotting after us. In five minutes we had reached the opposite hill-crest, where the watcher stood, and he at once pointed out the rhino.

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The rhino head.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The huge beast was standing in entirely open country, although there were a few scattered trees of no great size at some little distance from him. We left our horses in a dip of the ground and began the approach; I cannot say that we stalked him, for the approach was too easy. The wind blew from him to us, and a rhino's eyesight is dull. Thirty yards from where he stood was a bush four or five feet high, and though it was so thin that we could distinctly see him through the leaves, it shielded us from the vision of his small piglike eyes as we advanced toward it, stooping and in single file, I leading. The big beast stood like an uncouth statue, his hide black in the sunlight; he seemed what he was, a monster surviving over from the world's past, from the days when the beasts of the prime ran riot in their strength, before man grew so cunning of brain and hand as to master them. So little did he dream of our presence that when we were a hundred yards off he actually lay down.

Walking lightly, and with every sense keyed up, we at last reached the bush, and I pushed forward the safety of the double-barrelled Holland rifle which I was now to use for the first time on big game. As I stepped to one side of the bush so as to get a clear aim, with Slatter following, the rhino saw me and jumped to his feet with the agility of a polo pony. As he rose I put in the right barrel, the bullet going through both lungs. At the same moment he wheeled, the blood spouting from his nostrils, and galloped full on us. Before he could get quite all the way round in his headlong rush to reach us, I struck him with my left-hand barrel, the bullet entering between the neck and shoulder and piercing his heart. At the same instant Captain Slatter fired, his bullet entering the neck vertebræ. Ploughing up the ground with horn and feet, the great bull rhino, still head toward us, dropped just thirteen paces from where we stood.

This was a wicked charge, for the rhino meant mischief and came on with the utmost determination. It is not safe to generalize from a few instances. Judging from what I have heard, I am inclined to believe that both lion and buffalo are more dangerous game than rhino, yet the first two rhinos I met both charged, whereas we killed our first four lions and first four buffaloes without any of them charging, though two of each were stopped just as they were on the point of charging. Moreover, our experience with this bull rhino illustrates what I have already said as to one animal being more dangerous under certain conditions,

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Wkamba at Kilimakiu.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and another more dangerous under different conditions. If it had been a lion instead of a rhino, my first bullet would, I believe, have knocked all the charge out of it; but the vitality of the huge pachyderm was so great, its mere bulk counted for so much, that even such a hard-hitting rifle as my double Holland—than which I do not believe there exists a better weapon for heavy game—could not stop it outright, although either of the wounds inflicted would have been fatal in a few seconds.

Leaving a couple of men with the dead rhino, to protect it from the Wkamba by day and the lions by night, we rode straight to camp, which we reached at sunset. It was necessary to get to work on the two dead beasts as soon as possible in order to be sure of preserving their skins. Heller was the man to be counted on for this task. He it was who handled all the skin, who, in other words, was making the expedition of permanent value so far as big game was concerned; and no work at any hour of the day or night ever came amiss to him. He had already trained eight Wkamba porters to act as skinners under his supervision. On hearing of our success, he at once said that we ought to march out to the game that night so as to get to work by daylight. Moreover, we were not comfortable at leaving only two men with each carcass, for lions were both bold and plentiful.

The moon rose at eight and we started as soon as she was above the horizon. We did not take the horses, because there was no water where we were going, and furthermore we did not like to expose them to a possible attack by lions. The march out by moonlight was good fun, for though I had been out all day, I had been riding, not walking, and so was not tired. A hundred porters went with us so as to enable us to do the work quickly and bring back to camp the skins and all the meat needed, and these porters carried water, food for breakfast, and what little was necessary for a one-night camp. We tramped along in single file under the moonlight, up and down the hills, and through the scattered thorn forest. Kermit and Medlicott went first, and struck such a pace that after an hour we had to halt them so as to let the tail end of the file of porters catch up. Then Captain Slatter and I set a more decorous pace, keeping the porters closed up in line behind us. In another hour we began to go down a long slope toward a pin-point of light in the distance which we knew was the fire by the rhinoceros. The porters, like the big children they were, felt in high feather, and began to chant to an accompaniment of whistling and horn-blowing as we tramped through the dry grass which was flooded with silver by the moon, now high in the heavens.

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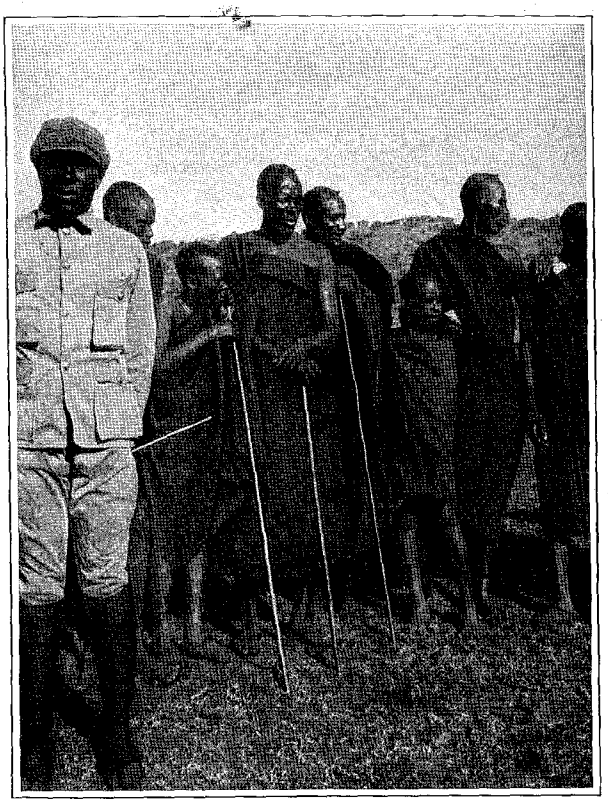
As soon as we reached the rhino, Heller with his Wkamba skinners pushed forward the three-quarters of a mile to the eland, returning after midnight with the skin and all the best parts of the meat.

Around the dead rhino the scene was lit up both by the moon and by the flicker of the fires. The porters made their camp under a small tree a dozen rods to one side of the carcass, building a low circular fence of branches on which they hung their bright-colored blankets, two or three big fires blazing to keep off possible lions. Half as far on the other side of the rhino a party of naked savages had established their camp, if camp it could be called, for really all they did was to squat down round a couple of fires with a few small bushes disposed round about. The rhino had been opened, and they had already taken out of the carcass what they regarded as titbits and what we certainly did not grudge them. Between the two camps lay the huge dead beast, his hide glistening in the moonlight. In each camp the men squatted around the fires chatting and laughing as they roasted strips of meat on long sticks, the fitful blaze playing over them, now leaving them in darkness, now bringing them out into a red relief. Our own tent was pitched under another tree a hundred yards off, and when I went to sleep, I could still hear the drumming and chanting of our feasting porters; the savages were less at ease, and their revel was quiet.



A tribe of the Wkamba with their chief (in khaki with a golf cap) that came to present Mr. Roosevelt with a sheep near Kilimakiu.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Early next morning I went back to camp, and soon after reaching there again started out for a hunt. In the afternoon I came on giraffes and got up near enough to shoot at them. But they are such enormous beasts that I thought them far nearer than they were. My bullet fell short, and they disappeared among the mimosas, at their strange leisurely looking gallop. Of all

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the beasts in an African landscape none is more striking than the giraffe. Usually it is found in small parties or in herds of fifteen or twenty or more individuals. Although it will drink regularly if occasion offers, it is able to get along without water for months at a time, and frequents by choice the dry plains or else the stretches of open forest where the trees are scattered and ordinarily somewhat stunted. Like the rhinoceros—the ordinary or prehensile-lipped rhinoceros—the giraffe is a browsing and not a grazing animal. The leaves, buds, and twigs of the mimosas or thorn-trees form its customary food. Its extraordinary height enables it to bring into play to the best possible advantage its noteworthy powers of vision, and no animal is harder to approach unseen. Again and again I have made it out a mile off or rather have seen it a mile off when it was pointed out to me, and looking at it through my glasses, would see that it was gazing steadily at us. It is a striking-looking animal and handsome in its way, but its length of leg and neck and sloping back make it appear awkward even at rest. When alarmed it may go off at a long swinging pace or walk, but if really frightened it strikes into a peculiar gallop or canter. The tail is cocked and twisted, and the huge hind legs are thrown forward well to the outside of the forelegs. The movements seem deliberate and the giraffe does not appear to be going at a fast pace, but if it has any start a horse must gallop hard to overtake it. When it starts on this gait, the neck may be dropped forward at a sharp angle with the straight line of the deep chest, and the big head is thrust in advance. They are defenceless things and, though they may kick at a man who incautiously comes within reach, they are in no way dangerous.

The following day I again rode out with Captain Slatter. During the morning we saw nothing except the ordinary game, and we lunched on a hill-top, ten miles distant from camp, under a thick foliage-spreading tree. Throughout the time we were taking lunch a herd of zebras watched us from near by, standing motionless with their ears pricked forward, their beautifully striped bodies showing finely in the sunlight. We scanned the country round about with our glasses, and made out first a herd of elands, a mile in our rear, and then three giraffes a mile and a half in our front. I wanted a bull eland, but I wanted a giraffe still more, and we mounted our horses and rode toward where the three tall beasts stood, on an open hill-side with trees thinly scattered over it. Half a mile from them we left the horses in a thick belt of timber beside a dry water-course, and went forward on foot.

There was no use in trying a stalk, for that would merely have aroused the giraffes' suspicion. But we knew they were accustomed to the passing and repassing of Wkamba men and women, whom they did not fear if they kept at a reasonable distance, so we walked in single file diagonally in their direction; that is, toward a tree which I judged to be about three hundred yards from them. I was carrying the Winchester loaded with full metal-patched bullets. I wished to get for the Museum both a bull and a cow. One of the three giraffes was much larger than the other two, and as he was evidently a bull I thought the two others were cows.

As we reached the tree the giraffes showed symptoms of uneasiness. One of the smaller ones began to make off, and both the others shifted their positions slightly, curling their tails. I instantly dropped on my knee, and getting the bead just behind the big bull's shoulder, I fired with the three hundred yard sight. I heard the "pack" of the bullet as it struck just where I aimed; and away went all three giraffes at their queer rocking-horse canter. Running forward I emptied my magazine, firing at the big bull and also at one of his smaller companions, and then, slipping into the barrel what proved to be a soft-nosed bullet, I fired at the latter again. The giraffe was going straight away and it was a long shot, at four or five hundred yards; but by good luck the bullet broke its back and down it came. The other bulls were now getting over the crest of the hill, but the big one was evidently sick, and we called and beckoned to the two saises to hurry up with the horses. The moment they arrived we jumped on, and Captain Slatter cantered up a neighboring hill so as to mark the direction in which the giraffes went if I lost sight of them. Meanwhile I rode full speed after the giant quarry. I was on the tranquil sorrel, the horse I much preferred in riding down game of any kind, because he had a fair turn of speed, and yet was good about letting me get on and off.

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Percival on his way to Kapiti station with trophies.
Kilima Theki in background.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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As soon as I reached the hill-crest I saw the giraffes ahead of me, not as far off as I had feared, and I raced toward them without regard to rotten ground and wart-hog holes. The wounded one lagged behind, but when I got near he put on a spurt, and as I thought I was close enough I leaped off, throwing the reins over the sorrel's head, and opened fire. Down went the big bull, and I thought my task was done. But as I went back to mount the sorrel he struggled to his feet again and disappeared after his companions among the trees, which were thicker here, as we had reached the bottom of the valley. So I tore after him again, and in a minute came to a dry water-course. Scrambling into and out of this I saw the giraffes ahead of me just beginning the ascent of the opposite slope; and touching the horse with the spur we flew after the wounded bull. This time I made up my mind I would get up close enough; but Tranquillity did not quite like the look of the thing ahead of him. He did not refuse to come up to the giraffe, but he evidently felt that, with such an object close by and evident in the landscape, it behooved him to be careful as to what might be hidden therein, and he shied so at each bush we passed that we progressed in series of loops. So off I jumped, throwing the reins over his head, and opened fire once more; and this time the great bull went down for good.

Tranquillity recovered his nerve at once and grazed contentedly while I admired the huge proportions and beautiful coloring of my prize. In a few minutes Captain Slatter loped up, and the gun-bearers and saises followed. As if by magic, three or four Wkamba turned up immediately afterward, their eyes glistening at the thought of the feast ahead for the whole tribe. It was mid-afternoon, and there was no time to waste. My sais, Simba, an excellent long-distance runner, was sent straight to camp to get Heller and pilot him back to the dead giraffes. Beside each of the latter, for they had fallen a mile apart, we left a couple of men to build fires. Then we rode toward camp. To my regret, the smaller giraffe turned out to be a young bull and not a cow.

The Percival family.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

At this very time, and utterly without our knowledge, there was another giraffe hunt going on. Sir Alfred had taken out Kermit and Medlicott, and they came across a herd of a dozen giraffes right out in the open plains. Medlicott's horse was worn out and he could not keep up, but both the others were fairly well mounted. Both were light men and hard riders, and although the giraffes had three-quarters of a mile start, it was not long before both were at the heels of the herd. They singled out the big bull, which by the way turned out to be an even bigger bull than mine, and fired at him as they galloped. In such a headlong helter-skelter chase, however, it is no easy matter to score a hit from horseback unless one is very close up; and Sir Alfred made up his mind to try to drive out the bull from the rest of the herd. He succeeded; but at this moment his horse put

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Skinning the eland.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

a forefoot into a hole and turned a complete somersault, almost wrenching out his shoulder. Sir Alfred was hurled off head over heels, but even as he rolled over, clutching his rifle, he twisted himself round to his knees, and took one last shot at the flying giraffe. This left Kermit alone and he galloped hard on the giraffe's heels, firing again and again with his Winchester. Finally his horse became completely done out and fell behind; whereupon Kermit jumped off, and being an excellent long-distance runner, ran after the giraffe on foot for more than a mile. But he did not need to shoot again. The great beast had been mortally wounded and it suddenly slowed down, halted, and fell over dead. As a matter of curiosity we kept the Winchester bullets both from Kermit's giraffe and from mine. I made a point of keeping as many as possible of the bullets with which the different animals were slain so as to see just what was done by the different types of rifles we had with us.

When I reached camp I found that Heller had already started. Next morning I rode down to see him and found him hard at work with the skins; but as it would take him two or three days to finish them and put them in condition for transport, we decided that the safari should march back to the Potha camp, and that from thence we would send Percival's ox wagon to bring back to the camp all the skins, Heller and his men accompanying him. The plan was carried out, and the following morning we shifted the big camp as proposed.

Heller, thus left behind, came near having an unpleasant adventure. He slept in his own tent, and his Wkamba skinners slept under the fly not far off. One night they let the fires die down and were roused at midnight by hearing the grunting of a hungry lion apparently not a dozen yards off in the darkness. Heller quickly lit his lantern and sat up with his shot-gun loaded with bird shot, the only weapon he had with him. The lion walked round and round the tent, grunting at intervals. Then, after some minutes of suspense, he drew off. While the grunting had been audible, not a sound came from the tent of the Wkambas, who all cowered under their blankets in perfect silence. But once he had gone there was a great chattering, and

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Group of skin-laden mules passing by the Bondoni water hole on their way to the railroad.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

in a few minutes the fires were roaring, nor were they again suffered to die down.

Heller's skinners had grown to work very well when under his eye. He had encountered much difficulty in getting men who would do the work, and had tried the representatives of various tribes, but without success until he struck the Wkamba. These were real savages who filed their teeth and delighted in raw flesh, and Heller's explanation of their doing well was that their taste for the raw flesh kept them thoroughly interested in their job, so that they learned without difficulty. The porters speedily christened each of the white men by some title of their own, using the ordinary Swahili title of Bwana (master) as a prefix. Heller was the Bwana Who Skinned; Loring, who collected the small mammals, was named merely descriptively the Mouse Bwana.

From Potha the safari went in two days to MacMillan's place, Juja Farm, on the other side of the Athi. I stayed behind as I desired to visit the American Mission Station at Machakos. Accordngly, Sir Alfred and I rode thither. Machakos has long been a native town, for it was on the route formerly taken by the Arab caravans that went from the coast to the interior after slaves and ivory. Riding toward it we passed by herd after herd of cattle, sheep, and goats, each guarded by two or three savage herdsmen. The little town itself was both interesting and attractive. Besides the natives there were a number of Indian traders and the English Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner, with a small body of native soldiers. The latter not a long time before had been just such savages as those round about them, and the change for the better wrought in their physique and morale by the ordered discipline to which they had submitted themselves could hardly be exaggerated. When we arrived, the Commissioner and his assistant were engaged in cross-examining some neighboring chiefs as to the cattle sickness. The English rule in Africa has been of incalculable benefit to Africans themselves, and indeed this is true of the rule of most European nations. Mistakes have been made, of course, but they have proceeded at least as often from an unwise effort to accomplish

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too much in the way of beneficence, as from a desire to exploit the natives. Each of the civilized nations that has taken possession of any part of Africa has had its own peculiar good qualities and its own peculiar defects. Some of them have done too much in supervising and ordering the lives of the natives, and in interfering with their practices and customs. The English error, like our own under similar conditions, has, if anything, been in the other direction. The effort has been to avoid wherever possible all interference with tribal customs, even when of an immoral and repulsive character, and to do no more than what is obviously necessary, such as insistence upon keeping the peace, and preventing the spread of cattle disease. Excellent reasons can be advanced in favor of this policy, and it must always be remembered that a fussy and ill-considered benevolence is more sure to awaken resentment than cruelty itself; while the natives are apt to resent deeply even things that are obviously for their ultimate welfare. Yet I cannot help thinking that with caution and wisdom it would be possible to proceed somewhat farther than has yet been the case in the direction of pushing upward some at least of the East African tribes; and this though I recognize fully that many of these tribes are of a low and brutalized type. Having said this much in the way of criticism, I wish to add my tribute of unstinted admiration for the disinterested and efficient work being done, alike in the interest of the white man and the black, by the government officials whom I met in East Africa. They are men in whom their country has every reason to feel a just pride.

We lunched with the American missionaries. Mission work among savages offers many difficulties, and often the wisest and most earnest effort meets with dishearteningly little reward; while lack of commonsense, and of course above all, lack of a firm and resolute disinterestedness, insures the worst kind of failure. There are missionaries who do not do well, just as there are men in every conceivable walk of life who do not do well; and excellent men who are not missionaries, including both government officials and settlers, are only too apt to jump at the chance of criticising a missionary for every alleged sin of either omission or commission. Finally, zealous missionaries, fervent in the faith, do not always find it easy to remember that savages can only be raised by slow steps, that an empty adherence to forms and ceremonies amounts to nothing, that industrial training is an essential in any permanent upward movement, and that the gradual elevation of mind and character is a prerequisite to the achievement of any kind of Christianity which is worth calling such. Nevertheless after all this has been said, it remains true that the good done by missionary effort in Africa has been incalculable. There are parts of the great continent, and among them I include many sections of East Africa, which can be made a white man's country; and in these parts every effort should be made to favor the growth of a large and prosperous white population. But over most of Africa the problem for the white man is to govern, with wisdom and firmness, and when necessary with severity, but always with an eye single to their own interests and development, the black and brown races. To do this needs sympathy and devotion no less than strength and wisdom, and in the task the part to be played by the missionary and the part to be played by the official are alike great, and the two should work hand in hand.

After returning from Machakos, I spent the night at Sir Alfred's, and next morning said good-bye with most genuine regret to my host and his family. Then, followed by my gun-bearers and sais, I rode off across the Athi plains. Through the bright white air the sun beat down mercilessly, and the heat haze wavered above the endless flats of scorched grass. Hour after hour we went slowly forward, through the morning, and through the burning heat of the equatorial noon, until in mid-afternoon we came to the tangled tree growth which fringed the half-dried bed of the Athi. Here I off-saddled for an hour; then, mounting, I crossed the river bed where it was waterless, and before evening fell I rode up to Juja Farm.

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THE CLOWN AND THE COLUMBINE

By Molly Elliot Seawell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

IF laughter be the daughter of sin, then Perinot must have been the chief of sinners. No man ever aroused more unextinguishable laughter than did Perinot, comedian of the class called low. He had the true clown's physiognomy—a wide, sensitive mouth capable of expressing everything and nothing at all; a serious nose, and the low comedian's eye, melancholy and introspective. Sombreness is the first characteristic of the clown. Men will not tolerate a merry clown. To be merry inside as well as outside is more than envious human nature can stand. The comedian must show his kinship with the sad race of men by making them see that while he commands their laughter, he is no more happy than they. Comedy must ever be weeping behind her mask.

Do you know what a *roulette* is? In general, it means a gypsy caravan, but its scope has become enlarged and sometimes it means a whole travelling theatrical company. Some of the best comedians in the whole world have been evolved from the *roulette*. That was Perinot's beginning.

His *roulette* consisted of three long covered wagons. The rear wagon contained such rude and trifling stage accessories as Perinot's plays demanded. But Perinot, like Thespis in his cart, did not require much scenery. In this last wagon rode the Poillon brothers—very good actors, both of them, and handy men besides. Henri was tall and broad, while Gustave was so small, beardless, and pretty, that he could do women's parts extremely well.

In the next wagon rode, with the bedding and trunks, that excellent woman, Madame Toutant, with her husband and her son, Auguste. Madame Toutant was stout and large-waisted, but a capable actress. The audiences laughed at her when she waddled on the stage, but before long her comic antics made them forget her stout figure and double chin, and they saw only her fine eyes and heard only her rich voice. Toutant himself was a dull respectable man, and Auguste the son was as near nothing as could be well imagined. He was beautiful beyond expression, perfectly obedient to Madame Toutant as indeed was Toutant himself, and his beauty was an excellent foil to the fascinating ugliness of Perinot.

In the first wagon rode in state Perinot, the proprietor of the whole outfit. With him rode Columbine. She had another name, but it was generally forgotten by everybody including herself. Columbine was picked up on the roadside one summer morning when she was sixteen years old. She was in rags and her toes were peeping through her shoes, and she was weeping vociferously as she watched a regiment marching away to the next town.

Madame Toutant, the kindest creature on earth, spoke to the girl. Columbine admitted that she was weeping for a soldier in the departing regiment. The regiment was going by train, and the *roulette* was travelling in the same direction. So, when the girl begged Madame Toutant to give her a lift, Madame Toutant persuaded Perinot to let the girl go with them.

"She is an ugly thing," said Perinot, surveying at long range Columbine, with her touselled red-brown hair, her swollen eyes, her gawky figure.

"She would not be so bad-looking if she had some clothes and shoes," said Madame Toutant.

The upshot of it was that the girl was given a place in Perinot's own wagon, where she sobbed long and hard after her lover, a young blacksmith, who was glad to get rid of her. Perinot only meant to give her a lift for a few miles, and at the end of six years Columbine was still sitting by his side, driving old Blanc, the stout Normandy nag who drew the cart. Nobody could complain then that Columbine was ugly. She had developed a vivid irregular beauty that made her exceedingly dangerous. This she

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knew, and had scrawled under a gaudy lithograph of herself, which hung up inside of the wagon, "*Take care of thyself, if thou lovest me.*"

Her eyes were a red-brown with very black lashes and small, well-marked black eyebrows. She was no longer thin, although still slight, and her complexion, colorless except for her red lips, was clear and healthy. Also, she had developed an extraordinary neatness and order in everything. Very reticent as to her former life, it had leaked out that she was once a charity scholar in her childhood in a convent school where she had been taught the orderly habits which presently she resumed. She could read and write and cipher pretty well, and was always teasing Perinot to go to Paris and try their luck.

"No," Perinot would answer, "I make this circuit every year, and when the people in the little towns and villages see Perinot's *roulette* coming, the boys all run out yelling, 'Here comes Perinot!' Shop people stand at their doors smiling and everybody in the place comes to the performances. It might not be like that in Paris, my dear, and I might not be able every month to lay up something for a rainy day, so you and I can be married, and retire when the boys stop running to meet us and the shop people no longer stand in their doorways to see us pass."

"But I shall never marry you, Perinot," said Columbine decisively, turning her red-brown eyes full of resolution, upon Perinot, who laughed a mirthless laugh.

There was a ruthless tenacity of purpose in this girl that Perinot had never seen in any human being before. Her conduct had been perfectly modest from the beginning and she had expressed great regret at the episode of the blacksmith. Perinot felt in the deeps of his heart that Columbine, poor girl, was not safe. Nobody, of course, believed that Columbine was really a modest girl except Perinot and the people in the *roulette*. She always appeared timid and frightened of all men, except Perinot, and actually ran away from Auguste Toutant, whom a chicken could have daunted. The fact once established, that Columbine always ran away from danger, was her greatest security. She attracted much attention among the humble audiences that assembled to see Perinot's plays, generally done in a large barn on the outskirts of the town and sometimes in a cheap hall.

Gentlemen and gay young officers sometimes sought her out, but Columbine invariably fled to Perinot. People said he was jealous, not knowing that he would have shed the last drop of his blood to save Columbine a single pang, and if he urged her to marry him it was to save her. For Perinot knew that Columbine had no means of defence except running away, and some day she would meet a resolute villain who would run away with her.

That day came at Valence.

Madame Toutant, that very morning, urged Perinot to marry Columbine by force as it were.

"She is good by nature, but like my Auguste, an arrant coward. You can't count on the best people in the world if they are arrant cowards."

"True," answered Perinot sagely; "all the masters of the art of living say that, but it would be like breaking a butterfly on the wheel for me to marry Columbine against her will."

It was on a June evening, and the performance took place out of doors in the garden of a café, open to the street. The place was lighted by Japanese lanterns, hung from the dwarf trees in the garden, and a couple of big screens were used as dressing-rooms and wings to the theatre.

Perinot, who was author as well as actor and manager, had arranged a really remarkable performance in which he took not less than five characters—the lover, the father, the servant, the rival, and the policeman. Columbine, on her part, took three characters—the heroine, the maid, and the confidante.

Undoubtedly she was a clever actress, and many not so good had gone to Paris and made great successes. Her appearance was altogether charming, and she was thoroughly washed and combed, which is not always the case with ladies of the *roulette*. The audience was made up chiefly of clerks and artisans, with here and there a soldier. But, out in the street, a gentleman in evening clothes stopped and watched the little farce. He was a handsome young man—almost as handsome as Auguste Toutant.

When the play was over and Columbine was going around in the audience holding

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out her little flower-trimmed basket for contributions, the gentleman advanced and dropped two gold pieces into the basket. Perinot saw it and scented danger.

Columbine returned to Perinot, standing under the trees in the summer night. He counted the money out in the presence of the whole company, and then, taking the two gold pieces, walked into the kitchen of the café, and, to the amusement of the cooks, who thought it was stage money, dropped the gold pieces upon the red-hot coals.

Outside, another person besides the members of the company saw this act of Perinot's. It was the Vicomte de Bestocq, the handsome young man in evening clothes, who had given the money to Columbine. Her duty then was to pack up the costume she had worn during the play, but she was quite forgetful of this, and the clothes lay in disorder on the benches behind the screens.

"What did you do that for?" asked de Bestocq of Perinot, as he stepped out of the kitchen. "I did not give that money to you, but to this young lady."

Perinot went down in his pocket, and to the Vicomte's surprise produced a couple of gold pieces which he put in Columbine's hand.

"I say again," demanded the Vicomte, "what did you do that for?"

In answer Perinot said to Columbine:

"Come on; I'll help you put up the things and we will go to the inn for supper, instead of taking it here."

"Mademoiselle," said the Vicomte politely to Columbine, "will you do me the honor of supping with me at the Café Brillant? It is not much of a place, but the best in the town."

Columbine had seen the Café Brillant, and it seemed to her a magnificent place. She turned her red-brown eyes on the Vicomte and then they involuntarily sought those of Perinot.

"Come with me to the inn," said Perinot.

"Come with me to the Café Brillant," said the Vicomte.

Columbine's eyes returned to those of the Vicomte.

Madame Toutant now took a hand in the matter.

"Here, Columbine, put up your things and come along. You are much better off at the inn with us, than with this gentleman at the Café Brillant."

Columbine made a faint motion as if to do her usual work, but then stopped. The voice of the Vicomte was very sweet.

"Come," said he, holding out his hand and taking hers.

Madame Toutant flew at the Vicomte like an enraged hen.

"Go away from here," she cried, "and stop trying to lead off this girl. She is a perfectly decent girl and will remain so if you will let her alone. Oh, I see you laughing, but I know what I am saying. I was born with my shirt on, I was, and I knew you for a horrid rapscallion the minute I saw you."

"Clear out of here, you scoundrel, and let that girl alone," added Perinot, coming toward the Vicomte.

At once there was a general mêlée, arms and legs flying. Perinot was pounding the Vicomte, who defended himself skilfully. Madame Toutant was thumping him furiously in the back, while old Toutant, under his wife's orders, was trying to drag Columbine away. The Poillon brothers came to the assistance of Perinot, but Auguste, true to his character as a poltroon, ran behind the screens. The next minute the police appeared, and seeing the Vicomte attacked by three men and a woman, parted them. There was blood upon the faces of both Perinot and the Vicomte. Both of them were perfectly well known to the police, and after a short confabulation they were allowed to go on the promise that there should be no further disturbance.

Then came the question again, "With whom should Columbine go?" She stood the picture of tragic distress, the yellow light of the lanterns falling upon her tearful, girlish face.

"I can't help it!" she cried desperately. "I will go with this man. It is only for supper and I will return to the inn afterward."

"No, you will not," cried Madame Toutant, weeping, "you will never come back. Don't you remember how jolly we have all been together for six years—you sitting by Perinot's side and driving Blanc? Poor old fellow, he will miss having the wild poppies stuck in his headstall to-morrow morning."

"But I will come back," answered Columbine, sobbing. "Blanc shall have his poppies to-morrow morning, I swear."

The Vicomte took his fine white handkerchief and wiped Columbine's eyes. Madame Toutant continued to abuse him

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The girl was given a place in Perinot's own wagon, where she sobbed long after her lover.—Page 670.

at the top of her rich dramatic voice. The waiters and late stragglers at the café assembled in a ring around them under the dwarf trees, where the Japanese lanterns cast a fitful, fanciful light.

"You villain! You assassin!" bawled Madame Toutant to the Vicomte. "The murder of that girl's soul be upon you! She was happy and satisfied with us and earning a good living and becoming a better actress every day, when you, with your soft devil's smile and voice, came here to drag her down into the pit of hell."

Madame Toutant, stout and wide-waisted, rose to the dignity of a tragic actress. Her resonant voice vibrated with passion, her dark eyes burned with light. Every gesture of her fat arms was full of expressive force. The men standing around prepared to laugh at her remained silent. Only three persons were unmoved by her outburst, and these were the Vicomte de Bestocq, Perinot, and Columbine herself. The Vicomte was laughing while he wiped the blood from his face and straightened his damaged shirt and waistcoat. Perinot seemed lost in a painful dream as his sombre eyes fixed themselves upon Columbine's tearful, pretty face. The struggle was over with her, but she looked with shame and longing at Perinot. The Vicomte led her into the street, and Madame Toutant wound up her declamation by bursting into a flood of tears.

At the corner of the street Columbine turned back, the tears making little channels down the grease paint on her cheeks.

"I will come back, Perinot," she cried

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in a piercing voice, and then disappeared around the corner with the Vicomte.

"No, you won't," shouted Perinot in a frenzy, crossing his arms and trembling. Then he turned to the gaping crowd behind him.

"There," he cried in his best comic manner, "goes a Vicomte. He has legs, arms, eyes, and a nose like the rest of us."

Perinot touched his own nose when he spoke, with a gesture so comic that the crowd roared with laughter.

"But he is a Vicomte. His great-great-grandmother was a hussy, and the King said to her, 'Come with me!' and she went."

Perinot mimicked the Vicomte with such a delightful imitation of the handsome young man that nobody could help laughing. He went on to describe the imaginary life and triumphs of de Bestocq with such delicious grotesqueness, that the crowd nearly went crazy with delight. They were getting a first-class performance for nothing. Even his own company, who thought they knew every turn and trick of Perinot's comedy, watched him with admiration. Perinot concluded his improvised performance by singing in a lackadaisical manner a song supposed to be sung by the Vicomte and dancing as he alleged the Vicomte danced. Pity Perinot. It was the sole revenge he had.

The crowd was so pleased that they followed him half-way back to the inn, applauding him.

All that night Perinot walked up and down in front of the inn, waiting for Columbine's return.

But she never returned.

After that Perinot still continued in his *roulette*. Madame Toutant succeeded in marrying Auguste to a clever little actress who took Columbine's place, and the little company travelled from town to town as before, for the next six years.

It would seem as if Perinot sang and acted better every year. He had many offers to go to Paris, but he always refused them. Nobody but himself knew why. His reason was, a conviction that Columbine was in Paris, and that the constant expectation of coming face to face with her, the poignant thought of her, would disturb him so that he could not act. Prosperity still waited upon him to that extent that it was easy to keep his little company together, wages being paid well and regularly. But he never had so good a Columbine as the one Madame Toutant had picked up on the roadside.

So six years passed and Perinot was forty-two years old. He reckoned that Columbine by that time was twenty-eight.

As the reputation of Perinot and his little company increased they went to the larger towns, and played in the cheaper theatres, but Perinot wisely stuck to his character as chief clown in a glorified *roulette*, often saying, as he had done to Columbine in the old days:

"It is better to be the head of a dog than the tail of a lion."

One June evening about dusk Perinot and his company found themselves at Avignon, that strange town in southern France, where the popes held court for three hundred years, and where the Mayor leads the *farandole*, that delightful dance in which men, women, and children join hands and dance over fields and lanes, and through the streets of the town.

A bull-fight had taken place in the afternoon, and when it was over somebody started the *farandole*. Madame Toutant, whose girth was increased while her activity and spirits remained unabated, scrambled down from the wagon to the street, and catching Perinot by the hand, dragged him to the Place before the cathedral where, under the light of the gas lamps flaring in the purple dusk, a long line of men and women were dancing in and out of the street to the music of a military band which was playing in the Place. Madame Toutant boldly took the head of the line, where her grace, combined with her stoutness, delighted the dancers.

As for Perinot, his dancing, like everything else he did, had the hall-mark of genius. They danced into a wide, well-lighted street, where there was a fine new theatre, brightly illuminated. Huge placards and lithographs were all over the place announcing the appearance of the great comic actor and singer, Marius, who had made the fortune of Les Folies Bérgères for three seasons.

As Perinot and Madame Toutant danced past the dark arcade upon which was the stage entrance, a man darted out and seizing Perinot by both arms whispered in his ear:

"I am Marcel!"

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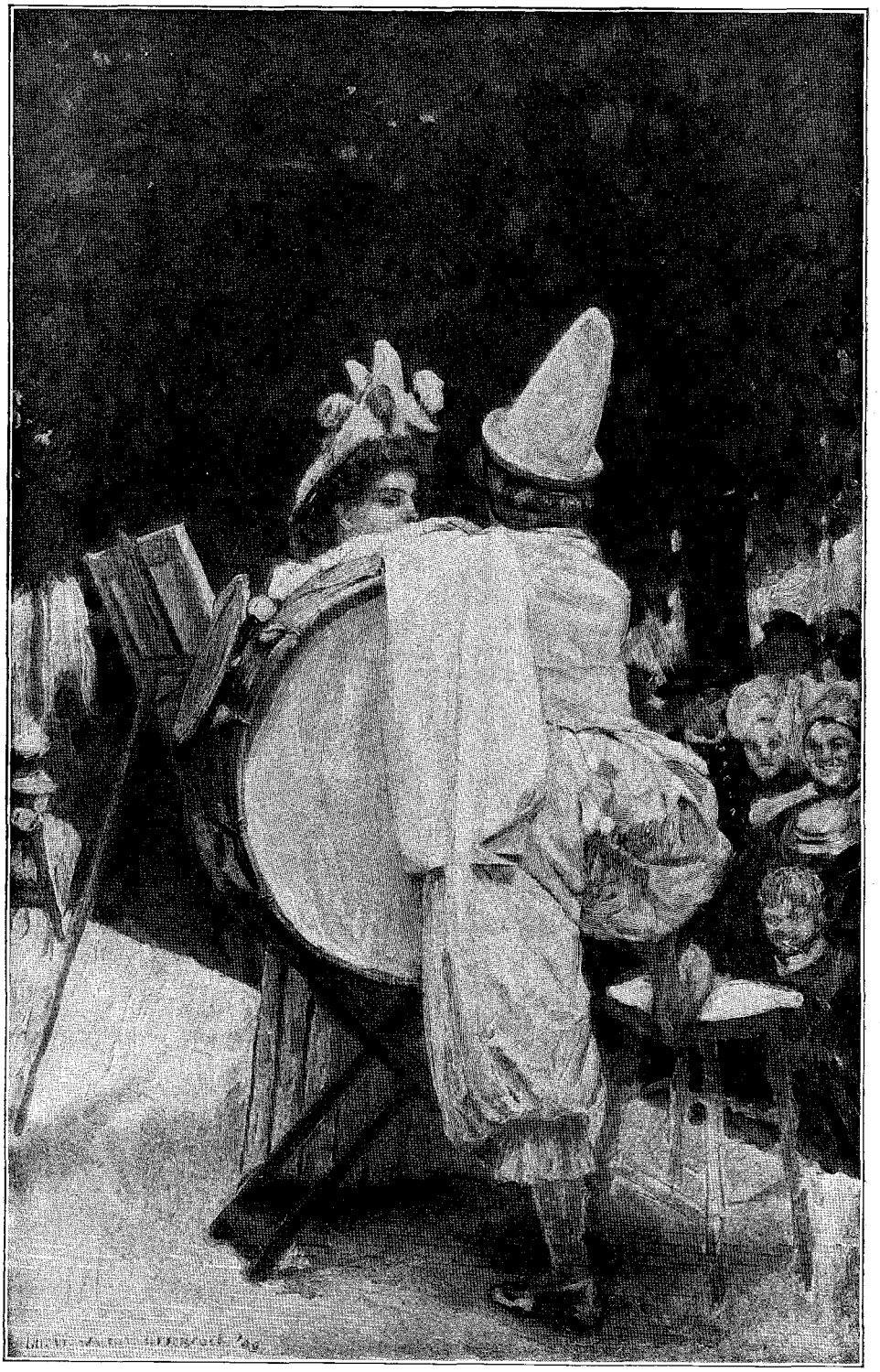

Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

It was on a June evening and the performance took place out of doors.—Page 671.

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Perinot left the line of dancers and, followed by Madame Toutant, disappeared with Marcel into the dim arcade.

Marcel was the manager of Marius, and Perinot knew all about him. He dragged Perinot quickly into the theatre and back to the star's dressing-room, a small grimy place, hot and blazing with electric lights.

"Look," said Marcel, pointing to a figure, prone on the floor. It was Marius, dead drunk.

"He has been doing this at intervals for over a year past," said Marcel. "But I managed to keep it from the public. Now he has been seen reeling about the town, and if he does not play to-night, the whole awful story will get into the newspapers. I know all about you, Pierre Perinot, and I want you to make up like Marius and be Marius for this evening. Here is the programme. It is two hours and a half before the curtain rises, and you don't go on until fifteen minutes later. You know some of the songs. You can learn the airs to the rest and write the words off on your shirt-sleeves."

Perinot nodded. All his actor's blood was up in an instant.

"There is plenty of time," he said.

Marcel sent for the chief fiddler in the theatre orchestra, who played the airs to some of the songs, while Perinot studied his part and made notes on his shirt sleeves. Half an hour before he was to go on he made up, with Madame Toutant's assistance, into a very good copy of Marius, lying flat on his back in a drunken sleep upon the floor.

The first appearance which Perinot was to make was in a little comedy in which he, a clown, played with a Columbine. Madame Toutant took the prompt book and read it over to Perinot, while the sound of the opening music was heard on the stage.

Meanwhile, in the theatre, a huge audience was pouring in, and the men who were to report the performance for the newspapers were laughing among themselves, saying:

"Marcel is caught this time."

They knew that Marius for some time past was given to these drunken spells. But Marcel, by the exercise of a devilish ingenuity, had kept it from the public. Now he was caught, for the man who did the theatres for the principal newspaper in Avignon had helped to carry Marius in the theatre, and throw him down on the floor in his dressing-room.

Perinot walked on the stage one minute before the curtain went up. Madame Toutant, to whose voice Perinot was accustomed, was to be in the prompt box, and had already taken her place when Perinot and the Columbine met face to face in the wings.

It was Perinot's Columbine.

The discipline of the stage is far more severe than any military discipline, and can only be compared to that of the Church. But one excuse is accepted for a failure to appear when advertised. That excuse is when one receives peremptory orders from His Majesty, Death.

When Perinot saw Columbine he had no more notion of faltering than an officer has when ordered to lead the "lost children," as the French call the forlorn hope.

Columbine was herself, and yet not herself. Under her grease paint her cheeks were thin and her red-brown eyes burned with a melancholy glory. She was but twenty-eight, yet white threads were visible in her hair, red-brown like her eyes, and tucked up under her head-dress. She trembled as she looked at Perinot.

"Don't forget your part," said Perinot to her, "for if you do, all is lost."

Then the curtain was going up and Marius, alias Perinot, stepped upon the stage.

Every true artist has moments inspired by the fire divine. So it was with Perinot. His intelligence was preternatural, his vast experience, his natural genius were triumphant. The newspaper writers thought they saw Marius before them, acting better than he had ever acted in his life. They observed that he kept near the prompt box and occasionally covered up what they supposed to be a lapse of memory by some exquisite drollery that sent the house in fits of laughter.

Columbine was in great form, but from the moment the bogus Marius stepped upon the stage every eye was riveted upon him. Yet, had Columbine failed to sustain him truly, as Perinot said, all would have been lost. Marcel, a pious man, full of superstition, who carried images of the saints in his pockets, stood back in the wings, mumbling prayers. Madame Toutant, who found herself for the first time in her life in the prompt box, was in herself capable of saving the performance. It was as if the Muse of Comedy herself smiled that night on Marcel the manager, but he ever at-

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tributed it to the intercession of his patron saint. The performance went with a dash, a flash, a whirl, and, at the end, the curtain went up and down a dozen times.

When, at last, everything was over and everybody had gone home, Columbine and Perinot talked together in the dark arcade under the quiet stars. Columbine sat on an overturned keg, while Perinot stood. She had washed the paint off her face and he saw then how wan and thin she was.

"Where is the Vicomte?" asked Perinot.

"Married," answered Columbine, "six months after he took me to the Café Brillant. Then I went to Paris and was very successful, but I had to take this——"

She made a motion like a person giving a hypoderm of morphine.

"I got a cough, and then I had to take more, and——"

"Did you have any lovers?" asked Perinot.

For answer Columbine threw back her head and laughed in such a way that it made Perinot's blood run cold.

"How I hated them," she cried. "I think I was by nature good, although I have been bad enough, in all conscience. But I was never happy after I left the *roulette*. Whenever I thought about the sunny days when I sat in the wagon by you and drove old Blanc along the country roads, while the wild poppies and gentian nodded in his headstall, and how good Madame Toutant was, and the Poillons, lifting all the boxes and things out so cheerfully, and the jokes you used to make when you gave us our money on Saturday night—I would have to take this——"

She made the same motion on her arm again.

"I could not stand it. And the sound of the church bells on Sunday morning worries me. It makes me remember when I used to go to the chapel with the other charity girls in the convent and we had white muslin veils over our heads. I can see those white veils now. But worst of all was the thought of you."

Perinot was weeping.

"Oh, Columbine," he cried, "come back to the old life, come! I have another white horse just as good as old Blanc, and Madame Toutant will take care of you, and the living in the open air all day in the wagon will do you good."

"No," answered Columbine, looking at him with the eyes of fate. "It is too late now. I am caught in the whirlpool of destruction and I can only go round and round until I am dragged into the abyss. The manager told me to-day that what with Marius's getting drunk on brandy and my getting drunk on morphine he could not keep me any longer, and I am discharged at the end of next week. Good-by. The old life seems like a dream of heaven when I look back at it, but I am now the adopted daughter of the devil. I can't return to it or to you either."

Before Perinot could prevent her, Columbine slipped off the keg and, running down the long black arcade, was engulfed in the outer darkness.

Perinot spent all that night hunting for Columbine, who, meanwhile, was in a third-class railway carriage, jolting toward Paris.

Next morning Marcel joined in the hunt, but it ended in Columbine's understudy appearing in her place that night. The public, however, did not like her nor was Marius in his best form. So the performance did not go so well as the touch-and-go one of the night before.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, so that Perinot, having been the pet of professional fortune, was now taken into that lady's lap and stuffed with sweatmeats. Marcel, who was a genius among managers as Perinot was a genius among clowns, offered not only to star Perinot in the provinces, but if he were successful, to call the new theatre after him, which Marcel had just leased in Paris. Marcel was also quite willing to engage the whole of the little company, including Madame Toutant with her big waist and her glorious eyes and rich voice.

Perinot had three principles in theatrical management, and these he confided to Marcel.

"First," said he on his fingers, "actors and actresses must know how to act. Second, they must keep sober. Third, they must not be too handsome. If they are as ugly as the devil, so much the better. Then they must act to keep the people from throwing cabbage heads at them."

It occurred to Perinot at that moment that Columbine had not quite fulfilled the last of these conditions. She was not as

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ugly as the devil. On the contrary, she was a trifle too handsome. The conviction that she was in Paris, which had kept Perinot from Paris, now drove him there, and even overcame his resolve never to act under any other man's management. In his own *roulette* he was king. In Marcel's theatre he would be only the leading man. All these notions vanished away, and Perinot accepted Marcel's offer. The success of the provincial tour was so brilliant that all Paris was on tiptoe to see this extraordinary comedian who had scorned the arms of the dazzling city held wide for him during so many years.

The House of Perinot, gorgeous with red and gold and incandescent lights, would not be ready before the first of December. Meanwhile, in October, Perinot established himself in a small, comfortable house close to the theatre, with Madame Toutant and her husband to take care of it for him. Auguste and his young wife were in lodgings close by with the Poillons, all of whom were to share in the coming glory of Perinot next door.

In Perinot's house the best room was made into a bedchamber and fitted up in blue and white, the colors of purity.

"This is for Columbine when I find her," said Perinot.

After all, it was Madame Toutant who found her, and that within a month of the time Perinot came to Paris.

One evening when Perinot reached home in the autumn dusk and went up-stairs, he saw a line of light under the door of the blue and white room. His heart was in his mouth as he knocked, and Madame Toutant, opening the door, cried out:

"Here she is!"

Sitting in a great chair by the fire was Columbine, her thin figure enveloped in a white cashmere dressing robe, all frills and lace, which Perinot had provided in advance for her. She was a changed Columbine in every respect. Her head was shorn of her long, thick red-brown hair; this gave her an odd appearance. She looked to be forty-eight, instead of twenty-eight, so haggard was she. But her eyes were the eyes of Columbine.

Perinot came forward as Madame Toutant slipped out and closed the door, and falling on his knees by Columbine's side, buried his head in her lap and sobbed aloud. Columbine held him in a faint embrace, but there was something new and strange in her voice and her language.

"Dearest," she said, "something has happened in my soul during the last two hours since I have been here. I was ill and half starved and cold. I sold my hair a fortnight ago and that was the last money I have had. It went mostly in drink and drugs, but from the moment I was brought here and bathed and fed, and dressed in this white robe, it was as if all the evil had passed out of me. If I could but live to be your wife, I swear to you upon my soul, and in the name of Christ, that I could live as purely and as innocently as I did when I was ten years old. I always told you, Perinot, that I was not bad by nature."

"I know it!" cried Perinot, wiping his eyes.

"Then," kept on Columbine, drawing his ugly face toward her, and smiling into his eyes, "all at once in the last two hours I have fallen in love with you. Ah, Perinot, why did you not make me marry you when you first found me, and Madame Toutant washed me and mended me and combed my hair?"

"I tried to persuade you," said poor Perinot, "but you were always an obstinate creature."

"Well," cried Columbine, pushing back her short hair and with her old brilliant smile shining upon her face, "I can be perfectly happy as long as I live, which will not be very long. Not many persons can say that, Perinot."

Columbine kept her word.

Perinot called in the greatest doctors in Paris. They gave Columbine three weeks to live, but Columbine laughed at them and lived six weeks—six happy weeks.

The story got out that Perinot was a gay dog and that the lights burning in his house at all hours of the night meant that there were orgies going on and that an unknown lady held high carnival there with many men. That is to say, the Poillons and the Toutants, father and son, came often and stayed late. Some of the neighbors talked of complaining to the police.

Columbine was able to sit up all day until the last, and employed her fingers in knitting woollen scarfs which she insisted should be sold. The wool cost half a franc and the scarfs sold for a whole franc. This money,

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which amounted in six weeks to the sum of four francs, Columbine handed over with secret instructions to Madame Toutant.

"I shall take it very ill of the Blessed Virgin, if she does not pray for me so that I can live until the Theatre Perinot is opened," said Columbine to Perinot. "It is bad enough that I can't marry you, now that I am so much in love with you, but that I know is partly my own fault. Oh, Perinot, why didn't you marry me twelve years ago? How happy we could have been, driving around together in the spring and summer, and when the days grew cold we could have had lodgings in some little town and we could have given performances three times a week, and I could have cooked the dinner for you and made your stage clothes——"

"Don't!" cried Perinot; "I can't stand it, Columbine."

A week before the opening of the Theatre Perinot, one night Columbine lay on Perinot's arm as he sat by her white bed. She made him lay his head on the pillow beside her and she fell into a quiet and painless sleep. Perinot, who had slept but little in the last six weeks, fell asleep too. At daylight Madame Toutant entered the room and found Perinot fast asleep, with his cheek touching Columbine. She, too, was fast asleep and never could be awakened.

The people in Paris know nothing of what is going on next door, unless it is very wicked. So, when everything was over in Perinot's house and the lights were put out at a decent hour, the people said:

"Perinot has sent that woman away, and is beginning to live respectably now that he has to go to work and everything depends on whether he can please Paris or not."

Please Paris, Perinot did.

The mere audacity of naming the theatre after the provincial actor drew a great crowd to it on the opening night ready to applaud or to hiss, according to circumstances. Perinot not only played at them, but played with them. They could not look at him without screaming with laughter. His pantomime alone was as good as other men's speech. It was pure clowning, but it was as if Perinot had gone back to the primitive man and had said to his audience:

"You are only a pack of idle children, and I shall make you laugh just as I did the ploughmen and the farmers' daughters and the waiters in the country hotels. You think yourselves very intelligent because you are Parisians. Whoosh!"

When the audience realized that this exquisite clown was really laughing at them and giving them the meat he chose, rather than what they asked for, they laughed twice as much. The roof nearly came off with the noise and the shouting and the pounding, and Marcel grinned all over and thanked his patron saint for the contract which he had with Perinot for five future years.

At the close of the performance there was no end to the curtain calls, and in each one Perinot performed some antic more comic than before. The people had almost to be driven from the theatre. In his dressing-room Perinot found Madame Toutant to help him wash and dress—there was no formality between the lady and the gentleman. When he was bundled up in his heavy great-coat, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, for it was cold and the snow was on the ground, he said to Madame Toutant:

"Don't wait up for me. I shall not be in for a couple of hours yet."

Madame Toutant opened a little box she had brought and took out four beautiful white roses.

"She told me to buy them with her four francs, and to say to you that the money was honestly come by and they were to be given you on this night."

While the people at home and in the cafés and newspaper offices were still laughing and chuckling at Perinot's jokes and tricks, he was kneeling in the snow on Columbine's grave. The four white roses lay upon it and the haggard moon shone upon his upturned face, distorted with weeping. And he was king of all the clowns who ever lived.

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THE MOODS

GEORGE T. MARSH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

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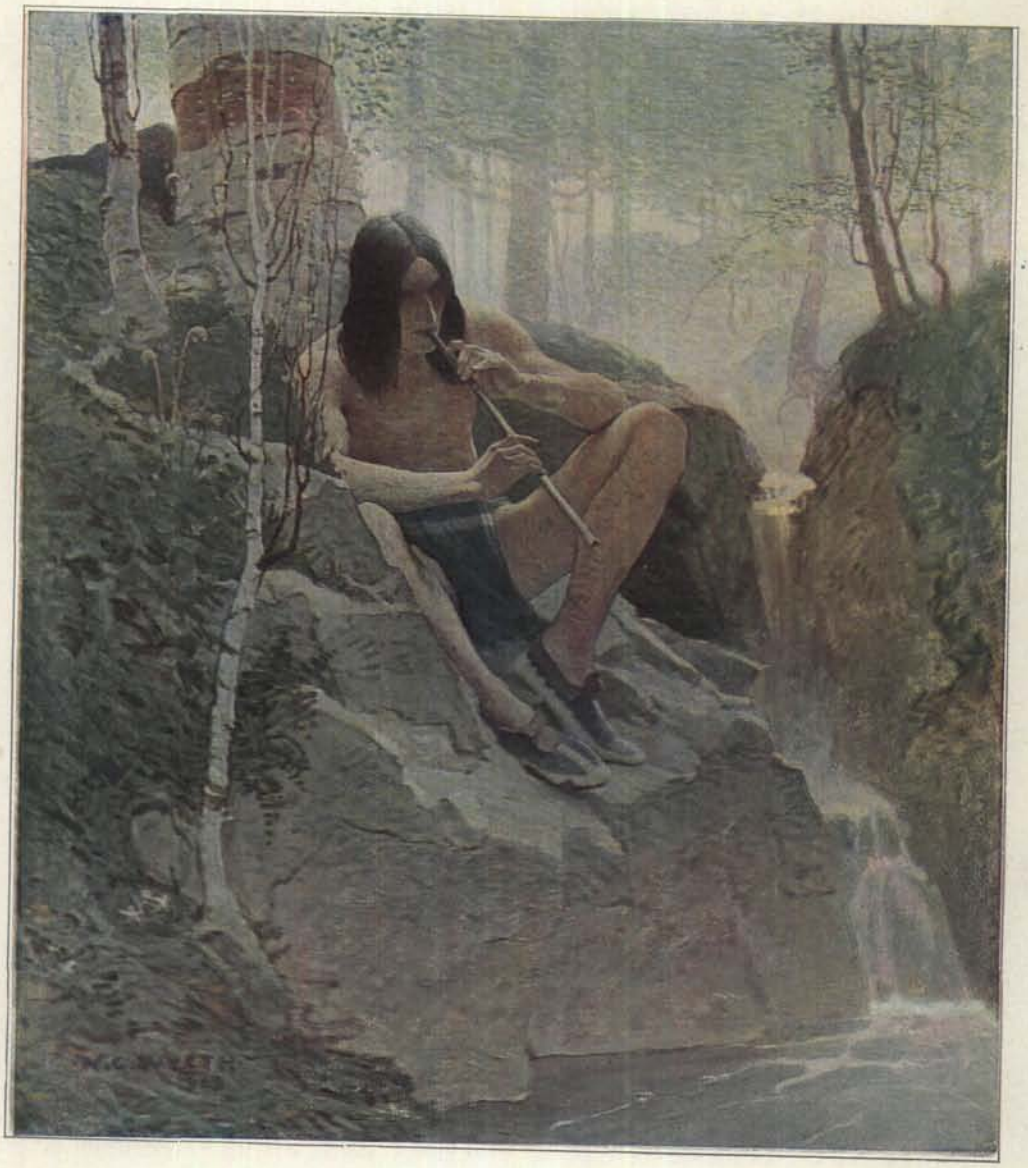

Spring.

SONG

SING the breezes in the birches.
  Hymn the runnels as they journey.
Pipes the warbler where he perches
  Challenging to vocal tourney
Brook and breeze—What sylvan spirit
  Trolls those magic staves that hover?
Hark! 'tis fairy fluting, hear it?
  Of some vanished Huron lover.

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Summer.

HUSH

Long the mating season's over;
  Motionless lie meadow grasses;
Mute the throat of feathered rover;
  Mirrored in the still pools' glasses
Hang the hot clouds' shimmering fleeces.
  Are they runes of summers perished
That the fisher hears—and ceases—
  Or the voice of one he cherished?

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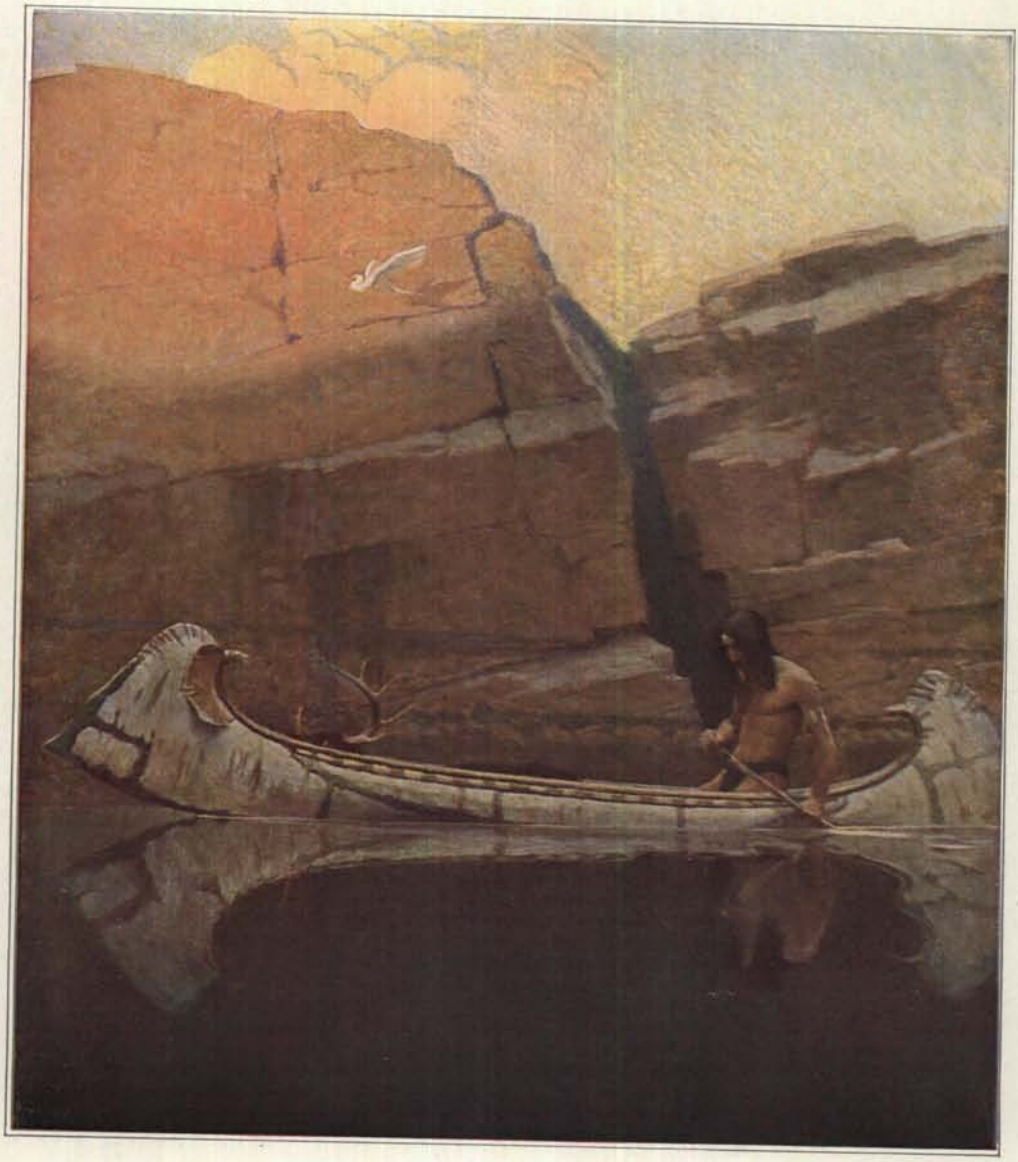

Autumn.

WAITING

Through the mists that veil the valley,
  Blazoned by the Frost King's brushes,
Vanguards of gray legions sally;
  Flaps the heron from the rushes.
In the haze that hides the ranges
  Lurks the breath of white winds creeping
With a shroud—the forest changes
  Its gay garments, and is sleeping.

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Winter.

DEATH

When the wild blasts whip the passes,
  In the tepees Famine tarries.
Sore the stinging sleet harasses
  Where the snow-swirls sweep the prairies.
The Great Spirit's face is clouded:
  Hears he not the women wailing
From his Hunting-Grounds enshrouded?
  Shall our prayers rise unavailing?

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THE MESSENGERS

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN Ainsley first moved to Lone Lake Farm all of his friends asked him the same question. They wanted to know, if the farmer who sold it to him had abandoned it as worthless, how one of the idle rich, who could not distinguish a plow from a harrow, hoped to make it pay? His answer was that he had not purchased the farm as a means of getting richer by honest toil, but as a retreat from the world and as a test of true friendship. He argued that the people he knew accepted his hospitality at Sherry's because, in any event, they themselves would be dining within a taxicab fare of the same place. But if to see him they travelled all the way to Lone Lake Farm, he might feel assured that they were friends indeed.

Lone Lake Farm was spread over many acres of rocky ravine and forest, at a point where Connecticut approaches New York, and between it and the nearest railroad station stretched six miles of an execrable woodroad. In this wilderness, directly upon the lonely lake, and at a spot equally distant from each of his boundary lines, Ainsley built himself a red brick house. Here, in solitude, he exiled himself; ostensibly to become a gentleman farmer; in reality to wait until Polly Kirkland had made up her mind to marry him.

Lone Lake, which gave the farm its name, was a pond hardly larger than a city block. It was fed by hidden springs, and fringed about with reeds and cat-tails, stunted willows and shivering birch. From its surface jutted points of the same rock that had made farming unremunerative, and to these miniature promontories and islands Ainsley, in keeping with a fancied resemblance, gave such names as the Needles, St. Helena, the Isle of Pines. From the edge of the pond that was farther from the house rose a high hill, heavily wooded. At its base, oak and chestnut trees spread their branches over the water, and when the air was still were so clearly reflected in the pond that the leaves seemed to float upon the surface. To the smiling expanse of the farm the lake was what the eye is to the human countenance. The oaks were its eyebrows, the fringe of reeds its lashes, and, in changing mood, it flashed with happiness or brooded in sombre melancholy. For Ainsley it held a deep attraction. Through the summer evenings, as the sun set, he would sit on the brick terrace and watch the fish leaping, and listen to the venerable bullfrogs croaking false alarms of rain. Indeed, after he met Polly Kirkland, staring moodily at the lake became his favorite form of exercise. With a number of other men, Ainsley was very much in love with Miss Kirkland, and unprejudiced friends thought that if she were to choose any of her devotees, Ainsley should be that one. Ainsley was eager to agree in this opinion, but in persuading Miss Kirkland to share it he had not been successful. This was partly his own fault, for when he dared to compare what she meant to him with what he had to offer her he became a mass of sodden humility. Could he have known how much Polly Kirkland envied and admired his depth of feeling, entirely apart from the fact that she herself inspired that feeling, how greatly she wished to care for him in the way he cared for her, life, even alone in the silences of Lone Lake, would have been a beautiful and blessed thing. But he was so sure she was the most charming and most wonderful girl in all the world, and he an unworthy and despicable being, that when the lady demurred he faltered, and his pleading, at least to his own ears, carried no conviction.

"When one thinks of being married," said Polly Kirkland gently, "it isn't a question of the man you can live with, but the man you can't live without. And I am sorry, but I've not found that man."

"I suppose," returned Ainsley, gloomily, "that my not being able to live without you doesn't affect the question in the least?"

"You *have* lived without me," Miss

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Kirkland pointed out reproachfully, "for thirty years."

"Lived!" almost shouted Ainsley. "Do you call *that* living? What was I before I met you? I was an ignorant beast of the field; I knew as much about living as one of the cows on my farm. I could sleep twelve hours at a stretch, or, if I was in New York, I *never* slept. I was a Day and Night Bank of health and happiness, a great, big, useless puppy. And now I can't sleep, can't eat, can't think—except of you. I dream about you all night, think about you all day, go through the woods calling your name, cutting your initials in tree-trunks, doing all the other fool things a man does when he's in love, and I am the most miserable man in the world—and the happiest!"

He finally succeeded in making Miss Kirkland so miserable also that she decided to run away. Friends had planned to spend the early spring on the Nile and were eager that she should accompany them. To her the separation seemed to offer an excellent method of discovering whether or not Ainsley was the man she could not "live without."

Ainsley saw in it only an act of torture, devised with devilish cruelty.

"What will happen to me," he announced firmly, "is that I will plain *die!* As long as I can see you, as long as I have the chance to try and make you understand that no one can possibly love you as I do, and as long as I know I am worrying you to death, and no one else is, I still hope. I've no right to hope, still I do. And that one little chance keeps me alive. But Egypt! If you escape to Egypt, what hold will I have on you? You might as well be in the moon. Can you imagine me writing love-letters to a woman in the moon? Can I send American Beauty roses to the ruins of Karnak? Here I can telephone you; not that I ever have anything to say that you want to hear, but because I want to listen to your voice, and to have you ask, "Oh! is that *you?*" as though you were glad it *was* me. But Egypt! Can I call up Egypt on the long-distance? If you leave me now, you'll leave me forever, for I'll drown myself in Lone Lake."

The day she sailed away he went to the steamer, and, separating her from her friends and family, drew her to the side of the ship farther from the wharf, and which, for the moment, was deserted. Directly below them a pile-driver, with rattling of chains and shrieks from her donkey-engine, was smashing great logs; on the deck above the ship's band was braying forth fictitious gayety, and from every side they were assailed by the raucous whistles of ferry-boats. The surroundings were not conducive to sentiment, but for the first time Polly Kirkland seemed a little uncertain, a little frightened; almost on the verge of tears, almost persuaded to surrender. For the first time she laid her hand on Ainsley's arm, and the shock sent the blood to his heart and held him breathless. When the girl looked at him there was something in her eyes that neither he nor any other man had ever seen there.

"The last thing I tell you," she said, "the thing I want you to remember, is this, that, though I do not care—I *want* to care."

Ainsley caught at her hand and, to the delight of the crew of a passing tug-boat, kissed it rapturously. His face was radiant. The fact of parting from her had caused him real suffering, had marked his face with hard lines. Now, hope and happiness smoothed them away and his eyes shone with his love for her. He was trembling, laughing, jubilant.

"And if you should!" he begged. "How soon will I know? You will cable," he commanded. "You will cable 'Come,' and the same hour I'll start toward you. I'll go home now," he cried, "and pack!"

The girl drew away. Already she regretted the admission she had made. In fairness and in kindness to him she tried to regain the position she had abandoned.

"But a change like that," she pleaded, "might not come for years, may never come!" To recover herself, to make the words she had uttered seem less serious, she spoke quickly and lightly.

"And how could I *cable* such a thing!" she protested. "It would be far too sacred, too precious. You should be able to *feel* that the change has come."

"I suppose I should," assented Ainsley, doubtfully; "but it's a long way across two oceans. It would be safer if you'd promise to use the cable. Just one word: 'Come.'"

The girl shook her head and frowned.

"If you can't feel that the woman you love loves you, even across the world, you cannot love her very deeply."

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"I don't have to answer that!" said Ainsley.

"I will send you a sign," continued the girl, hastily; "a secret wireless message. It shall be a test. If you love me you will read it at once. You will know the instant you see it that it comes from me. No one else will be able to read it; but if you love me, you will know that I love you."

Whether she spoke in metaphor or in fact, whether she was "playing for time," or whether in her heart she already intended to soon reward him with a message of glad tidings, Ainsley could not decide. And even as he begged her to enlighten him the last whistle blew, and a determined officer ordered him to the ship's side.

"Just as in everything that is beautiful," he whispered eagerly, "I always see something of you, so now in everything wonderful I will read your message. But," he persisted, "how shall I be *sure?*"

The last bag of mail had shot into the hold, the most reluctant of the visitors were being hustled down the last remaining gangplank. Ainsley's state was desperate.

"Will it be a symbol, or in cipher?" he demanded. "Must I read it in the sky, or will you hide it in a letter, or—where? Help me! Give me just a hint!"

The girl shook her head.

"You will read it—in your heart," she said.

From the end of the wharf Ainsley watched the funnels of the ship disappear in the haze of the lower bay. His heart was sore and heavy, but in it there was still room for righteous indignation. "Read it in my heart!" he protested. "How the devil can I read it in my heart? I want to read it *printed* in a cablegram."

Because he had always understood that young men in love found solace for their misery in solitude and in communion with nature, he at once drove his car to Lone Lake. But his misery was quite genuine, and the emptiness of the brick house only served to increase his loneliness. He had built the house for her, though she had never visited it, and was associated with it only through the somewhat indefinite medium of the telephone box. But in New York they had been much together. And Ainsley quickly decided that in revisiting those places where he had been happy in her company he would derive from the recollection some melancholy consolation. He accordingly raced back through the night to the city; nor did he halt until he was at the door of her house. She had left it only that morning, and though it was locked in darkness, it still spoke of her. At least it seemed to bring her nearer to him than when he was listening to the frogs in the lake, and crushing his way through the pines.

He was not hungry, but he went to a restaurant where, when he was host, she had often been the honored guest, and he pretended they were at supper together and without a chaperon. Either the illusion or the supper cheered him, for he was encouraged to go on to his club. There in the library, with the aid of an atlas, he worked out where, after thirteen hours of moving at the rate of twenty-two knots an hour, she should be at that moment. Having determined that fact to his own satisfaction, he sent a wireless after the ship. It read: "It is now midnight and you are in latitude 40° north, longitude 68° west, and I have grown old and gray waiting for the sign."

The next morning, and for many days after, he was surprised to find that the city went on as though she still were in it. With unfeeling regularity the sun rose out of the East River. On Broadway electric-light signs flashed, street-cars pursued each other, taxicabs bumped and skidded, women, and even men, dared to look happy, and had apparently taken some thought to their attire. They did not respect even his widowerhood. They smiled upon him, and asked him jocularly about the farm and his "crops," and what he was doing in New York. He pitied them, for obviously they were ignorant of the fact that in New York there were art galleries, shops, restaurants of great interest, owing to the fact that Polly Kirkland had visited them. They did not know that on upper Fifth Avenue were houses of which she had deigned to approve, or which she had destroyed with ridicule, and that to walk that avenue and halt before each of these houses was an inestimable privilege.

Each day, with pathetic vigilance, Ainsley examined his heart for the promised sign. But so far from telling him that the change he longed for had taken place, his heart grew heavier, and as weeks went by and no sign appeared, what little confidence he had once enjoyed passed with them.

But before hope entirely died, several false alarms had thrilled him with happi-

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ness. One was a cablegram from Gibraltar in which the only words that were intelligible were "congratulate" and "engagement." This lifted him into an ecstasy of joy and excitement, until, on having the cable company repeat the message, he learned it was a request from Miss Kirkland to congratulate two mutual friends who had just announced their engagement, and of whose address she was uncertain. He had hardly recovered from this disappointment than he was again thrown into a tumult by the receipt of a mysterious package from the custom-house containing an intaglio ring. The ring came from Italy, and her ship had touched at Genoa. The fact that it was addressed in an unknown handwriting did not disconcert him, for he argued that she might disguise the handwriting to make the test more difficult. He at once carried the intaglio to an expert at the Metropolitan Museum, and when he was told that it represented Cupid feeding a fire upon an altar, he reserved a stateroom on the first steamer bound for the Mediterranean. But before his ship sailed, a letter, also from Italy, from his Aunt Maria, who was spending the winter in Rome, informed him that the ring was a Christmas gift from her. In his rage he unjustly condemned Aunt Maria as a meddling old busybody, and gave her ring to the cook.

After two months of pilgrimages to places sacred to the memory of Polly Kirkland, Ainsley found that feeding his love on post-mortems was poor fare, and, in surrender, determined to evacuate New York. Since her departure he had received from Miss Kirkland several letters, but they contained no hint of a change in her affections, and search them as he might, he could find no cipher or hidden message. They were merely frank, friendly notes of travel; at first filled with gossip of the steamer, and later telling of excursions around Cairo. If they held any touch of feeling they seemed to show that she was sorry for him, and as she could not regard him in any way more calculated to increase his discouragement, he, in utter hopelessness, retreated to the solitude of the farm. In New York he left behind him two trunks filled with such garments as a man would need on board a steamer and in the early spring in Egypt. They had been packed and in readiness since the day she sailed away, when she had told him of the possible sign. But there had been no sign. Nor did he longer believe in one. So in the baggage-room of an hotel the trunks were abandoned, accumulating layers of dust and charges for storage.

At the farm the snow still lay in the crevices of the rocks and beneath the branches of the evergreens, but under the wet, dead leaves little flowers had begun to show their faces. The "backbone of the winter was broken" and spring was in the air. But as Ainsley was certain that his heart also was broken, the signs of spring did not console him. At each week-end he filled the house with people, but they found him gloomy and he found them dull. He liked better the solitude of the midweek days. Then for hours he would tramp through the woods, pretending she was at his side, pretending he was helping her across the streams swollen with winter rains and melted snow. On these excursions he cut down trees that hid a view he thought she would have liked, he cut paths over which she might have walked. Or he sat idly in a flat-bottom scow in the lake and made a pretence of fishing. The loneliness of the lake and the isolation of the boat suited his humor. He did not find it true that misery loves company. At least to human beings he preferred his companions of Lone Lake—the beaver building his home among the reeds, the kingfisher, the blue heron, the wild fowl that in their flight north rested for an hour or a day upon the peaceful waters. He looked upon them as his guests, and when they spread their wings and left him again alone he felt he had been hardly used.

It was while he was sunk in this state of melancholy, and some months after Miss Kirkland had sailed to Egypt, that hope returned.

For a week-end he had invited Holden and Lowell, two former classmates, and Nelson Mortimer and his bride. They were all old friends of their host and well acquainted with the cause of his discouragement. So they did not ask to be entertained, but, disregarding him, amused themselves after their own fashion. It was late Friday afternoon. The members of the house-party had just returned from a tramp through the woods and had joined Ainsley on the terrace, where he stood watching the last rays of the sun leave the lake in darkness. All through the day there had been sharp splashes of rain with the clouds dull and for-

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"I think," said Ainsley, "they have lost their way."—Page 690.

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bidding, but now the sun was sinking in a sky of crimson, and for the morrow a faint moon held out a promise of fair weather.

Elsie Mortimer gave a sudden exclamation. She pointed to the east. "Look!" she said.

The men turned and followed the direction of her hand. In the fading light, agianst a background of sombre clouds that the sun could not reach, they saw, moving slowly toward them and descending as they moved, six great white birds. When they were above the tops of the trees that edged the lake, the birds halted and hovered uncertainly, their wings lifting and falling, their bodies slanting and sweeping slowly, in short circles.

The suddenness of their approach, their presence so far inland, something unfamiliar and foreign in the way they had winged their progress, for a moment held the group upon the terrace silent.

"They are gulls from the Sound," said Lowell.

"They are too large for gulls," returned Mortimer. "They might be wild geese, but," he answered himself, in a puzzled voice, "it is too late; and wild geese follow a leader."

As though they feared the birds might hear them and take alarm, the men, unconsciously, had spoken in low tones.

"They move as though they were very tired," whispered Elsie Mortimer.

"I think," said Ainsley, "they have lost their way."

But even as he spoke, the birds, as though they had reached their goal, spread their wings to the full length and sank to the shallow water at the farthest margin of the lake.

As they fell the sun struck full upon them, turning their great pinions into flashing white and silver.

"Oh!" cried the girl, "but they are beautiful!"

Between the house and the lake there was a ridge of rock higher than the head of a man, and to this Ainsley and his guests ran for cover. On hands and knees, like hunters stalking game, they scrambled up the face of the rock and peered cautiously into the pond. Below them, less than one hundred yards away, on a tiny promontory, the six white birds stood motionless. They showed no sign of fear. They could not but know that beyond the lonely circle of the pond were the haunts of men. From the farm came the tinkle of a cow-bell, the bark of a dog, and in the valley, six miles distant, rose faintly upon the stillness of the sunset hour the rumble of a passing train. But if these sounds carried, the birds gave no heed. In each drooping head and dragging wing, in the forward stoop of each white body, weighing heavily on the slim, black legs, was written utter weariness, abject fatigue. To each even to lower his bill and sip from the cool waters was a supreme effort. And in their exhaustion so complete was something humanly helpless and pathetic.

To Ainsley the mysterious visitors made a direct appeal. He felt as though they had thrown themselves upon his hospitality. That they showed such confidence that the sanctuary would be kept sacred touched him. And while his friends spoke eagerly, he remained silent, watching the drooping, ghostlike figures, his eyes filled with pity.

"I have seen birds like those in Florida," Mortimer was whispering, "but they were not migratory birds."

"And I've seen white cranes in the Adirondacks," said Lowell, "but never six at one time."

"They're like no bird *I* ever saw out of a zoo," declared Elsie Mortimer. "Maybe they *are* from the Zoo? Maybe they escaped from the Bronx?"

"The Bronx is too near," objected Lowell. "These birds have come a great distance. They move as though they had been flying for many days."

As though the absurdity of his own thought amused him, Mortimer laughed softly.

"I'll tell you what they *do* look like," he said. "They look like that bird you see on the Nile, the sacred Ibis, they——"

Something between a gasp and a cry startled him into silence. He found his host staring wildly, his lips parted, his eyes open wide.

"Where?" demanded Ainsley, "where did you say?" His voice was so hoarse, so strange, that they all turned and looked.

"On the Nile," repeated Mortimer. "All over Egypt. Why?"

Ainsley made no answer. Unclasping his hold, he suddenly slid down the face of the rock, and with a bump lit on his hands and knees. With one bound he had cleared a flower-bed. In two more he had mounted

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the steps to the terrace, and in another instant had disappeared into the house.

"What happened to him?" demanded Elsie Mortimer.

"He's gone to get a gun!" exclaimed Mortimer. "But he mustn't! How can he think of shooting them?" he cried indignantly. "I'll put a stop to that!"

In the hall he found Ainsley surrounded by a group of startled servants.

"You get that car at the door in five minutes!" he was shouting, "and *you* telephone the hotel to have my trunks out of the cellar and on board the *Kron Prinz Albert* by midnight. Then you telephone Hoboken that I want a cabin, and if they haven't got a cabin I want the captain's. And tell them anyway I'm coming on board to-night, and I'm going with them if I have to sleep on deck. And *you*," he cried, turning to Mortimer, "take a shotgun and guard that lake, and if anybody tries to molest those birds—shoot him! They've come from Egypt! From Polly Kirkland! She sent them! They're a sign!"

"Are you going mad?" cried Mortimer.

"No!" roared Ainsley. "I'm going to Egypt, and I'm going *now!*"

Polly Kirkland and her friends were travelling slowly up the Nile, and had reached Luxor. A few hundred yards below the village their dahabieh was moored to the bank, and, on the deck, Miss Kirkland was watching a scarlet sun sink behind two palm-trees. By the grace of that special Providence that looks after drunken men, citizens of the United States, and lovers, her friends were on shore, and she was alone. For this she was grateful, for her thoughts were of a melancholy and tender nature and she had no wish for any companion save one. In consequence, when a steam-launch, approaching at full speed with the rattle of a quick-firing gun, broke upon her meditations, she was distinctly annoyed.

But when, with much ringing of bells and shouting of orders, the steam-launch rammed the paint off her dahabieh, and a young man flung himself over the rail and ran toward her, her annoyance passed, and with a sigh she sank into his outstretched, eager arms.

A half an hour later Ainsley laughed proudly and happily.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "you can never say I kept *you* waiting. I didn't lose much time, did I? Ten minutes after I got your C. Q. D. signal I was going down the Boston Post Road at seventy miles an hour."

"My what?" said the girl.

"The sign!" explained Ainsley. "The sign you were to send me to tell me"—he bent over her hands and added gently—"that you cared for me."

"Oh, I remember," laughed Polly Kirkland. "I was to send you a sign, wasn't I? You were to 'read it in your heart,'" she quoted.

"And I did," returned Ainsley complacently. "There were several false alarms, and I'd almost lost hope, but when the messengers came I knew them."

With puzzled eyes the girl frowned and raised her head.

"Messengers?" she repeated. "I sent no message. Of course," she went on, "when I said you would 'read it in your heart' I meant that if you *really* loved me you would not wait for a sign, but you would just *come!*" She sighed proudly and contentedly. "And you came. You understood that, didn't you?" she asked anxiously.

For an instant Ainsley stared blankly, and then to hide his guilty countenance drew her toward him and kissed her.

"Of course," he stammered—"of course I understood. That was why I came. I just couldn't stand it any longer."

Breathing heavily at the thought of the blunder he had so narrowly avoided, Ainsley turned his head toward the great red disk that was disappearing into the sands of the desert. He was so long silent that the girl lifted her eyes, and found that already he had forgotten her presence and, transfixed, was staring at the sky. On his face was bewilderment and wonder and a touch of awe. The girl followed the direction of his eyes, and in the swiftly gathering darkness saw coming slowly toward them, and descending as they came, six great white birds.

They moved with the last effort of complete exhaustion. In the drooping head and dragging wings of each was written utter weariness, abject fatigue. For a moment they hovered over the dahabieh and above the two young lovers, and then, like tired travellers who had reached their journey's end, they spread their wings and sank to the muddy waters of the Nile and into the enveloping night.

"Some day," said Ainsley, "I have a confession to make to you."

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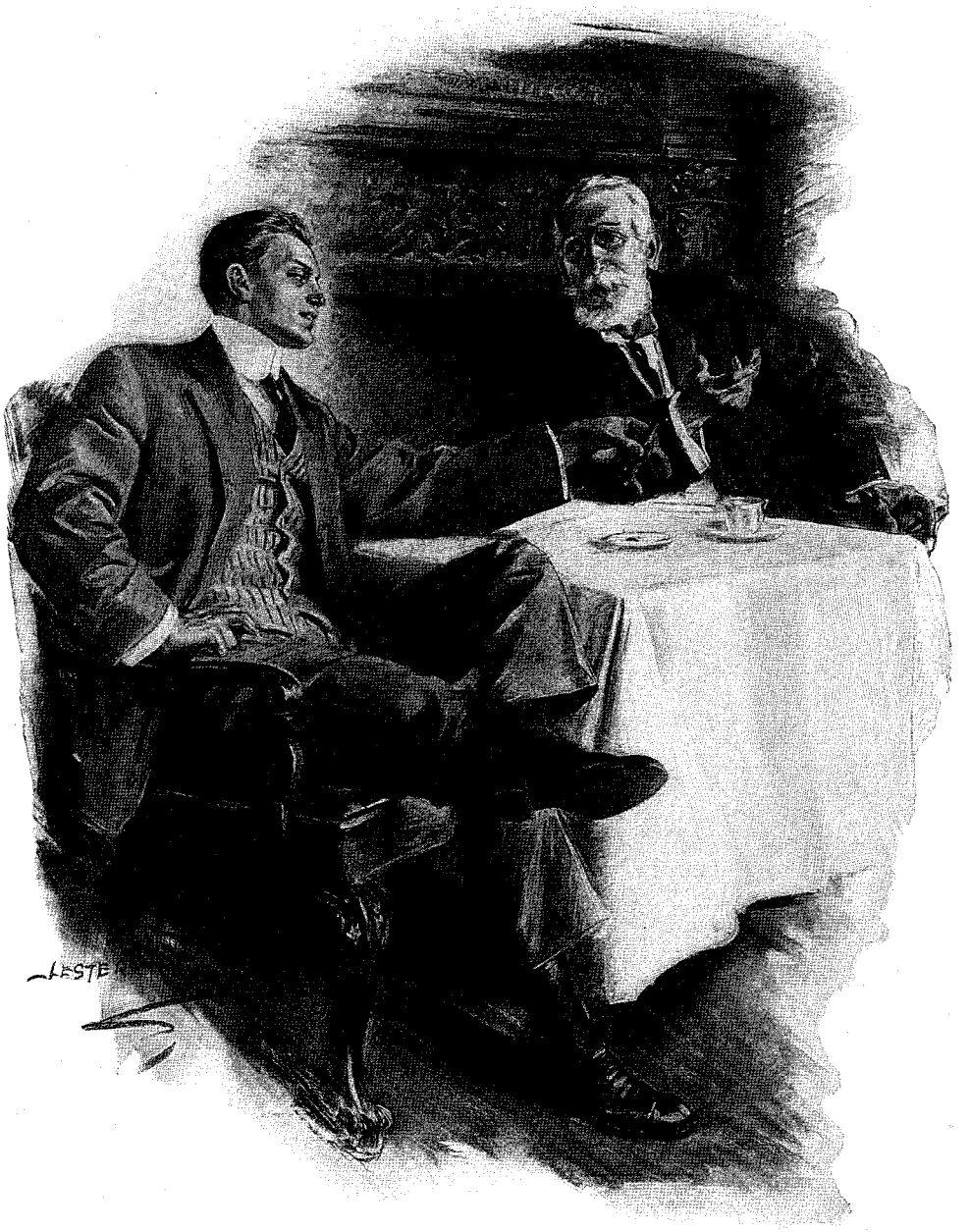

Drawn by Lester Ralph.

In these two long hours they wandered far.—Page 698.

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A CHRISTMAS OF CHRISTMASES

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by Lester Ralph

JOHN REDMOND opened his eyes, stretched himself, and yawned. Sitting up, he sleepily surveyed his comfortable bedchamber, and as the familiar objects forced themselves on his waking senses he smiled in great contentment, for he was home, in his own rooms, and it was Christmas. It was to be his Christmas of Christmases, a day all his to enjoy as he willed, and he had willed to enjoy it in solid comfort. That this was selfish, he admitted very frankly, but the memory of an unselfish day spent last year with the Bartow family was still vivid in his mind. A real, old-fashioned Christmas, Peter Bartow had called it, and reviewing that feast of incident and accident, Redmond had determined that better than basking in reflected Christmas light was even being alone when he could have his apartment gods around him and his club close at hand. So plans born in the chaos of that visit had been laid with care. Nothing was to disturb the serenity of hours conceived to satisfy a fastidious bachelor. And truly he had begun well, for he had slept late, with no boisterous children to trouble his slumbers, and now, as he rubbed his eyes, he was conscious of a man moving softly about the room, an early minister to his comfort.

"Merry Christmas, Higgins," he cried, cheerfully.

"Merry Christmas, sir;" returned the valet. "It's a lovely day, sir." He raised the shades and let the full sunlight burst into the room. "What suit shall I lay out, sir? I suppose you are going to the country to celebrate with your family."

Higgins being only an apartment-house valet had not had time to become intimately informed as to the history of the score of men to whom he attended, or he would have known that Redmond had no family, but was delightfully and comfortably alone in the world, save for a few distant cousins whom he had almost forgotten.

"With my family?" Redmond laughed, as he pushed his feet into his bath-slippers, drew his dressing-gown around him, and rose to face the day. "Thank Heaven, I have no family to trouble me, Higgins, but am free to do as I wish. And had I a family, you would not find that five-dollar bill waiting for you on the table there."

The man had been eying the money expectantly and lost no time in pocketing it. "Thank you, sir, and a Merry Christmas," he said.

"Oh, I am going to have an ideal Christmas," Redmond returned with great good humor "I am going to indulge myself in everything, Higgins—going to have a selfish day. To start it, you can draw me a hot tub, and then put out my riding clothes." It was only a step to the bath-room, and as the valet was carrying out his orders, the other, being in a happy, loquacious mood, proceeded to unfold his plans. "I am going to do just the things I want to do, Higgins, and I shall be responsible to no one. Last year I learned a lesson when I spent the day with Mr. Bartow. You remember him?"

"Indeed I do," replied the old servant with a smile. "'E lived 'ere a long time, sir, in the rooms just below—503, sir—till 'e married and moved away."

"Married, gave up solid comfort, and moved to Orange," said Redmond.

"Like most of our gentlemen, sir," Higgins was speaking from the closet, where he was giving a stage-brushing to the neatly arranged array of coats of many colors. He came forth with the riding clothes and fixed them over a chair that they might be donned with the least possible effort. "They all go sooner or later, sir. Three 'as gone this year and Mr. Martin is threatenin'—'as a lady's picture on 'is desk and wants to sublet 'is rooms—the gentleman in 202, sir. I suppose you'll be next."

Redmond flushed guiltily, but he brushed aside the insinuation with a nervous laugh. He had no woman's picture in his rooms, but he carried one where the observing valet

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could not see it, printed deep in his mind, a tantalizing picture which, on this Christmas morning, he was trying to forget. For, did he contemplate it, he was called far from the easy paths where his life lay now; the quiet eyes seemed to lure him from the placid waters on which he drifted pleasantly, to those tempestuous coasts where so many of his friends were struggling to keep afloat at all. It was a dangerous picture for him to look upon, for it seemed to have a subtle power of self-multiplication, and did he sit in the quiet of his rooms and look out at it, he saw not alone a winning face with quiet eyes meeting his, but the girl on horseback, the trimmest of figures on the trimmest of cobs galloping with him along quiet lanes; the girl on a rock, at his side, looking out to sea, smiling softly in silent contentment; the girl in the town, swinging up the avenue in step with him, with an eye ever ready to flash at the humor of the street and as quick to soften at its pathos. Could he have seen only these and the hundred others of their kind he would not have been this feast-day morning making a confidant of a valet; but he was a practical soul and from his dreams would turn to consider income and costs, and the case of Bartow and those of his acquaintance who had plenty for one and were trying to make it do for six.

"I guess you can count on me staying, for a while, anyway, Higgins," he said. "When a man reaches thirty-five, he is fairly safe. And then, you see, I am not of the marrying kind. Had I been, that real old-fashioned Christmas I spent with Mr. Bartow would have cured me. Instead of being allowed to enjoy a good sleep like I had this morning, I was awakened at daybreak by the children and lay for hours counting the minutes till I could take my tub. My turn came—you see, we had to take turns—and instead of this—" he pointed to his own comfortable bath—"I found a little dark cave, all littered with tooth-brushes, medicine bottles, and toy steam-boats, and to make matters worse, Mrs. Bartow had used all the hot water—absolutely all."

Higgins rubbed his hands and gazed at Redmond in deep sympathy. "You must 'ave been most uncomfortable, sir, most uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable is hardly strong enough, Higgins. We were in Bedlam all day long. The Christmas-tree caught fire and I burned my hands putting out the flames. Jimmy Bartow ate too much candy and almost died of colic. Baby Bartow broke his sister's new doll and even old Grandfather Bartow had to slip on the ice and sprain his wrist while he was showing Tommy how to use his skates. Altogether, Higgins, I decided that family Christmases were too exciting. To-day I shall celebrate in my own quiet way."

The servant was edging toward the door, for he had other duties and other men as anxious as Mr. Redmond to have some one to talk to, but he could not check the amiable flow of conversation.

"To-day, Higgins, I have planned a thoroughly comfortable Christmas, beginning with the indulgence of a hot bath, then a solid breakfast and a cigar, followed by a ride and a good luncheon at the club with some other sensible man like myself—bridge in the afternoon, and in the evening I dine with friends and go to the opera to hear one act of 'Parsifal.' That is what I call an ideal Christmas. Don't you agree with me?"

Higgins bowed his acquiescence, and backed into the tiny hall. He was fumbling with the latch of the apartment door, being anxious to get away, when he heard a splash and a shrill cry.

"Confound you! Higgins. I told you hot—hot—hot."

The servant did not answer. He slipped out, closing the door softly behind him. Safe in the hall he took the bill from his pocket to make sure of the figure in the corner.

So John Redmond began his Christmas with a chill, but the after-glow restored his good humor and as he sat down to the breakfast which had been laid in his study as by genii hands he was well satisfied with himself and his relations to the world. Comfort he wanted, and surely it was his, we should say, after a survey of his rooms. They were a man's, decorated and furnished with admirable, manly taste. He had made them just as he had dreamed they ought to be, when in his earlier days he was a struggling law clerk and went home nightly to a hall bed-room in a shabby boarding-house. They were the fulfilment of those dreams, as he was well-to-do now for a single man, and it seemed as though all his wants were satisfied, for a single man's real wants are

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few. These rooms were thoroughly comfortable and thoroughly sensible, indeed, and unlittered by needless hangings or dainty bric-a-brac. A woman would have said that the feminine touch was missing, but never having known it, John Redmond never missed it, nor, in all truth, can it be said that his friends did. Even those who were married confessed to envying him this quiet retreat which held everything a man wanted and nothing more. His heavy mahogany chairs with their leather coverings were most comfortable, and through the diamond panes of his bookcases could be seen the backs of many enticing volumes. Prints covered the dark green walls, their brilliantly colored hunting scenes giving a hint of the out-of-doors while the marked contrast of Rembrandt's portrait of himself, which hung above the mantel, spoke a catholicity of taste, a modicum of culture, just as the riding crop tossed carelessly on the divan, and the boot-hooks hanging from a chandelier in the bedroom told us that he kept a horse. The gas-logs in the fireplace burned cheerfully, their ashless, smokeless flames giving visible expression to the warmth and solid comfort of the place. And so in keeping with it all was the very breakfast which the master was contemplating. It was an excellent manly breakfast, such as single men love to look upon as they come from the chill of their morning tub with blood running freely—grapefruit with a tiny pool of rum in its heart floating a blushing cherry; excellent gruel with thick cream, eggs, and a pot of tea. This repast, crowned with a fragrant cigar, could not but put John Redmond in the best of humors, and, as he stretched out in his deep chair and smoked, he congratulated himself on the wisdom he was showing in his Christmas celebration. The morning paper lay unread across his knees and so great was his contentment that he almost purred as he gazed out through the smoke clouds into the vast spaces, with a vision unfettered by mere walls. He saw the picture, the winsome face with the quiet eyes regarding him, just as they had regarded him so trustfully the other day when she had asked him to join her family at their Christmas dinner and he had made excuses that he was going out of town. He shook himself angrily. He would not think of her, he said; he would think of the Bartows. The Bartows had come to be to him an antidote for sentimental dreams. This was the exact hour and almost the minute when the tree had caught fire, when in a thoughtless moment he performed the one heroic feat of his life and beat out the flames with his bare hands. He remembered the torturing pain and the quick-coming regret that he had been so brave. He smiled. He could almost feel the agonizing throb of his nerves; he could almost hear the children cheering as they climbed around his legs; he could almost see Mary Bartow bending over him with bandages and linament and Grandfather Bartow——

The telephone bell rang. It called him from these pleasing reminiscences, and the voice that came to him over the wire brought back the face he was trying so hard to forget.

"What, Madeleine," he said, in the quavering tones of embarrassment. "You thought I had gone out of town?—I had to change my plans. Merry Christmas to you, too. Oh, yes, I am having a delightful day. The roses? I am glad you liked them—it was a pleasure to send them. What is that? Dine with you—your father asks me specially—just an old-fashioned mid-day family dinner. It is very good of you all, and I can't tell you how I appreciate it and how sorry that I have another engagement. Tea? I promised the Grants. I wish I could, but you see I dine with the Bentons and go afterward to the opera with them. If you had only asked me yesterday, but I shall try to drop in to-morrow."

Really John Redmond had no intention of dropping in to-morrow. As he turned from the telephone, he stood smoking thoughtfully and surveying his rooms. She was calling to him again, as she had been calling these many months, from this comfort, this care-free life. That he loved her, he was almost ready to confess to himself, but she stood for everything he did not love; for self-sacrifice; for economy; for a certain disorderly domesticity which was foreign to a nature that found expression in these solid chairs set geometrically about the room, and in the brilliant sporting prints upon the walls. All the creature comforts were his, just as they had been Bartow's and in the Bartow of to-day he saw the Redmond of to-morrow, did he yield to the attraction of a winning face. Undoubtedly Peter thought

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that he was happy, but Redmond had fancied more than once that he detected a note of regret in his voice when he spoke of his former years. There was that moment after the Christmas dinner when he offered his guest a cigar, a very bad one, and lighted a pipe himself.

"You see, Jack," he had said, as he pointed to the little Bartows gambolling about the tree, "whenever I spend a quarter on a cigar I feel as though I were robbing them."

Redmond had no mind to go through life so conscience stricken every time he indulged himself in some little extravagance, yet as it had been with Bartow so it would be with him. There were times, though, when the winning face almost routed his worldly wisdom; times when to float alone on the unruffled sea of all he needed became appalling monotony; times when the door-latch clicked behind him on the stillness of his empty rooms and he wished that he might hurl away the key and never return. But at this moment Bartow was in his mind, side by side with Madeleine Wood; Bartow, happy in discomforts which John Redmond could never endure, and he laughed at the sentimental weakness which had turned him into a florist's on the afternoon before; he would be weak no more; in avoiding her persistent invitations he was parting with her finally, and in the future he would see her rarely and would think only as he thought of scores of other women.

Now for the day, the care-free day, so well begun and better still to be carried on! First, he would ride with Bob Harris, a brisk canter in the crisp Christmas air to whet his appetite for luncheon. Turning back to the telephone he called up Harris's rooms and learned that he had just left for the country. He rang for Bronson, and Bronson answered that he was off to a family dinner with some cousins. Disappointed, he appealed to Greenway, at best a bore, yet better than none, and found that he was starting for his sister's in Westchester. Confound these dotards, these idiots who had to borrow their Christmas joys! He must ride alone. He disliked the thought, but after all, riding alone was better than sitting on the floor playing railroad with Jimmy Bartow. So the stable was called and the order given that his horse be ready in a half hour. "What was that? Don't yell so! My horse has gone lame—a bad sprain." Redmond snapped the receiver on the hook.

The wave of anger passed quickly. It was aggravating, of course, not to be able to ride, but though his horse had failed him he still had that boon companion of his lonely hours, his mechanical piano, and the brass wood-box by the fireplace held enough melody embalmed in paper rolls to fill many empty hours. He found solace in music. Something that would be suitable for Christmas morning, an expression of the Christmas spirit was what he wanted, but he turned in vain over the world's masterpieces. In despair he took the overture from Götterdämmerung, adjusted the rollers, leaned back on the stool, and began to work the pedals gently, smoking as he played. The first notes fell softly on his ears, soothing and delighting him. It was only for a moment. Pandemonium reigned within his beloved instrument. The pedals balked. He threw his weight upon them and the overture was torn to shreds. Had that piano a soul it must have quailed beneath the man's gaze. Contemptible, inanimate thing that it was, he stood before it, eying it reproachfully. Had it moved, had it shown some sign of life, he would have fallen upon it and joyfully vented his muffled anger. But he would not let it defeat him; he would not be denied the solace it could give him, and getting down on his knees, he peered up into the mechanical vitals to discover the cause of the trouble. Baffled in his search, he was fast losing control of his nerves when, fortunately, the door-bell called him to his feet and turned his thoughts to pleasanter channels.

He had believed that with Bronson's cigars and Harris's rare old Scotch he had received his full quota of Christmas presents, but here was a pleasant surprise in a daintily done-up box, adorned with ribbon and a holly sprig. Tearing off the wrapper he came to a package within, still more tastefully arranged, and when he read the card, he smiled, for not only had he forgotten his troubles, but he had forgotten, too, that Madeleine Wood was to be in his mind no longer. She had sent him this little Christmas remembrance made with her own hands Expectantly he cut the ribbon and opened the precious parcel. It held a

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waistcoat, and had that waistcoat a soul it must have shed tears over the look that came to Redmond's face when he beheld it. Half sadly, half laughingly, he regarded the beautifully embroidered garment, holding it at arm's length from him to get the best effect of its brilliant stripes.

"I suppose I'll have to wear it," he said, with a little laugh. "She would feel hurt if I did not, and she has worked so hard over it, I must seem to appreciate it. Now to give thanks."

Taking his pen, he began to write: "Dear Madeleine—The exquisite—" He stopped, as he remembered now that he was forgetting her, and his opening sounded too familiar. The sheet went into the waste-basket and he took another. "My dear Miss Wood—It was very kind of you—" He stopped. It was very long since he had addressed her so formally, and it would be a rude return for her more than thoughtful labor to fall back suddenly to cold politeness. As a matter of self-protection he wanted to forget her as far as possible, and how could he forget her if she continued working ties and waistcoats for him. To be cordial was simply to encourage her. He did not want to encourage her. To be formal was to be rude. And surely he would not be rude to her. Evidently he was in no mood for writing, and he looked up from his desk in despair.

It was eleven o'clock and Redmond's Christmas had not yet begun. Luncheon was still two hours away, and to fill them it seemed that there was nothing left for him but walking. He was soon swinging up the avenue at a brisk pace. The crisp air revived his spirits and the varying life and lights of the great street delighted his eyes; but even these began to pall, for the scene was over-familiar. Before he reached the Plaza his pace had slackened, he had drawn within himself and moved almost unconscious of the world about him, so absorbed was he in self-contemplation. Mechanically, he turned into the park and followed the deserted drive to the Mall, there to sink down on a bench and sit gazing vacantly at the bust of Robert Burns. The wind blew hard and the air was cold, but weariness conquered them and he held to his lonely seat, absorbed now in self-commiseration. What must the Bartows be doing? He closed his eyes on the wintry loneliness and saw them again as he had seen them at this exact minute the year before—Grandfather Bartow in his armchair with his latest descendant perched upon his knee; Peter Bartow by the fire, smoking one of his dreadful cigars contentedly, while he smiled down on his happy youngsters; Mary Bartow, always bustling, alternating violently between kitchen and library to keep both dinner and children out of trouble. And he? He, John Redmond was sprawling on the floor aiming a deadly cannonade of beans at Jimmy Bartow's lead army. Over him rose the tree, hideous in its gaudy coloring, yet beautiful, for as he looked at it the years seemed to roll back from him, and with unfeigned delight he searched the green limbs for flying fairies, gay cornucopia, and glittering stars. What if it did catch fire? The blaze was conquered quickly, and now it shone as brilliantly as ever; and though his hand was burned he would suffer again a hundred times, could his pain be so assuaged, could he be the hero who had saved the house, could he feel the children fighting around his legs as they hailed the savior of their Christmas joy, could he hear a woman's grateful voice as she bathed his wounds and bound them. The fiery pain was but a part of *his* own Christmas joy, the shade that made the light wax stronger.

From these memories now grown strangely dear, he turned to this ideal day, this comfortable Christmas, which had brought him to the park to sit shivering on a bench watching the bust of Robert Burns, like any homeless vagrant. Comfort, at least, was his. Comfort he would have, and company, too. So he rose, and seeking to forget his loneliness in action, walked rapidly to his club.

To the cheery greeting of Patrick, the doorman, he made a scarcely audible reply.

"There's a message for you, sir," the man said, somewhat taken back by the brusque manner of this usually affable member. "Please call up 1509–71."

The clouds left Redmond's face, for he could think of but one person who was likely to telephone him at this time, and he was fully convinced that she was making another appeal to him to join her family at their Christmas dinner. What his answer would be he quickly settled in his mind. Basking in reflected Christmas light was, after all, better than sulking in loneliness, and he would surrender, but for the day

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only. Rising hope made greater the fall of his spirits when the number brought him not Madeleine but Mrs. Benton's house, and a message transmitted by the butler that she had been called suddenly to Boston by her mother's illness and so had to abandon her dinner arranged for that night.

The last of Redmond's Christmas plans was wrecked. He did not move from the dark booth, but sat there stupidly, undecided where to turn. His disappointment did not rise from the failure of Mrs. Benton to contribute her share to his holiday. He would have been glad to have those hours free could he fill them as he wished. To do that a sacrifice of pride was demanded, an abandoning of the stoical course to which he had set himself. He wanted to call Madeleine then and there, retract his regrets, and throw himself abjectly on her pity, but he would hesitate, he would think it over and pit sense against sentiment. All his comfort, all his future was in the balance, and sense prevailed. To-morrow would not be like this, a day full of loneliness and disappointment, and to let one weak moment set his course for life was foolish. So he arose doggedly and with his determination firmer set than ever, made his way to the lounging-room. There he dropped into a chair by the window, lighted a cigar, and mournfully watched the avenue.

The room was his, save for a single man, old Matthew Beach, who was dozing in a distant corner by the fire, his dingy top-hat careening in abandon over his eyes, while the morning paper drooped to the floor from his nerveless hands. Of all the men in the club to spend Christmas with Redmond could think of none less interesting; yet he should have known that on such a day Mr. Beach was the very one whom he would meet, for the club was his home and going to it his occupation. It had been so for many years. To the young man watching him dozing away his Christmas morning in comfortable loneliness, it seemed that the mirror was being held up and that he looked into his own future. Here was the complete bachelor, the finished product of the single life, who had never known what it was to want anything for himself and had never given up anything that he wanted; he had drifted down the easy way and had come to this day, when the world was feasting, to doze alone in a corner of his club. It might be his last Christmas, too, Redmond thought, as he saw the old man open his eyes, blink at him, then rise and come tottering across the room.

"Well, I am glad to see you," Matthew Beach exclaimed, seizing him with a quivering hand. "I have been watching all morning for some one to have my Christmas luncheon with, and I had almost given it up."

Redmond demurred, but his excuses were futile with the insistent Mr. Beach, who gave them no attention, but rang for a card and proceeded to order an elaborate repast for two. This arranged to his complete satisfaction, he lighted a cigar and regaled his silent companion with an account of his adventures in Italy in the early eighties, a story more familiar to his friends than those of the Bible. Redmond had one advantage. He had heard the tale so often and was so familiar with its every detail that he could keep his face turned to the old man in polite interest while he let his thoughts wander where they would. In those two long hours they wandered far. Madeleine and the Bartows claimed them entirely, the girl first, for when he thought of the others it was only as an alternative should his courage fail him when, luncheon over, he went to the telephone to ask her meekly to walk with him in the afternoon. He faced the telephone again after those interminable hours in the clutches of Matthew Beach, and his courage did fail him. He said that it was rising, that he was making a last desperate stand and would not yield. He simply could not afford to. So he called Bartow on the wire and Peter assured him that they would welcome him with open arms for the afternoon and supper; the children had all been clamoring for him; they said that it was not like Christmas at all without Redmond and his antics; it even seemed to Redmond that he could hear their cheers as their father turned to tell them that their friend was coming to them at last.

There was just time for him to go to his rooms, toss a few things in a bag, and make the train, but he left the club with a heart as heavy as when he had entered it, for while there remained for him a fragmentary Christmas he was going to bask in reflected light. And the figure of Matthew

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Beach haunted him. He, too, had had his good friends in years gone by who were glad to share their holiday with him; and he must have romped on hands and knees with other people's children. And now Redmond saw the old man turning from him to toddle back to the lounging-room and watch for some one else to talk to. He tried to put the picture from his mind, as he walked with rapid steps up the avenue. But it would not down. Matthew Beach had not always been a tottering, garrulous man of seventy. There was a time when he, too, was thirty-five and a man men liked. He was not always a stooping figure in dusty, wrinkled black. Indeed, he must have been a handsome man, and perhaps he, too, was fastidious about his clothes and was sought after because his well-groomed beauty adorned a dinner-table or a box. There was a time when his stories were new in their telling and brought an honest laugh, when his adventures had a spice about them that— Redmond saw across the avenue the tall building which he called home, and turned mechanically to dive through the tangled traffic of the street.

What happened then, he never knew, except as he gathered the story in fragments. He could recall vaguely being wafted somewhere, and a gong sounded distantly but distinctly in his ears, so steadily that he had smiled at the thought that an ambulance was dogging him. The best account of the incident was the few lines in the daily papers next morning, which said that a shabbily dressed man, carrying no papers by which he could be identified, had been knocked down by an automobile while crossing Fifth Avenue near Forty-second Street, and was taken to the Gotham Hospital. It was in the charity ward of this excellent institution that Redmond opened his eyes late that Christmas afternoon. He was too weak and too much racked by pain to be greatly startled by his new situation In the dim consciousness of the preceding hours he had grown accustomed to the sounds about him, and heavy breathing and weary sighs came no longer strangely to his ears. He tried to raise his right arm and it would not move. He carried his left hand to it and felt a hard splint. He lifted his hand to his head to find a great bandage encircling it. What could have wrought him all this ruin? The nurse told him little more than that he had been knocked down by an automobile and the blessing was that he had escaped with his life. A blessing? he said to himself bitterly, when that part of his life most vivid to his dulled senses was the dismal day just going. He almost regretted that he had awakened at all, so much easier would it have been to have gone on as he had begun that moment when the darkness closed around him and he lay back to peaceful dreams. But that idea, at first so agreeable, became curiously abhorrent when he dwelt on the world he would leave behind and the little part that would remain for him to play in it. First he saw himself, the unidentified, cared for carelessly like lost property until some friend for pity's sake would hunt him out. Harris, Bronson, Greenway and their kind, a good kind, too, in their way, would see him to his last rest, as a duty, and then would hurry down to business or back to the club for bridge. Those distant cousins with suddenly awakened affection, would journey to town to quarrel over his little estate, paw over his books and papers, and perhaps shed tears—of disappointment. He would leave the world pitied by some and regretted by a few, and when other spirits spoke to him of earth and the ties that still made earth dear to them, he would be silent, for pride would not let him say that he longed for a word with Patrick at the club door or with Higgins the valet, and a glimpse of the apartment where he had lived in comfortable loneliness.

"Nurse! Nurse!" John Redmond was sitting up in bed. He had gathered all his strength to live. He would not go this way, out of a charity ward into eternity with no one to hold him back, no one to call to him to stay. He sank down again and asked feebly: "Tell me honestly, shall I get well?"

"Of course you will," a voice answered.

Hovering between the real world and the unreal, he could not tell from where the voice came. He was gazing up vacantly at broad reaches of white wall and ceiling and feared to turn his head lest he should hurl himself from pleasant dreams into an unbeautiful reality.

"Nurse," he said, "I guess I was lucky to escape with my life."

"It is not the nurse," came the answer. "I have just brought a few flowers."

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Redmond turned. He knew now that he was wide awake, and his ears had not deceived him. Madeleine Wood was standing at the bedside, bending over him holding a rose toward him. He took the flower and smiled gratefully: "It was good of you to come."

"My friends and I always bring flowers to the hospital on Christmas," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you? Perhaps you have relatives you would like to send messages to. Let me write your letters."

Redmond looked up into her face boldly, seeing that she did not recognize him beneath the mask of bandages. He had a hundred pictures of her, but of them all none so good as this newest one, the picture of her as she leaned over the sufferer in the deepening evening light, speaking to him in the voice of sympathy and cheer. He had thought that he had come to know the real woman as they galloped together along the country lanes, when out in the clear day they had watched the play of sea and sunlight. He thought that he had read her when her laughter rang care-free and merry, when her eyes were bright with the joy of living. But this was the real woman before him, and one he had never known till now. What was his vaunted, pleasant ease beside the comfort of her presence, in the hand she laid upon his arm, in the eyes she bent to his.

"If you will write just one letter for me I shall be very grateful," he said, turning his face from her that she might not see the smile lurking upon his lips. He had forgotten everything except that she was beside him. The loneliness had gone. He was happy save for the fear that she would leave him. He was no longer a calculating man, considering income and costs, and the case of Peter Bartow and his kind, who had had so much for one and so little for the many. Peter Bartow was far from his mind, and even the haunting, threatening figure of Matthew Beach had ceased to trouble him. His one thought was to keep her at his side.

For the moment, at least, he was having his desire, for she took a chair and made ready to receive his dictation.

"Now whom shall I address?" she asked.

"I'll put that in later," the man replied. "You see it's a love letter."

"Then perhaps you'd rather not have me——"

"Please take it," he insisted in a quavering voice. "She must hear from me to-night. It is very important."

"As you will," the girl returned, with gentle compliance.

"Tell her that I have had the most miserable Christmas in all my life."

"'I have had the most miserable Christmas in all my life,'" she repeated as she wrote.

The man spoke with surprising strength and rapidity for one who appeared so badly injured. "Tell her that I have been miserable because I avoided her, and I did not see how we could get along very well together on what I had and, you see, I was accustomed to every luxury and did not like to give them up——"

"Don't go so fast," the girl said in a voice of despair. There was a mystery in this charity patient who was accustomed to every luxury and was ready to let a stranger into his life's secrets. Her mind worked over the puzzle faster than her pen on the paper, and when he did not heed her protests, her hand fell to her side and she stared at the back of the swathed head.

"Tell her that I have learned better to-day. I have been a plain selfish fool. I never considered her at all and kept saying to myself that 'he runs fastest who runs alone.' Well, he may run fast but he does not go anywhere worth while. I suppose I might have run on alone very comfortably, though, had I never known her; but I have come to know her to-day better than ever, and I can go no farther till she comes with me. Do you understand? Have you got it all down?"

Strength had come to John Redmond in leaps and bounds. Though his voice was low, it held the ring of truth and determination.

"Madeleine," he said, lifting himself with his good arm until he faced her, "Don't you know who my letter is for?"

She knew. The color of her cheeks and the flash of her eyes told him that, though she tried to hide it by looking away from him.

"Please do not speak so loud," she said. "I am sure other people are listening."

He lay back on the pillows watching her until the silence seemed to call her eyes to his again.

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Drawn by Lester Ralph.

"Please do not speak so loud," she said. "I am sure other people are listening."—Page 700.

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"What brought you here?" she asked, but the tremor in her voice betrayed the effort at composure.

"An automobile," he answered. "It brought me to my senses, too, and now you are not going to complete the wreck of my Christmas?"

The girl rose. "I am sorry I must leave you," she said in a cold tone. "It is dreadful that you should be kept here in this ward. I shall see that they move you to a proper room, and to-morrow my father will come in and look after you. Good-by."

She held out her hand and his fingers closed on it firmly.

"You are not going to say good-by," he said, looking her squarely in the eyes. "Have you had a merry Christmas, too, Madeleine?"

She sat down, for he did not release her hand, and there seemed nothing else that she could do, but she refused to meet his steady gaze.

"Have you?" he insisted.

"Jack," she said, leaning over him. "I have had a miserable Christmas. All this day I have been saying to myself that I must never see you any more, because it would encourage you, and if you cared for me, I could never give up all I have had, all my comforts and luxury at home, to share——"

"I know," said he, gently, "to share a kind of a Bartow home with me."

"A what?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind." He laughed. "Just lean over a little farther, Madeleine, and tell me, after all, is not this to be our Christmas of Christmases?"

"I think it is," she whispered.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

By Caroline Duer

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I THINK he cannot hear the tunes he plays,
  Else would the repetition drive him mad.
  Blear-eyed, he is, and old, and very sad—
This worn interpreter of worn-out lays.
Yet does a travesty of merrier days
  Lurk in his smile. A hint of life he had
  In vine-sweet countries, as a boy half clad,
Prone on a hill-side in the hot sun's blaze;
Or loitering where the moonlight on the plains
  Grew pale with him lest 'Malia should not come.
Swift are young joys, and slow are age's pains,
  For him not any road leads back to Rome.
One hopes no black-browed daughter counts his gains
  Nor rates him, coming empty-handed home.

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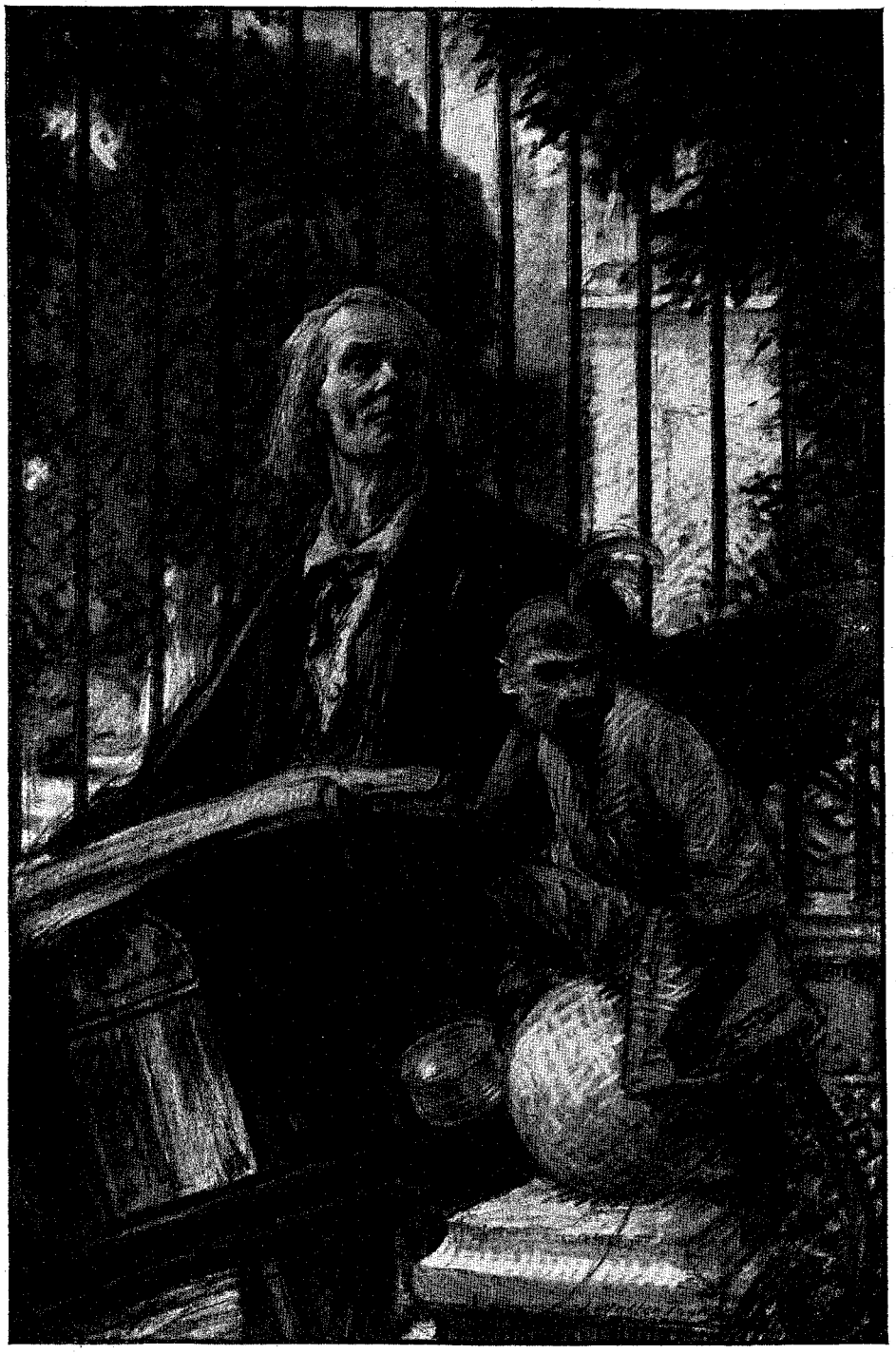

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The Organ-Grinder.

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The Saints

By Eleonora Kinnicutt

"Nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality —no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal." PATER.

Saint Augustine

WHO were the saints? A startling, an audacious, once almost a punishable, question; but when asked of the laity to-day, it is likely to be answered with a half-pitying smile or a frank admission of ignorance. Yet, happily, the words "saintliness" and "saintly" can never be dispensed with in our common daily language. And who were the saints?

They were men and women of flesh and blood, who, without celestial aura and crown, once trod this dusty earth, like ourselves. They were real people, living real lives, with real results. If we allow ourselves to be led back by the hand of history, sacred or secular, whichever we prefer, to examine the work accomplished by these men and women—now called saints—we shall be surprised. In our age, so worshipful of the material and the visible, we shall respectfully recognize their usefulness and their joyous activity in every sphere of life. Even in earthly affairs, they created and bequeathed to us the best that we have and know.

It was not the Church that made the saints, but the saints, in a very real sense, who made the Church. During the first centuries, after Christ and His apostles had vanished from earth, it was individual men and

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women, living in deserts, in cells and caves, that guarded the new revelation. It was they who kept the spiritual lamp burning, upheld the new standards of life, and blazed the way for modern civilization.

CHRISTIANITY has always been the religion of the individual, and its power from the very beginning lay in its appeal to personality. It was individuals who first warmed hearts into Christian fervor. And so the Church, like all corporate bodies, was gradually formed by these separate particles coming together. We still hear the song of the saints, as it rings down the centuries.

> We "give you the end of a golden string
> Only wind it into a ball,
> It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
> Built in Jerusalem's wall."

A curious error exists in the minds of many people—roughly stated—that all saints are the creation and the exclusive possession of the Roman Catholic Church, and that they are only rightly called saints if they have received the papal stamp of approval through canonization. This is incorrect. For proof, we need only go back to the Psalms of David, "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his." "To the *saints that are on the earth*, and *to the excellent* in whom is all my delight." "O, love the Lord, all ye his saints." These words were written a thousand years before the birth of the Church of Rome. The Psalms further help to point out to us that the early saints were selected and elected, not through a procedure in ecclesiastical courts, but by the voice of the multitude. Again and again it has happened that a people has insisted upon the recognition of one of its own-made saints, local or national. But history, civil as well as ecclesiastical, owes a great debt to the Roman Catholic Church for having from the very beginning framed and hung in the long gallery of time the portraits of men and women who deserve to be honored. Always keen to respond to the elemental needs of human nature, the Church early appreciated that "there is no more rooted instinct in men than to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves," and that "an example is always better than a precept." Memorials of courage and service help to fortify men's faith in eternal truths, to increase the value of life through expectancy, and to prevent minds from becoming blunted to the great ends of living.

The only real democracy that the world has ever known is the democracy of saint-hood, as founded by the early Christians. Apocryphal writings and ecclesiastical art have pictured to us the company of the blessed: "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, kindred and people and tongues." If we examine religious paintings, we find the king and the beggar, the queen and the peasant, the prelate and the friar in the same group. And in earthly relationships the same is true. Over the portico of the great monasteries and convents was written, figuratively: "Ye who enter here must leave all earthly distinctions behind." The great rulers of the world walked side by side, in like garb and on a lineless level of equality, with those who perhaps once had been their vassals or slaves.

We find that rich countries and prosperous times have produced few saints. They flourish better in desolate places, on mea-

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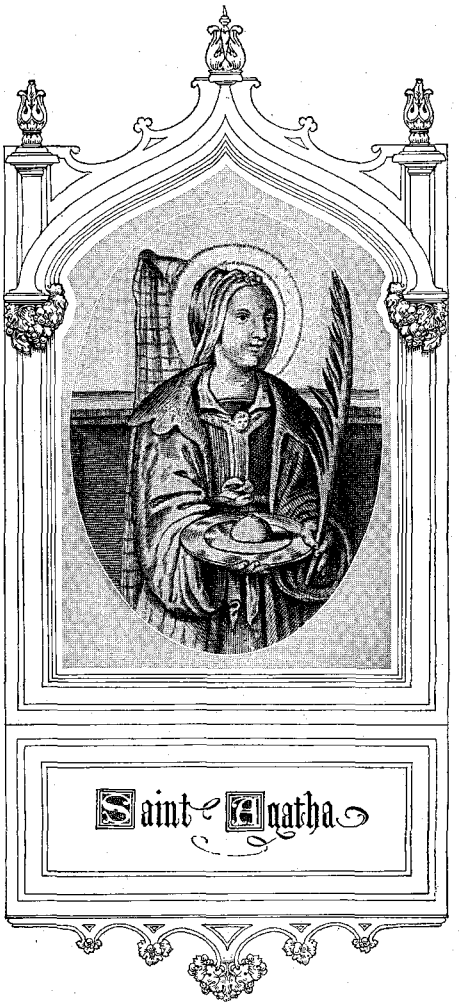
gre diet and in poor ground. The sands of Egypt, the bogs of Ireland and the rock-bound coast of Brittany have produced many; Normandy not one. Commercial centres, too, have not had a large enrollment of saints.

During the first three centuries Christians were looked upon openly by the rulers of the world as criminals. "I am a Christian" was accepted by every magistrate as sufficient reason for both charge and conviction. Roasting and grilling and skinning were not enough; there still remained the pit with wild beasts into which to fling the breathing, mangled bodies. No wonder that these hunted creatures longed for written sign and word from one another, and that they made every effort to write down and to preserve, on tree bark, wax tablet and—rare find!—a scrap of parchment, their daily journals. These fragments, written often with the red ink of their own heart's blood, constitute the first literature on the saints. They were autobiographies.



As soon as the Church became established as an entity, it sought, with the instinct of self-preservation, to gather and guard these records. They became the very foundation stones of the Church historic. Sworn notaries were placed everywhere and rigid precautions taken—even to a decree of death—to hold these writers to the truth. At Carthage in Africa, Smyrna in Asia, Lyons in Gaul, local bishops accepted and verified the acts of Christians and had copies sent out to other church-centres, so that the faithful everywhere might draw courage from the courage of their leaders. We have the most conclusive evidence that early in the second century the anniversary of a martyr's death was remembered and kept holy. There exists a contemporary account of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp—about A.D. 145—with a clear statement that the Christians would try to recover his body as a precious treasure and would institute a "birth-feast" in his honor. Bishop Eusebius of Cæsarea in Palestine wrote two large folios about the martyrs, from the testimony of eye-witnesses. These were found in a Chaldaic manuscript in a monastery in Upper Egypt and are now deposited in the Vatican library. They were written about A.D. 315.

The Golden Legends (Legenda Aurea) were short life-stories about the saints, which early were read aloud at church services, each on an appointed day. This was the norm of the Saints' Calendar, with its feast and name-days. The word legend in its original sense stood for strict historic data; after a while poetry crept in, then the words "saga" and "fairy," thus giving a changed meaning, or rather a mixed use, to the word.

How did the Church during the first cen-

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turies of the Christian Era, when the then world was still made up of unrelated and geographically separated parts, with no print and press medium of communication, make known its wishes and commands? How did the saints of all countries, from Africa to Scandinavia, manage to get their appointed day and place in this book of the year's turning?

Primarily it was done by the Church appropriating to its own use, as it has always so wisely understood how to do, the best means at hand. This was the pagan calendar. All people, both civilized and barbarian, have always kept some kind of record of the flight of time and appointed certain days for especial rejoicing, mourning or propitiation. In China and Hindostan, in ancient Egypt and Babylon, and on the American continent among the Aztecs and Peruvians traces have been found of a calculation of the seasons, as a basis for religious observances.

Saint Bridget

Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who died 672 years before the birth of Christ, is credited with having first promulgated what we still call the "Roman Kalendar." The word is derived from the Greek "Kaleo—I proclaim." A public officer, on the first day of each month, posted proclamations upon marble tablets in the Forum, which stated what pagan ceremonies were to be observed during the month; also astronomical predictions and dates for the session of the courts. The year was divided into twelve months, January being dedicated to the god Janus. The symbol for the first day of the first month was—and still remains—a circle, signifying eternity.

These marble tablets the Church applied to its own use when it established the Christian Calendar. The high festivals were designated by red lettering—hence the term "a red-letter day."

Passing across to Great Britain we find the same method of public announcement, in the form of the "Klog Kalendar." The origin of the word is unknown, but it is supposed to have cousinship to "log." The Klog came from Denmark. It was a rectangular block of box or beech-wood, upon the sides of which were recorded the twelve months of the year. Each day was marked by a small notch, every seventh day by a large one. The festival days were indicated by the names and symbols of special saints. Large and elaborately carved Klogs were fixed in the town market-places, to give information to the general public. Smaller ones were hung indoors, at one end of the family hearthstone. Little Klogs were carried, like watches, in people's pockets.

The oldest British ecclesiastical calendar which still survives is the one which was in the possession of the British Saint Wellebrord, apostle of the Frisians, who has left in it an autograph note of the date of his

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Saint Agnes

consecration as bishop, A.D. 695. As recently as 1897 a remarkable discovery was made at Coligny, France, of inscribed stone tablets, in which archæologists agree in recognizing an ancient Celtic calendar.

It was the custom of the people everywhere to celebrate, not only the anniversary of their baptism and name-day, but also that of the patron saints of their own town and country, occupation and trade; also of each separate bodily ailment—for the saints were specialists in medicine. Summed up, the 365 days became an embodiment, through names and word-pictures, of every act and aspiration of human life.

It is a curious fact that in the English civil calendar the saints days were continued until the year 1752, and then dropped when the change was made from the "old to the new style." The Anglican Church calendar still retains a large number of the saints' names, but it is misleading to speak of them as "Anglican" saints. They are mostly an inheritance from the Greek or the Latin Church. The Post-Reformation Church of England has never instituted a procedure of canonization, but many of the "black letter days" of the present Prayer Book of the Church of England commemorate English saints, in the proper sense of that phrase.

How seldom today do we inquire whence came what we are pleased to call, even in everyday talk, our "Christian" names? We have almost forgotton that the term is derived from the once universal Christian custom of bestowing upon a child in baptism the name of a favorite saint, hoping thus for an imitation of his or her special virtues and graces and protection. Thus the saints' feast-day becomes the child's feast and name-day for life. No memories are more tenacious and tender than those with which we encircle the names that are dear to us. O "the love of a lovely name"! And was it not the thought of a name that made Browning write "I love thee with the love of my lost saints"? The German "Namenstag," the French "jour de fête" have a more sacred place in the heart's calendar than birthday dates in a relentless table of time. When we read in the martyrologies the date of a saint's birthday (dies natalis), we must remember that it always signifies what we should call the date of his death.

Modern readers are often repelled,

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and with good reason, by the accounts of the burial of saints. During the first Christian period, the words "remain" and "remains" had a sharply contradictory meaning. The more venerated a saint, the more unlikely were his or her remains to be allowed to lie unmoved in one spot. This, because of the miracle-working power ascribed to them. Sacred relics were often seized and stealthily carried off by devout believers; they were moved and removed by sovereigns, as a mark of royal favor. When some especial power to heal disease was ascribed to them, the relics were divided into almost as many parts as there are parts to the human body, thus multiplying the places of enshrinement.

We must never forget when studying the histories of the saints, that the early Christians were for the most part converted heathen. Centuries of time were needed to change the worship of visible idols into worship of one invisible God. The breaking of idols, even if willingly broken, must have been followed by a sense of loss and a very natural craving for something to take their place, to make real and near the unseen God. With this thought in mind, we are able to read more understandingly and sympathetically the fantastic, grewsome, and often idolatrous treatment of human relics.

We have a good example of this custom in the story of the Magi—the "three wise men of the East," who followed the star to the manger at Bethlehem. Tradition says that they were kings or princes; that Saint Thomas later baptized them, and that for the remainder of their lives they devoted themselves to the service of Christianity. After death their remains were taken by the first Christian emperor to Constantinople, whence later they were conveyed to Milan. In A.D. 1162 Emperor Frederick I of Germany removed them to Cologne, where they now lie in a costly shrine. The "Drei Könige" over hostlery doors in Germany and the "Three Kings" on the old swinging sign-boards in English villages, as well as the Three Kings Court, Fleet Street, London, are all derived from the Magi.

Before the Catholic Church split into two bodies, the Greek and the Roman, or the Eastern and the Western as they are called, the act of canonization was a simple one. The word itself signifies to approve—to insert in the canon or the official register of the Church. It meant simply commemoration. The excellent on earth, when they passed away, were not to be forgotten nor their influence to be lost. The Church's own earliest definition is that the act is "in memory of those who have finished their course; also for the preparation of those who have yet to walk in their steps."

In the beginning, every bishop of a province was entitled to canonize a saint according to his own judgment and the will of his people. Thus we find many names in the Greek calendar that are not in the Roman. The recognition was local, popular, and therefore not always discriminating.

Pope Alexander III is said to have been the first, about A.D. 1170, to claim for Rome the exclusive right of canonization. Pope Urban VIII issued a decree, signed on March 13, 1625, which, with slight change, is said still to represent the procedure. It was retroactive for one hundred years, and in many cases for a longer period. It consists of about nineteen successive steps, many of them with interlude and repetition. First, inquiry is made into each separate virtue and miracle of the candidate. The virtues come first. Final pronouncement is not made upon them until fifty years after death. At least two well-attested miracles are required. If one formal error against morals or faith be found, it puts an end to the proceedings unless positive proof of expressed retraction during life can be given. Beatification is a station, when provisional permission is given to honor one who is still standing waiting in the ante-chamber of the fully Blessed. Throughout the process of canonization the same principles of evi-

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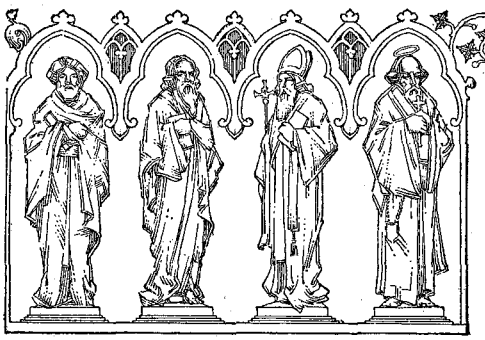

dence are demanded by the cardinals, bishops, and ecclesiastical judges as are required in a court of law before convicting an offender of a capital crime. Only sworn scribes and messengers are employed. Whatever is most binding in an oath and most solemn in the censure of the Church is used to elicit truth and to detect falsehood. When the decision is reached, it is printed and exposed for the examination of the whole world.

The canonization of a martyr is a comparatively short procedure. Proof that death has been suffered purely and absolutely in the cause of Christ makes an inquiry into virtues not obligatory. "What greater proof can a man give," even before a court of celestial claims, "than that he has laid down his life" in sacrifice for others? Martyrs are allowed the prefix of saint, but happily all saints were not martyrs. What primarily endears them to the hearts of the multitude is, that without exception, at some period in their lives, they gave up as individuals all earthly possessions, and, detached from the world, devoted themselves in love and pity to the sinful, the sick, and the sorrowful.

The nearer one gets to modern times, the less emphasis is laid upon the miracle-working power and the more upon the spiritual influence upon humanity. But the Church always insists upon the miraculous in a saint, as it does upon faith in miracles in its communicants. It by no means demands faith in all so-called miracles; on the contrary, the Church is often the first to reject and repudiate many of them. Popes Gregory XIII, Urban VIII, and Benedict XIV all state emphatically in their writings on canonization, that the Apostolic Chair does not confirm, as unchangeable truth, the "Martyrlogium Romanum." Also the act of canonization—solemn even before the decree of Rome in the year 1625—has more than once been subjected to change. Pope Gelasius, A.D. 494, declared St. George, the Greek martyr and patron saint of England and of the chivalry of Europe, to have been not a real man but a pagan myth. Later, a decree placed St. George in the category of those saints "who are justly reverenced among men, but whose actions are known only unto God." So, in the case of St. Veronika, the Church discarded in the eleventh century many previously accepted legends in regard to her.

As to the literature of saints, we find in the great libraries of the world an immense intellectual monument to them, in the form of a work called "Acta Sanctorum." It consists, in fifty-eight large volumes, of the biographies of all the saints, as sanctioned by the Church of Rome. Protestant historians, among them Grotius, Leibnitz, and Kingsley, tell us that we must not suppose these biographies of the "Acta Sanctorum" to be only religious romances, edifying but not historical, to be admired but not believed; that the contrary is true.

It was Herbert Rosweyd, a Dutch priest of Utrecht, who began this great work in the year 1569. His only hesitation was that it would require two hundred years to complete it; he was more than right. The last volume issued bears the date of October 29, 1867, with more to follow. The first to succeed Rosweyd was a priest of Antwerp, named Bollandus. His successors in the work formed themselves into a society called the Bollandists. At their task these men remind one of a long line of faithful oxen, ploughing single-file through a deep furrow. One drops out by death and another steps in. Each bows his head willingly to the yoke and takes up the burden, for such number of years as it may please

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his Maker to count out to him. In scanning the list we find that one man applied himself steadily to this work during forty-six years, another fifty-six and still another until he was over ninety years of age. Truly it may be said of them, that they gave to the Lord the "gift of their days." There is pathos in the thought that the very thoroughness of their work makes a universal reading of it impossible. There is so much gloom and grotesqueness, such verbosity and repetition, that one feels sorry for the joyous, lovable, and interesting saints whose individuality has been enveloped and concealed by priestly veneration. If one wishes to get at the deep values of the "Acta Sanctorum," it must be by taking a spade —a strong-handled one—and digging down through the fossilized layers of dogma and time, into the rich mine of historic facts.

In studying the lives of the saints we must understand how to place them in distinct groups, for, like the stars, they differ from one another in glory. First come the devotional saints, as they are sometimes called, who represent some phase of beneficent power, some principle or aspect of the universal Christian model. As glorified human beings, their forms have taken on with time an ever-increasing mystic and symbolic meaning. Then follow the patrons of the Church and of nations; the hermit saints and the ecclesiastical doctors. Fourteen among the great saints are called the "Apothecaries" (apothecary signifies in old German "a store-house of solace"). Lastly come the thousands of men and women who have a place in lay history as doers of the world's work. Their figures stand out especially in what are called the "Dark Ages" as light-houses on that black sea of existence.

Among the early saints who illustrate both an era and a type is the hermit, St. Theodosius. He was born in Cappadocia A.D. 423 and was a man who combined austerity and spirituality with ability and accomplishment. He went into the desert alone, a severe ascetic. His food throughout life consisted of coarse herbs; during thirty years he never tasted even bread. He lived and worked indefatigably to the age of one hundred and five years; facts worthy of modern pause and question.

Theodosius first built a monastery and gathered around him a large brotherhood of monks, all of whom he inspired with the wish to be of service to mankind. Their physical activities were great; each learned a trade and worked with his hands toward the support of the community. Three great hospitals were erected; for the ill, the aged, and the insane. This was the first special hospital devoted to the care of the insane. Next came a fourth building for the reception of travellers and all who might ask shelter. Often in a single day, over one hundred tables were set for strangers—in a true spirit of *hospitality*. Provisions frequently gave out, and even on feast-days they were scant. A rule rigidly observed by the brethren was never to sit down themselves to food until all strangers had been served.

At one time Theodosius was forced into exile by imperial edict because he signed a protest to the emperor Justinian, declaring that in matters of faith the Church stood above the State. Theodosius had the spirit of an apostle and the temper of an enthusiast. "I care not for life nor for dominion," he wrote, "and neither exile, poverty, nor chains can bind me." The emperor was killed by lightning a year later and Theodosius returned to preside again over his great community.

Especially broad and beautiful seems to

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have been the provision for spiritual needs in this city of life on the shores of the Dead Sea. In three separate churches services were held daily, in the Greek, the Armenian, and the Arabic languages, and in a fourth church prayers were read, in "simple language," for the recovery of the insane. The divine message was thus preached to each worshipper in the tongue that he best understood. For participation in the Sacrament, the multitude assembled once every week, in joint body, in the great Greek Church, thus giving a fine example to the world of unity without uniformity.

Moving along a few centuries another type is St. Bathildis, whose name should be writ large in the history of Europe as a woman who helped make history in the seventh century.

Bathildis was a fair-haired Anglo-Saxon slave in the kitchen of a French mayor in the year 648. She must have been attractive, for first the mayor and then the king offered her a hand in marriage. At the age of nineteen she became the wife of King Clovis II and was the mother of three later kings of France—Clotaire III, Childeric II, and Thierry I. Her great heart and mind soon found scope for action. She guided a willing and devoted husband to enact many merciful laws and endeared herself to his people by personal contact with the poor as a self-trained nurse. After six years of happy married life Clovis died, A.D. 655, and his widow became regent during the minority of her eldest son, then five years old. As queen her best powers were put forth to carry out a long-cherished wish—the abolition of slavery in France.

Sufficient wisdom was hers to appreciate that such a step should not be taken suddenly. Slavery had become deeply rooted because the Gauls, crushed under heavy taxes, were in the habit of selling their children. The queen's first step was to abolish yearly individual taxation sufficient in amount to equal the price paid for a child. As to slaves already in bondage, she believed that it would be unjust toward their masters, from a property point of view, to declare them free. So for these slaves she slowly paid a ransom out of her privy purse. Fearing that temptation might come to her people to sell their children abroad, now that the home market was closed, she enacted a fugitive-slave law. Emissaries were sent by her to all the courts of Europe, to inform them of the new order in France, and to give warning that French subjects sold as slaves to foreigners would be pronounced free should they succeed in escaping back to native soil.

When Bathildis's duties as regent were ended, she retired, universally regretted and beloved, to the convent of Cella near Paris. She died in the year 680 and was buried in the cathedral of Notre Dame. Have her services as an earthly ruler been forgotten because of her elevation to the saints' sculptured niche with a scroll of history in her hand, the stone pages of which never turn back?

Among the patron saints of nations is one whose hold is especially strong upon an impressionable people—St. Bridget of Ireland. Bridget, the "Virgin of Kildare," has a history in which truth and poetry, will and wilfulness are blended with a sparkle and charm distinctly Irish. What we know about her is largely from oral traditions. Her origin is uncertain, but it is supposed that some drops of royal blood coursed through her veins from the Scotch Kings of Timoria. Tradition says that already in childhood signs of her future holiness were frequent; that a curious glow-light and often fiery sparks shone over her

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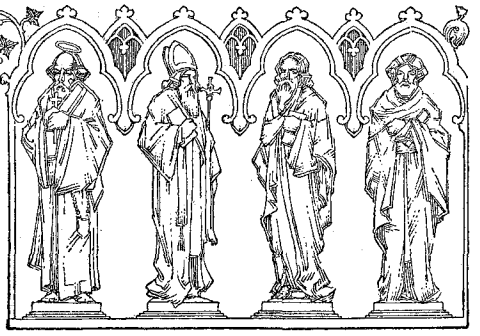

home and encircled her head. She is described as beautiful and brilliant, with an impulsive heart and a hand always open to beggars. We read that her father, wishing to bring this heart under restraint, one day took her with him to the King's Court. He left her outside in his chariot while he went in to beg the King to admit his daughter to the royal service, confessing frankly that her excessive charity made it too costly for him to keep her at home. While he was inside, a beggar approached and Bridget, finding nothing else to give, presented to him her father's sword, a gift from the King. When her parent, accompanied by his majesty, came out from the castle he exclaimed angrily: "Child, why didst thou give away the royal sword?" She answered calmly: "If beggars asked of me even my father and my King, and I had nothing else, I would give them both away." Truly, a characteristic story of Irish heart impulse.

Bridget was one day driving her car across a newly tilled field; she ran it into a hedge and was thrown out. When picked up by a man who had remonstrated against her careless driving, she said smiling: "Yes, better to have gone around; short cuts make broken bones."

When Bridget finally consecrated her fermented spirits and her energies to the service of God, she took up her abode in a cell under an oak-tree, thence called "Kildara," or the cell of an oak. Out of this small beginning, like the growth of the mustard seed, grew during her lifetime and because of her initiative, a large town of sacred buildings. Her wisdom in counsel and her radiant beneficence drew all people to her. Her great convent, in which for centuries after the nuns kept a flame always burning, was called the "House of Fire." Bridget died in the year 528, in the seventieth year of her age. She was buried at Down Patrick, in a triple vault, with St. Patrick and St. Columba. In the days of Henry VIII her remains were taken to Vienna; then, by the gift of Emperor Rudolph II of Austria, to the church of the Jesuits at Lisbon, Portugal.

It would seem as though all that was earthly of this bright saint of Erin (often called the "Isle of Saints") should have been allowed to rest forever beneath its own green sod. In ancient art, St. Bridget is depicted with a flame of fire above her head and at her side a flock of wild geese—for she is said often to have called these to her to enliven her hermit solitude. She also carries a sheaf of wheat or a cornucopia of fruit, for as a mystic and semi-deified personage, she was thought to hold prosperity and plenty in her hand.

Even the saints whose glory is associated with intellectual predominance—the great churchmen and scholars of their time—have nearly always an appealing humanity and vitality. Such a one was St. Augustine, one of "the four great Fathers of the Church." He was born November 13, A.D. 354, at Hippo, Africa. His father was a heathen. His mother, Monica, a Christian, stands in history and in art as the type of the Christian mother, praying for a wayward son. Augustine, alas, was such a son, and during youth, while his wit and wisdom grew astonishingly, so did also his profligacy and defiance of moral laws. Love of the stage and of the poets was said to have been the cause of his ruin. But looking backward, may it not have been just this passion of the emotions which later in life, when under higher control, made him one of the most individual, interesting, and lovable of men?

The stages of Augustine's moral climb to goodness and his conversion fill many eccle-

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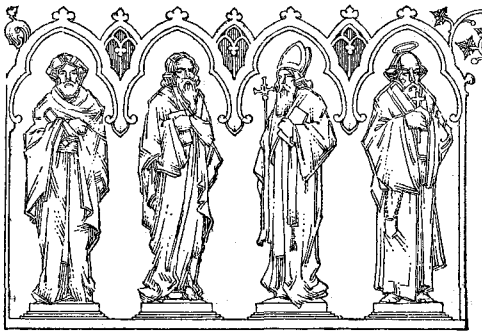

siastical folios. It is natural that holy men delighted to dwell upon them as a means of leading others upward. But it is Augustine's own words that we prefer to quote. "I was sitting in a garden one day, under a fig-tree, reading about the hermit-saints, when I suddenly sprang up and asked myself. 'Cannot you do as much as they did? How and when? To-morrow, to-morrow, why not to-day?' At this moment, I heard the sweet voice of a youth in a neighboring garden say, 'Take and read.' I then remembered that this was what St. Anthony had done. He had read the Evangelists. And so directly I opened the Epistle (Romans 13:13): 'Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenenss, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' A ray of light suddenly penetrated to the centre of my being and with it came peace."

Augustine's first step was to hurry, with a friend, Alypius, to his mother at Milan. With his newly found joy came also the revelation of what her sufferings and longings for him must have been. We have a detailed account of his baptism on Easter Eve, in a chapel near the church of St. Ambrose. Ambrose was still alive and performed the rite. It is written in some martyrologies and disputed in others, that, bursting with wonder and joy, Ambrose called out "Te Deum laudamus," and that Augustine replied, "Te Dominum confitemur," and that thus the glorious chant originated.

From this time on, Augustine became the most persuasive, fiery, and zealous of the Church Fathers, as Paul was among the Apostles. Among many legends told of him is one that bears strikingly upon his mind as a theologian. He gives it as one of his own dreams. A child is playing by the sea and with a spoon has scooped out a hole in the sand, which he is trying to fill with water. Augustine asks, "What are you trying to do?" The child replies, "I wish to put the ocean into this hole." When the saint laughingly points out that this is to try to do the impossible, the child replies, "It is easier to put the ocean into this hole than to crowd into the small space of the human understanding the mystery of the doctrine of the Trinity."

Augustine had a strong trait of mysticism in his nature. While the Greek Church occupied itself exclusively with dogma regarding the Trinity, the nature of Christ and the Person of the Godhead, wishing to measure everything accurately by means of intellectual argument, Augustine brought into the Western Church that trait of mystic longing, which in deepest humility looks up to the eternal. It is this that lies at the foundation of all the poetry and holiness of the Middle Ages. Augustine was the most marked personality as a poet, philosopher, and theologian of the early Christian Church. His was a flaming torch, from which smaller torches borrowed light. He is the patron saint of theologians.

Among the most beloved saints is Agnes, one of the four great virgin martyrs. She was born at Rome, of a patrician family, and was both beautiful and good. The son of a Roman prefect fell hopelessly in love with her, and to such a degree of madness that his father went to the girl and implored her to marry him. But she firmly refused, saying that she was already affianced to a heavenly bridegroom whom she loved, meaning Jesus Christ. She was then told that if she would have no earthly husband, she must become a vestal virgin. She refused with scorn the care and worship of images. Then it was ordered

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that she be subjected to fearful outrage; soldiers stripped off her garments, but suddenly her hair was lengthened so that it covered, like a cloak, her naked body. Angels appeared in a cloud of light, bringing to her garments of shining whiteness. When the prefect saw this he was awed and tried to save her, but the populace shouted: "She is a sorceress, let her die." So she was condemned to be burned. An executioner ascended the pile, but the flames separated and left her unscorched. A sword was then plunged into her breast and, gazing steadfastly toward heaven, she fell dead on the pile. She was but *thirteen years old!*

Mrs. Jameson says: "St. Agnes is the favorite saint of Roman women; the traditional reverence paid to her memory is kept alive by the two famous churches bearing her name. The first stands on the very spot where stood the house to which soldiers dragged her. The chamber that was filled with heavenly light has become to-day—from the change in level all over Rome—a subterranean cell, and is now a chapel of especial sanctity, into which you descend by torchlight. The steps of this church are often crowded with kneeling worshippers at matins and vespers, principally women of the lower orders, with their distaffs and market-baskets, who come to pray, through the intercession of their patron saint, for the gifts of meekness and chastity—gifts not abounding in those regions."

The lamb is the inseparable attribute of St. Agnes, as the patroness of maidenly purity. Yearly on January 21, her fête-day, a living lamb of purest white is selected and with high ceremony, receives the papal benediction. From its wool the pope's palliums are made.

St. Agatha is another martyr of somewhat similar history. Agatha (Greek—the Gentle One) was born in Sicily A.D. 251 of noble lineage. She was beautiful and possessed the high qualities that are so willingly associated with beauty. But alas! these advantages brought to her no good fortune. In girlhood they attracted the passionate admiration of the governor of Sicily, which, when she refused his hand, turned into black hatred. He was a pagan and she a Christian, and so this hatred found both its excuse and its weapon in the cruellest forms of torture. Agatha was cast into prison, was chained and grilled and sword-cut, but all to no purpose. She clung steadfastly to her faith and died of her torments in sweetness and serenity. She was buried at Catania, Sicily.

Agatha also is one of the most beloved among the early saints. Her courage, her resplendent beauty, and the belief in her power of protection against catastrophe, early made her a semi-deified personage among the simple people of the Mediterranean shores. Her intervention is said to have saved Malta from invasion by the Turks in 1551.

In Sicily there has always existed a firm belief that the eruptions of Mt. Ætna, which are a constant menace to Catania, have been prevented by the holy veil of St. Agatha. This comes from the tradition that when, at the time of her martyrdom, she was thrown upon hot coals, everything was burned except the veil, which she had drawn closely around her body, and which assumed from the fire a roseate hue. Her tomb is a sacred spot, and when Mt. Ætna threatens eruption, a silken veil is taken, fixed upon a lance, and carried in solemn procession to meet the lava, which is said to cease to flow at its approach.

In the Black Forest, Germany, the same solemn procession is still formed occasionally, when fire threatens devastation. In

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ancient cities the statue of St. Agatha was often placed at the city gates, as insurance, or assurance, against fire.

On January 15, 1909, a message, coming from sorely stricken Sicily, read: "During the past two days the populace of Catania has been in a state of great excitement over the report that an apparition of St. Agatha has been seen on the summit of Mount Ætna. Those who beheld it describe the saint as enveloped in vaporous clouds, with rays of dazzling light encircling her, with one hand extended in pity and supplication over Catania. The belief has spread among the people that worse calamity has been averted through her intercession. Groups are assembling in the square and on the house-tops, gazing eagerly at Ætna for the vision to reappear. Many say that when the smoke from the volcano is densest and the sun shining strongest on the glittering snow, they see St. Agatha upon her knees. And so they, too, kneel in prayer."

These few examples will serve to indicate how real and how human were the men and women who helped to guard, guide, and inspire the world until after the Middle Ages. The great tidal wave of Reformation and Protestation, which swept over the civilized world in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose breakers tore away many anchors and cables of attachment from the historic Church of the past, left desolation and wreckage behind. Mediæval art was whitewashed off from the walls of churches, pictures of the Madonna and the sainst were mutilated, stained-glass smashed, and sculptures overturned. It was in those days that many fair saints were swept away, storm-driven, into what the dweller in the mystic desert calls the "further lands." Anger born of scorn inevitably reacts toward justice and moderation. If these vanished figures do not return to us, may we not at times, with enrichment to ourselves, turn back to them?

CRAIGIE HOUSE

By C. A. Price

STILL stands the old clock on the stair,
As when the Poet saw it there,
And to the world interpreted
The pauseless message that it said:—
Forever! never!

And still he knows, who bends to hear,
The question and the answer clear;
Sweetly the words together run,
Because the meaning is but one:
Forever! never!

As one might ask: Can Love forget?
As one should answer: Sooner let
The sun be darkened in the sky
Than that wherein we live and die!
Forever! never!

As one might say: But Fame may dim?
And the same breath should answer him:
Not so, until the stars grow pale
And darkness over dawn prevail.
Forever! never!

Poet of every gentle heart,
While such yet beat, secure thy part,
Time cannot blot their heritage
In thy serene, immortal page.
Forever! never!

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A CURE BY AEROPLANE

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

AVIATION had become such a commonplace that special details of police were no longer necessary to guard Danbury Rodd's aerodrome. At one end of what had been a vacant city block on Harlem Heights was a long shed for housing aeroplanes which took wing on the sanded level in front of it. Sweeping over Riverside Drive, they circled above the Hudson like homing pigeons before setting out in arrow flight for any destined point of the compass.

From the machine shop one still August morning came the steady cicadæ burr of a lathe, the chinging monotone of a patent bellows, and the rap of hammers. Some of the men were overhauling the *Albatross*, which was back from a moonlight junket with a honeymoon pair to Niagara. Others were putting the *Feather*, in which Denman, the first disciple and chief assistant, had just made an ascent, back into her berth. When Rodd arrived, Denman could tell by the way he bolted from the taxicab that no office routine was to fetter his mood that day.

"Bring out the *Falcon!*" he shouted, with an eagerness which injected oxygen into the humid, depressing air.

Late the previous evening he had telephoned for Denman to get the final word of the aeronautic division of the Government Weather Bureau about conditions for a run to the St. Lawrence. Ordinarily this message might have had no other significance than a pleasure ride for some tired business man who could afford the tariff. By Rodd's call for the *Falcon*, which no one except himself ever used, Denman knew that the "boss" was going to make the trip in person.

"Perfectly clear," Denman reported, "with no disturbances in prospect except light showers in the Champlain region. I ran up a thousand feet at dawn and had our station at Albany do the same. There's a favoring wind at an altitude of five hundred all the way to the Mohawk watershed."

"Good! I can ride that and then, by keeping low, I ought to escape anything worse than the undertow of the southeasterly from Labrador. Denman the faithful, listen. I'm going for a holiday of four weeks!"

"When only yesterday you said—" Yes, Rodd had said that he would keep to the task of tabulating his observations, as registered by his new instrument for determining drift in storms, until the manuscript was ready for the printer. Denman protested earnestly. That unimaginative, loyal mechanic thought of himself as the balance wheel of genius. His only consolation for Rodd's tangent adventures, which had nothing to do with the scientific development of aviation, was the perfect fury of work with which Rodd made up for lost time when he returned.

"Yesterday!" said Rodd, his eyes beaming with the break of bubbles overflowing from within. "Yesterday I had not talked with Dr. Branders and I had not seen Grace Barr with brave tears of sacrifice and determination in her eyes. This is the greatest yet, and you are to help. You are to open the clutch, faithful one, when we take the Pasha to the skies on the magic carpet driven by gasoline. Oh, Abou Ben Denman, we are to—" now he whispered, lest the men should hear something which made that matter-of-fact Denman aghast; and Denman was used to ideas born overnight to be carried out on the winds of heaven the next day.

"Don't look so glum!" Rodd rallied him. "Behold us a pathological factor! We'll be on the prescription lists and in the medical journals yet."

"Or in jail," Denman rejoined gloomily. "It's a pretty serious business."

"Yes, I know it is, faithful one. I don't think I would have undertaken what was my own suggestion if I didn't hope thereby to consummate the most beautiful love story in the world."

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"Oh, it's more sentiment than medicine, then!" growled Denman. In that case, he knew that argument was vain. The only balm for that restless spirit was to put its latest conception in folly to the test. "Yes, I'll release the clutch if it's orders," he assented. He would have jumped into boiling water, after filing logical objection to the act, at the word of command.

Rodd now began one of those fond, intimate inspections of the *Falcon* of which he seemed never to tire. He patted the drum-taut cloth of the planes as a rider pats his horse's neck before the race; ran his discerning thumbnail along the edges of the cloth where it was laced to the frame; tested the joints of the light, rigid rods; bent over to bring a half-closed, sighting eye to bear on all the lines to see if they were true; and played the motor through the scale from a hundred to the five thousand revolutions a minute which the latest development in steel crank shafts was able to bear.

The use of a tuning-fork to ascertain if his good ship were in tune would have been in keeping with the refinement of the preparations by one of the young masters of the air courses to receive one of the masters of the land courses who had built up the Gulf Coast and Superior from tangent subserviency to trunk line autocracy.

There was no mistaking the owner of the automobile, its brass gleaming, its fresh paint shining, driven with judicial care and high speed, which flashed around the street corner and came straight over the curb and across the sand level, stopping within a few feet of where Rodd stood. A pale, thin reed of a man, with a head too large for that bundle of nerves, his body, alighted. Wall Street said that "Slim John Barr" could not cast a shadow, and yet no one had ever seen through him. The more boards of directors that fell under his rule, the more boards of doctors sat on the state of his pulse. He was wearing out his life in a moneytized treadmill from which he could not lift his feet. How could he take a vacation when half a dozen men controlled more miles of rail than he? Chicago was to be the great manufacturing centre of America and the G. C. S. was to spread through the Southern States, a fan-shaped distributor, with a branch line running into Mexico. The natural trade route of the continent was north and south and not across the alkali and over the Rockies, as he told the transcontinental giants.

"Now, Mr. Rodd," he explained defensively, as if he suspected that some one wanted to sell him an aerial flotilla, "I have just five minutes to spare and I don't want to go up. It would never do for a man with my responsibilities to be speared by the Metropolitan tower."

"If you will step aboard," Rodd told him, "I'll start the motor. In that way you will get a far better idea of the principle of flying than through any amount of explanation."

Mr. Barr looked at Rodd so sharply that Rodd made a point of being indifferent to his scrutiny. Then Mr. Barr looked sharply at the holding clutch.

"Is it perfectly strong?" he asked Denman.

"Yes, sir," answered Denman, stolidly.

That conscientious adjutant, to his own surprise, had not the slightest sense of guilt. Temptation to see a leader of the land forces in the element of the air forces was as compelling as a diamond in a show window to the vanity of a woman.

"Very good," said Mr. Barr, as he mounted to the passenger's seat.

Rodd's glance spoke triumph to Denman as he started the motor and took the driver's seat.

"You do get power, don't you, just from pushing the air," Mr. Barr began, as the *Falcon* strained at her leash like a hawser-bound torpedo destroyer with the engines going. The sentence ended with an explosive "What!" scarcely heard above the cylinder's hum, as Denman released the holding clutch and the aeroplane, a bird out of hand, embraced her element. The unusual shock of the starting took Mr. Barr's breath away. He was still unsuspicious of Rodd's intentions when he recovered it.

"Why didn't you look to your clutch, you bungler?" he shouted, frantically.

It was another example of the inefficiency of humanity that cursed the waking hours of his high-voltage mind. He thought that everybody ought to be as capable as he was and at the same time obey him. His ruling passion, uppermost even in danger, was suffering from another ghastly instance of human imperfectibility, when he ought to be at the office correcting the errors of his

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own captains and lieutenants in the continuous battle formation of his forces. He was not frightened, for fear was not in his make-up.

"Take me down! Take me down!" he commanded. "I can't afford to be up here!"

Rodd, busy with his levers in bringing the *Falcon* to the higher levels, did not answer, and Mr. Barr for an instant was absorbed in his first experience of winged exhilaration, which took even the egoism of the master of five thousand miles of rail out of itself. He seemed to be tobogganing on glass as transparent as desert air, five hundred feet above the earth. The speed with which they passed a motor boat on the Hudson recalled him to the fact that his orders—yes, *his* orders were being disobeyed.

"Take me down!" he screamed. "Good heavens! Don't you know how?—and you talk of taking the fast mail business away from the railroads! You want the post-office to establish a special delivery service for a line of aeroplanes!"

Rodd now had time to be polite to his guest.

"Yes, I do know how," he said, "and I might remind you that I've never lost a passenger and that you are perfectly safe."

Conviction swiftly followed awakening suspicion. Mr. Barr saw that he had been kidnapped. Words of blue rage tumbling over one another wedged in his throat. Now Rodd understood what Wall Street meant by alluding to Mr. Barr's ever-increasing tempers and Dr. Branders by "hot boxes in the nerve-centres," and he guessed what a pleasant time some of the traffic managers of the Gulf Coast and Superior had on occasion. But he recalled that he was dealing with the abnormal, and in face of the abuse spoke soothingly.

This was the last straw for Mr. Barr. He whirled fiercely and launched all his force in a blow against Rodd's side. Fighting with tigerish ferocity against the aviator's superior strength, he tried to get control of the levers himself. The trim of the *Falcon* was somewhat affected by the motion of the conflict and more by Rodd's purposeful lowering of the left plane. She dove flutteringly sidewise, like a bird changing direction on the wing at the whistle of a shot. Mr. Barr had to cling to his seat to keep his balance.

"You see, we're descending, as you wished," Rodd observed, nettled by the smarting of his ribs, "but the Palisades are a pretty rocky place to fall on. I advise you to leave mechanical details to me."

"You scoundrel!" groaned Barr. "You've got me! Yes, you've got me hung up in the air in your little monkey aeroplane!"

A modern Jove, with thousands of trains and many more thousands of employees, a well-oiled organism doing his will, and with all manner of servants, from judicial and dextrous chauffeurs to valets, ministering to his wishes, had been snatched into the skies by a vagrant Mercury.

"It's a trick of the bears! It's those C. & R. people! They knew I was going to bag their line this week!" he cried.

"Why, I thought you stated in the newspapers that you didn't want the C. & R."

"Naturally!" snapped Mr. Barr. Then seeing that an unprecedented situation had made him unprecedentedly frank, he demanded in his most business-like tone, which was a verbal substitute for the pendant "Time is money" motto over an executive's desk: "Well, what is it all about? Where are we going?"

. . . . . .

Rodd was in the position of a diplomat having to justify a highwayman's exploit. He kept thinking of the affair of Grace and Fosdick, rather than the cure which was the object of his mission. Grace was Mr. Barr's only child. Surfeited with money, having ideas of her own, she measured life by other than financial criterions. Fosdick had been one of Rodd's supporters in the dark ages of yesterday, when the legs of men were in danger of cracking if they were a dozen feet above the earth in anything heavier than air. His candor in disapproving many of the G. C. & S. methods, his loyalty and the reliability of his judgment had promoted him to the part of a confidential legal adviser always at Mr. Barr's elbow. When Grace and Fosdick fell in love, the quality of the pair and of their devotion made a commonplace story eloquent. It put a velvet tip to the rapier point of middle-aged cynicism.

When Mr. Barr learned the truth he broke into one of those storms which all his physicians said privately—Dr. Branders alone had the courage to tell him so to his face—must culminate in a breakdown. But he

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had a way of making his rages serve an end. This spasm was so prolonged that finally Grace and Fosdick promised, in answer to his fractious pleading, never to marry without his consent, which he remarked, with sardonic promptness after gaining his point, would be given about the time that the Sphinx burst into song.

In primitive, heavy-father fashion—for he was a primitive man and used primitive forces—he forbade Fosdick his home and office. Fosdick went on with his practice, winning clients and meeting Grace frequently. If he was invited by a mutual friend to dinner, he was certain to find Grace present. An experience in its inception as delightful as robbing peach orchards lost its novelty when they began to appreciate that they had either to break a promise, which honor would not permit, or they would get no further than pacing round and round a charmed circle of social conspiracy.

"I am going to take you on a long journey," Rodd told Mr. Barr, good-naturedly.

"You are, eh? No, you're not!" Mr. Barr retorted. Another storm seemed due. It failed to break because he suddenly made the acquaintance of philosophy, the first pathological effect of flight. "You are, eh?" he repeated, in quite a different tone, which veiled a sneer. The gasoline must run out eventually, he thought, and then they would have to land. Once on the ground, nothing could prevent his escape, and at worst he would have lost only a business day.

Newburgh's irregular house-tops scrambling up the hill shot under them; they skimmed the buildings of West Point, forming a parallelogrammic frame for the gray formation of the cadets at parade. The winding Hudson narrowed like the tail of a snake. But the little man had no use for rivers. He saw only the land courses.

"You do get a corking view of the railroads," he admitted, in suppressed enthusiasm. "Look at the West Shore and the Central! I tell you, an even grade with no curves is man's most glorious achievement. And look at that road yonder, sneaking around the hills like a miserable worm! Gould watered the stock without improving the property. That's rain without cultivation. You need both!"

The *Falcon* was going sixty an hour. They were free of the earth's trammels; the smell of its heated surface was out of their nostrils. Soft and pure, the upper atmosphere had the thrill of chilled foam breaking on their faces. It whipped color into the pale cheeks of the passenger, now surrendering himself to the sensation.

They kept to a pathway directly above the Hudson, a pathway requiring neither buoys, nor dredging, nor sandbar-wise pilots. What the white pillar of a lighthouse is by day to the ship, the looming mass of the capitol at Albany was to the aeroplane, which snapped a shadow over State Street and flew precisely between the two towers. A half hour later it was over the Adirondacks, a billowy sea of green mottled by the lighter tone of the deciduous trees and the darker tone of the firs, a setting in which flashed the lakes like so many great diamonds.

"How far can you go before your gasoline runs out?" Mr. Barr asked. The casualness of his inquiry covered his increasing apprehension.

"Why, to Labrador," answered Rodd.

"What!" Mr. Barr ceased to be casual. "To Labrador? What!" He rapped out the words in a volley.

"Yes, but we are not going that far. We'll soon arrive."

Mr. Barr fell back in his seat. It angered him that he should have lost his temper with this pawn, though he had to admire the daring of the principals in a plot to get him out of Wall Street for a day.

"Come on, now, who hired you?" he asked at length, ingratiatingly. If he could learn, then he would know who to pay back with interest for the trick.

"I was not to tell that till you land," answered Rodd.

The southeasterly was running high and not strong. They were still flying over the deep tints of the garment of wood with which Nature hides her culpability for the barren soil of this northern land. Slipping between two peaks bristling with small pines among gray elbows of rock, they caught the edge of a local squall that buffeted them in monstrous playfulness with cat's-paw licks. They rose above this obstacle on the aerial road as readily as a carriage passes around a mud puddle. Later, they dipped so near a summer hotel

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that the parasols of the women on the walks were as large as toadstools. The next glimpse was of farmers loading hay, and the next of a woman on a doorstep spanking a small boy, and the next of the flash of a jangling tinware cart on a country road.

Twinkles of water here and there in the distance, speed welded together at first into a chain and finally into a ribbon, which broadened to a swath brilliant as mercury under the unrestrained glare of the sun. Out of its bosom to the westward rose the tufted forms, decoratively various in configuration and size, of the myriad islands. The *Falcon* turned away from them, bearing eastward toward an oblong stretch of verdure, with a reach of sand at the base of rock masses, isolated and in the centre of a grand sweep of the stream.

"Why, this is my island!" Barr exclaimed. "I know it by those boulders! I bought it when I went by in my yacht, five or six years ago, but I've never had time to come back and look it over. No, no vacation for me," he added, irritably. "I've given up hope of getting any one who can run my business for even a week."

"What a very poor opinion of the rest of humanity," said Rodd, softly, as he threw out the clutch.

Gently and easily the *Falcon* descended toward the beach. Her runners came to a stand-still on the sand not far from some camp supplies, evidently freshly landed, which were the only sign of any human visitation in this jewel of primitive wilderness in the St. Lawrence galaxy. Mr. Barr's foot touched earth again with an electric effect on his being. Jove was restored to his element. His eyes flashed. He was imperious.

"Now for a boat, quick!" he commanded, quite as if he considered Rodd an assistant. "Maybe they've driven G. C. & S. down ten points! If they have they'll hear from me when I get in action tomorrow morning!"

"There is no boat, Mr. Barr." Rodd tried to explain this soothingly. "But wait," he added, to prevent an outburst, as he took an envelope out of his pocket. "I have a prescription for you from Dr. Branders"; and he passed a paper to Mr. Barr.

"You have consulted all the famous physicians of Europe," the doctor wrote, "and every one has said that you must rest."

"Yes! I've paid them thousands—wasted thousands," interjected Mr. Barr, savagely, "to tell me what any cross-roads sawbones could have told me—when they know I haven't time to rest!"

"The only hope is to cut you off from the wire and from all thought of business," Dr. Branders's note continued. "Demanding universal discipline, you are the most majestically undisciplined man in America, who refuses to obey his doctor in order to save his own life. You are going straight toward an abyss. One day you will be carried from your office to spend the rest of your years in pain and restless futility. The progress of aviation has provided the final alternative. This plan of kidnapping you has the hearty consent of the one who loves you best—your daughter. You need have no fears of over-exercise. Though you have used up four or five strong constitutions, you still have the physical basis on which to build another. Your heart is perfectly sound. Eat whatever you find palatable whenever you are hungry. Put up your tent, fell trees for a cabin, cook your own food, and for one month be a sheerly physical human being again, and return to us a well man."

The twitching muscles of Mr. Barr's face convulsing in a twinge as the truth that he was a prisoner flashed on him, knotted themselves at the close in grim indignation. He crumpled the strange prescription rigidly in his slim, bony, white hand. After a brief silence he turned to Rodd with a pleasant nod of acquiescence, which Rodd thought simulated. They said in Wall Street that what John Barr could not gain in one way he would in another.

"Well, young man," he said, quizzically, "so you're to be my camp mate." He nodded toward the pile of supplies: "And this is our house and food. Let's have a look at it."

He asked Rodd about putting up a camp stove, and when his cunning had Rodd's attention distracted in assembling the parts he was off with a catlike bound to the aeroplane, planning to go as he had come and turn the tables on his captor. Rodd's adventurous soul had to admire the courage which, after watching the machine

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in a single fair weather flight, was ready to undertake such a hazard.

"It's no use. I put the spark plugs in my pocket," Rodd called, without stirring.

Mr. Barr swung around commandingly, changing his policy from strategy to threats and from threats to ridicule and laughter.

"It is too silly, too childish!" he concluded. "Why, all the world will know of my absence before to-morrow. The bulls will send a relief expedition. Then it's jail for you—yes, State's prison, you whipper-snapper gymnast of the clouds!"

"All that has been provided for. Your business will go on just the same. No one is to know of your absence!"

"My business without me for a month and no one the wiser!" Mr. Barr viewed the suggestion as some aerial joke. It was incomprehensible in any other light.

Rodd had to smile at the picture of magnificent egoism, warrantable as a habit grown out of the power that ego had built. He had to smile when he wished to be as sympathetic and assuring as a physician entering a sick room.

"I come to the part which the others asked me to explain," he said. "You are piling up millions, and for what? Not for Miss Barr, by her wish. She would trade them all for your recovery. Yes, for what?"

Mr. Barr was as quick as a telegraph key with telling his answer.

"Do you aeroplane just for pay?" he asked. "Or is it the game—the game to beat some other aeroplanist, to conquer matter?"

"True," Rodd admitted. "But if the indispensable man goes over the abyss, with no one trained to take his place, is it to be 'after me the deluge'? Will the trains stop running and all the travellers stay at home and the freight rot in the warehouses? You are the builder, the inventor of a system which may fall with you if you provide no engineer to run the machine. Those who love you think of these things, if you do not.

"All your personal interviews for a month to come have been cancelled. Miss Barr and Fosdick are going with your sister to your country place. There, Fosdick, who everybody agrees knows your work best, will act for you over the long distance, when action is necessary."

The audacity of the plan, worthy of the daughter of a man who had amazed a nation by the creative boldness of his manœuvres, struck its object spellbound for an instant. When the storm did break, there was a tornado roar of words, with flashes of lightning from the piercing eyes used to seeing through the motives of strong and subtle adversaries.

"Fosdick! The beggar! I invited him into my house and he made love to my daughter! *He* run my affairs! Monstrous! Outrageous! My own blood turns against me! And you—you! Fosdick! Yes, it's Fosdick at the bottom of everything! I'll get even with him!"

Thus his rage ran on till it ran down. Recovering himself, he reversed his part and became as delightful and winning as ever he was in his twenties, when soaring ambition with worlds to conquer sought patronage.

"You have a great career before you, Mr. Rodd. Now, I am in a position to—" but something chill and enlightening in Rodd's glance warned him not to prejudice his cause by trying any sort of bribe. "Come, now," he said, taking another tack, that of sympathetic persuasion between thinking men, "let me go to New York for one day, just to settle up some affairs. There's that Alabama case and that matter of a terminal in New Orleans hanging fire. Only one day, and I'll promise to come back to the island and serve my term."

Rodd had to steel himself to resist the flow of magnetism from the slim fingers which were playing a soft, compelling tattoo on his arm.

"But they say you sometimes forget promises which you have made in the heat of desire," he hinted.

"Yes," and Mr. Barr's face flushed with something for which retribution may be a broad synonym.

"I can agree to no form of compromise," Rodd added.

Mr. Barr called on reason, good fellowship, and gods long evicted from his domain. He pleaded and wheedled.

"Think of the frolic of the bears! They'll drive G. C. & S. down to par" (it was then 130) "*my* G. C., which I have built up from fifty—*my* G. C.!" He was as pitiful as a poor woman twisting the corner of a frayed shawl and begging the judge to be easy on her boy.

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"Fosdick may do better than you imagine," Rodd suggested.

"Fosdick!" That name was acid to Mr. Barr's raw nerves. He went into a paroxysm. "Hypocrite! Interloper! He's probably in with the bears, playing margins with my life! What does he know about manipulating a market? He only knows a little bit about how to run a railroad! Rot!"

"You never can tell," answered Rodd, hopefully.

"Humph!" grumbled Mr. Barr, his temper simmering into disgust.

Standing in the shadow of streaked granite decked with ferns set in the cups of softer strata which the rains of time had worn, he stared across the two miles of swift current separating him from the mainland where his kingdom lay, with train schedules, traffic managers' reports, the ticker's nightmare, and banking plans for capitalizing more conquests the distant vanities of another sphere.

"Worth fifty millions and marooned on my own island by my own family!" he ejaculated. He ran his hand over his brow thoughtfully. When he let it fall he yielded a glance of admiration to the aeroplane. At least, it was a machine, not a man which had beaten him.

"Well," he said, smiling sardonically at Rodd, "let's have something to eat before we put up the tent."

For the first time in many months, John Barr, switched by varying medical advice from one diet to another, which chefs had strained to serve palatably to a dull appetite, knew the pangs of hunger. He seated himself on a flour sack and began to munch crackers and sausages.

The size of the field need not limit one's activities. We are told that Napoleon, applying himself to detail, was as busy at Elba as at Paris. Mr. Barr organized the wilderness. He felled trees for a cabin and laid out a model camp, with sanded walks, and the tin dipper always in place on the forked stick by the spring. He boasted that he was a better cook than Rodd and took his turn at washing dishes cheerfully. Unreasoning irascibility and peevishness, due to malnutrition, disappeared. His outbursts of temper, increasingly rare, were harmless, as they had a new object which threw his mind off old sources of irritation.

In his boxing bouts with Rodd he put a will and a cunning into his blows which forced his adversary to a careful guard. He ran races and inaugurated games, of which he kept score, with results all in his favor, thanks to his gift of bargaining for a handicap which he could always just overcome. Caught in a trick in order to win, he confessed that it was due to his manipulative habit and declared he would be a "good fellow" yet. He counted the number of different trees and ferns and birds and worried over his inability to work them into some system under his command. Nature was a wonderful artificer; the island was as busy as the nation with nature's war for the survival of the fittest. He discovered many things which were so new to him that he thought they must be new to everybody.

His appetite grew in response to expanding muscle and tissue. But he would not admit that he was getting well. Biding his time, he looked forward to making things lively for the allies in his Paris once he was away from his Elba. Under his outward affability to Rodd burned the steady fire of his resentment toward Fosdick.

"The highwayman! I'll attend to him!" he would say as he turned a flapjack or to the tune of frizzling bacon; "and that Branders!"

Winged with the unbroken sleep of still nights as the sweet reward of physical labor from dawn to dark, time flew as swiftly as the landscape had under the *Falcon's* planes. On the day before the one which was to be the last of duress he was singularly quiet, visiting all his favorite haunts and dwelling with affectionate eyes on the landmarks of his work, which, after all, was fuel to his egoism, now returning to its own.

"It's a good camp," he said. "I could make a better one, with more economy of working costs" (his favorite phrase)—"I mean, of muscle cost. It shows what industry will do in a month. If I ever have the time—and I would if I could find anybody to take part of the burden off my shoulders—I'd bring my friends up here to show them that the secret of success is the same everywhere. I have played the game as I found it, eh, Mr. Rodd? No use of beating your head against a stone wall. But to-morrow, yes, to-morrow—" he glared at Rodd imperiously.

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How long would the cure last under the strain of a return to his old habits? After a relapse, how would his family overcome his sharpened suspicions and isolate him again? As the *Falcon* rose the next morning and pointed southward he was in a fever of apprehension, of mighty projects and wearing responsibilities, with an account to settle against some petty beings who had crawled out of the wrinkles of his Olympus to occupy the throne in his absence.

"I've got the strength now," he said, "and I'll make up for lost time. Watch me give the bears a squeeze that'll force a drop in the fur market! Branders will hear from me in short order! A kidnapper calling himself a doctor! Prescribing incarceration instead of medicine! Oh, they'll all smart for this—all of them! And Fosdick"—there he chortled so villainously that Rodd would have laughed if the faith of a devoted pair were not bound up in a foolish promise—"wait till I get at Fosdick! He's the real instigator of it all. Oh, wait till I get at Fosdick!"

They rode with the drive of the southeasterly and scaling the Champlain watershed sailed low. Faster, faster was the passionate purpose of that centred, surging mind, crying for work on which to feed its fresh and hungry energy. His eyes had no interest in the details of telescoping hills. He stared greedily ahead toward their destination, his estate in the Connecticut highlands. Out of the area of irregular farms of which it was made to order in a hurry rose the fashioned park of European precedent, under the restraint of pastures and woodlands, left unchanged by Grace's desire, on its outer circle.

"That mountain road seems finished," Mr. Barr remarked. "Cost me $50,000. I'm going up to have a look at it some day as soon as the rush of work is over—and I've settled Fosdick's case."

They drew near the stone mansion, in which grand simplicity had been contrived by an abandon of expenditure under a knowing hand, and lighted on the terrace overlooking a Versailles pattern in the budding, which the contrast of flight made exotic and cramped. Some servants ran out and in spite of their training gaped at the spectacle. Mr. Barr hurried past them up the steps and into the library, where he dropped into that capacious leather chair of ease, which had never meant ease for him, beside the telephone. He put his hand on the receiver and then paused, as still as some lay figure glued to the position. Now he was to know what had happened to his property in the last month. A word and he would be in touch with his empire. The culminating weight of his suspense transfixed him for a moment.

"How is G. C.?" he asked finally, his voice trembling.

"One hundred and eighty," came from the other end of the line.

"Eighty, you mean! Come! No joking! This is I—it's John Barr himself!" he called back in a sudden return to his best autocratic style.

"Yes, Mr. Barr. I hope you are much better," said the secretary of the corporation, who was in the secret. "Yes, one hundred and eighty is right. You see, Mr. Fosdick thought that the public was the best partner and his action about that Alabama case and the New Orleans terminal matter won the investors. Quotations have risen to a figure in keeping with the income of G. C. as a conservative, well-managed road."

Mr. Barr spasmodically dropped the receiver into place. He blinked. He stared at the dull square of clean blotter set on the shining mahogany of his cleared desk as if it were the mocking sign of the deserted world of his indispensability. There had been no eruption on Olympus; not even a landslide. The sun's course reversed without his consent, the schedule of seasons went on without help or advice from him. He would have been happier if G. C. had fallen to par.

When he looked up he noticed Grace and Fosdick standing in the doorway, where they had paused timidly. All that they saw in their delight was his healthy coat of tan. How long they had been there or how long since he had heard the secretary's last word he could not tell. The sight of Fosdick, so calm and radiant, roused him. Here was the gloating archfiend of his humiliation. His wounds now smarted with the pepper of injured vanity. With a lurch he rose, all his storm signals flying.

"You—you!" he raged to Fosdick. "I've been waiting for you—" and there something caught in his throat. Grudgingly, he housed the storm signals one by one. He

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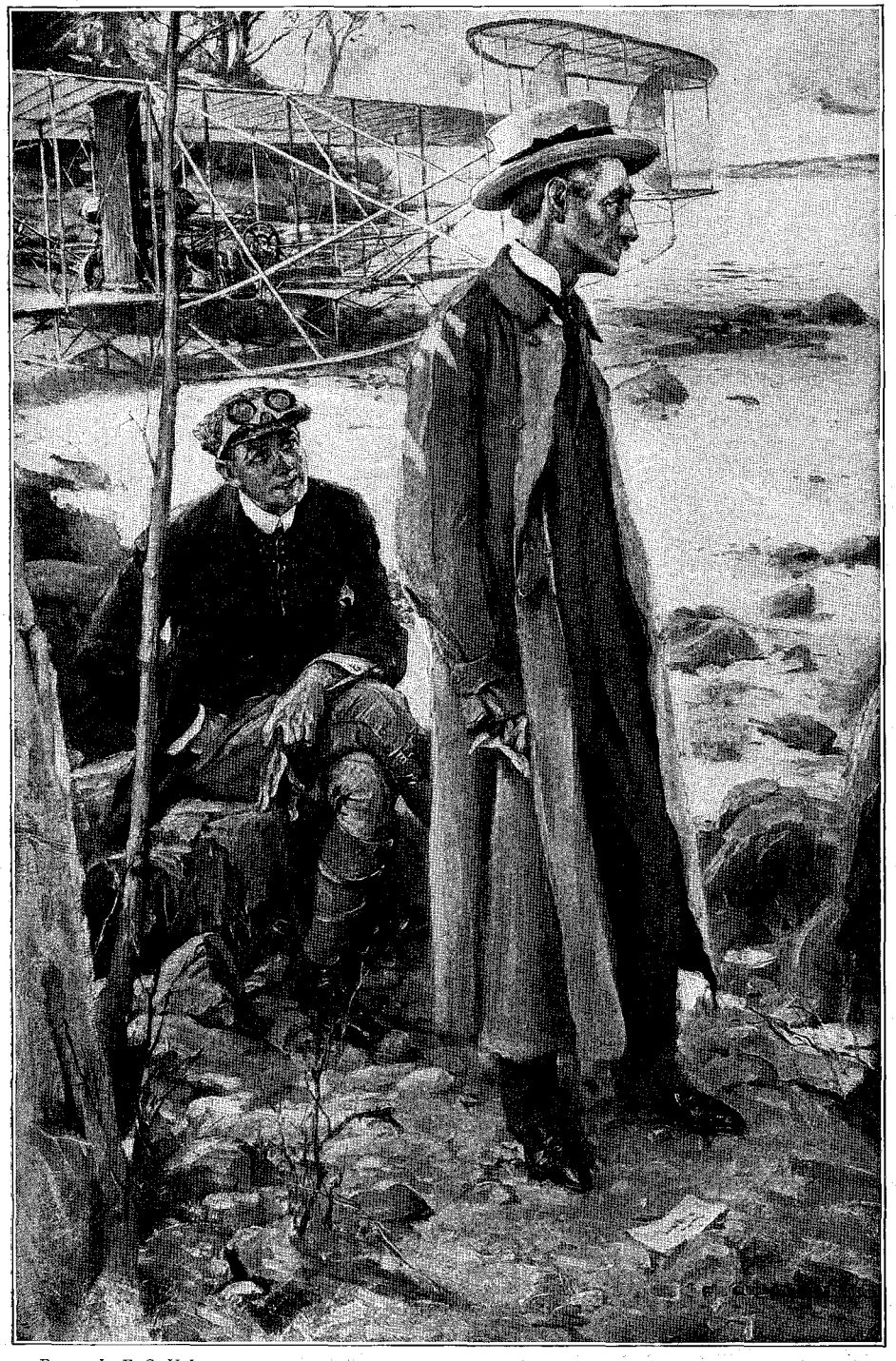

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Worth fifty millions and marooned on my own island by my own family."—Page 723.

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bowed with a certain Titanic and appealing dignity in his defeat. With his rigid fingers on the desk edge, he steadied his wavering body: a pitiful figure, this man who had built mansions and gardens for others to enjoy and a pinnacle of loneliness for himself in the world.

In silence the others respected his silence. Sympathetically they understood his thoughts. At length he raised his head with the same smile with which he had greeted Rodd on the island. It was to Rodd that he turned now, with an affectionate touch of his hand.

"You and I camped together. We cooked our own grub, we felled trees, we built a cabin," he said. "We were men on our own resources, against nature together. That is the way to find each other out, isn't it? I wasn't so bad a fellow, I hope. As busy with your work as I was with mine, you took a month away from it out of fondness for that pair—that pair!" He looked over to Grace and Fosdick with the breaking light of a still greater thought on his face, as he spoke to them. "What you did was out of pure love for me, wasn't it?" A hint of surprise ran through the question, as if he were startled by the idea that anybody should love him unselfishly; that, indeed, his daughter was more than a human unit, by convention his heir, in the machinery of life where he had fought single-handed, making everybody and everything play their part in bringing his projects to issue. "You see," he concluded, breaking the strain of his seriousness, "I knew I wasn't indispensable, but it hurt like the dickens to be found out."

One so used to Rubicons did not splash the water in further display of the deed. He passed over to the other side in high good humor. He laughed at himself as a heavy father joining the hands of Grace and Fosdick. He joked them and asked when they were going to stop this fool courting and get the honeymoon nonsense over so he could take a holiday.

"And what about lunch?" he called, finally. "I'm famished. Fosdick, go camping and then you'll learn what a lot of fun there is in just eating. A porterhouse rare and hashed brown potatoes for mine!"

The chef gasped when he heard the order. But like the Six Hundred, he obeyed blindly, without reasoning why.

SORCERY

By Frank Dempster Sherman

At Autumn's end, in ease before my fire
I sat and listened to the voice of doom—
The golden glory crumbling in the gloom—
The north wind's challenge and the summons dire:
Upon the hearthstone sang the friendly choir
Remembered melodies of bud and bloom,
Until it seemed that April filled the room,
Bringing her dreams of beauty and desire.

Then fainter grew the songs that came to me:
Soft slumber held me captive for the night;
And when the Morning with her magic key
Unlocked the door,—O memorable sight!—
A silent world of wizard sorcery,—
The Winter's camp, immaculately white!

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HEARKEN Ye SPRIGHTLY.

an

Old NewEngland Hymn

by

REUBEN PEASLEE

Illuſtrated by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

Hearken ye ſprightly, and attende ye vain ones.
Pauſe in your mirth, adverſity conſider,
Learn from a friend's pen truths that are moſt painfull.
A ſick-bed reflection.

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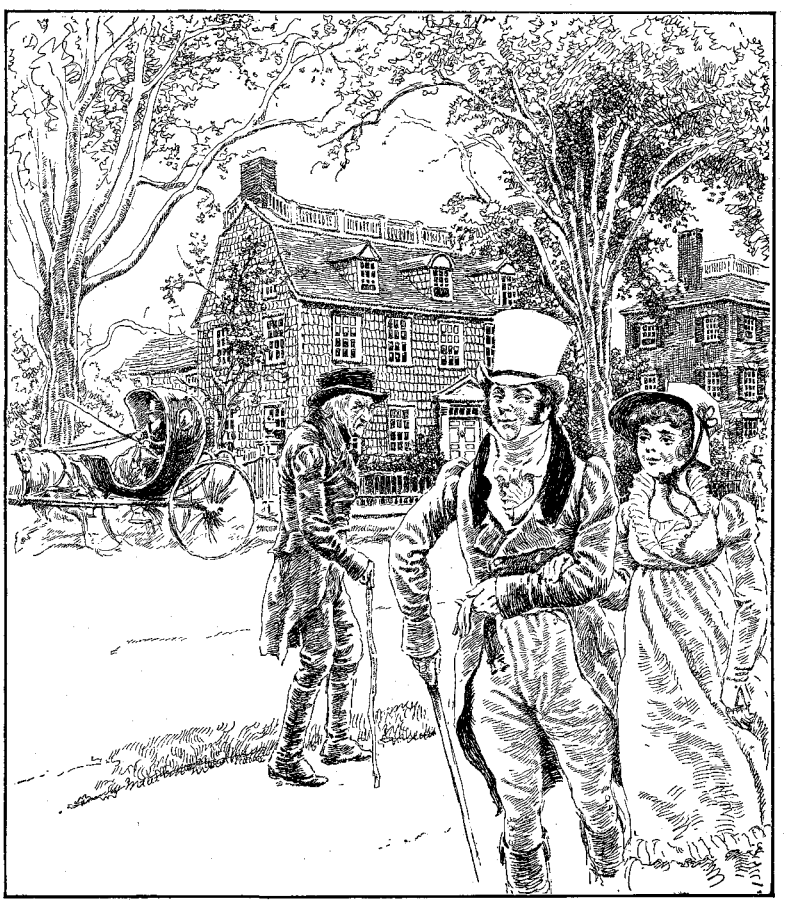

Healthfull and gay like you I ſpent my moments.
Fondly my heart ſaid, joy ſhall laſt forever,
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments
But by permiſſion.

Sudden and awfull, from the heights of pleaſure,
By pain and ſickneſs thrown upon a death-bed,
Vain in its ſoftneſs to aſſuage the pain of
Raging diſorder.

Hopes of recov'ry my fond heart indulged,
Till my phyſician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my caſe was deſp'rate,
Death was approaching.

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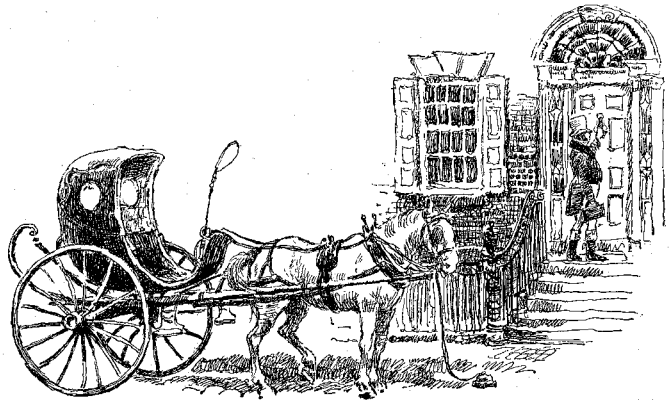
Twenty-five years I 've ſpent without conſidering
Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment,
Life but a ſhadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to diſpell it.



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Councils I've ſlighted, warnings I've rejected,
In my gay moments, thoughts of death I've baniſhed,
When grown grey-headed, I have oft reſolved,
Death to prepare for.

Now, ghaſtly death! pray ſtop one moment longer,
Till I give warning to my gay companions;
No time is granted for expoſtulation,
Shun my example.

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SOME WOMEN ETCHERS

By Frank Weitenkampf

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MATERIAL IN THE PRINT DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE woman etcher of serious achievement is in the main and essentially a product of the late nineteenth century. She is not numerously represented, this type of artist who happens to be a woman, with which fact her art has not *per se* anything to do, and who makes no appeal on the score of sex nor by choice of sentimental subjects or manner. There are a few striking and particularly noteworthy examples of this quasi-sexless attitude, and a somewhat larger number who come in a good second. All of which does not imply that few women have etched. On the contrary, the list is long and extends far back in time.

In the eighteenth century, the professional woman engraver was more in evidence than in these days of female emancipation. The amateur also was not wanting: engraving was a fashionable pastime with Madame de Pompadour and others. But the formal precision and hampered movement of the graver would probably not appeal to the *dilettante* as invitingly as the free play of the etching-needle, and to etching many of these fine ladies turned in their dalliance with art. Weakness characterizes many of the earlier productions, so that a plate like the reversed copy of Rembrandt's "Landscape with an Obelisk," by Marie Le Comte, Watelet's friend, *la meunière du moulin joli*, stands out somewhat by contrast, though amateurishly hasty in execution.

The delicacy possible to the etched line, after all, makes it no more a vehicle for light dilettantism than any other. Art of amiable limitations always finds its level, and the distinct and strong individuality as surely stands out.

In the nineteenth century more workmanlike products are encountered, such as the heads which Marie Ellenrieder etched in the vein of G. F. Schmidt after Rembrandt. She takes us into the ranks of professionals, too; letters from her exist, setting prices on her plates and limiting editions. Or, there are the figures and heads by Madame Frédérique O'Connell, catalogued by Burty, marked by a certain unctuous richness in their curved cross-hatchings.

It is interesting, too, to note such examples of influenced production as Gabrielle Niel's *Eaux-Fortes sur Vieux Paris*, of one of which the late Russell Sturgis wrote: "This, with its expressive rendering of the old buildings, and the ability shown to retain luminous shadows, within which details of the architecture can be made out, shows that Beraldi . . . had some internal evidence for the statement that she was a pupil of Meryon."

So, some progress in artistic emancipation is seen, but on the whole, the record is not a remarkable one until the last quarter of the century is reached. Even then there are not many women etchers of undoubted prominence, but those few deserve praise unmodified by any reference to sex and supposed weakness. And our own country holds an honorable place.

One of the earlier ones to come to mind is the late Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran, whose etchings are marked by energetic emphasis and bold directness rather than delicacy or smoothness. Her touch was "nervous, vigorous, and rapid," as it was well put by the late S. R. Koehler, who noted a certain restlessness in her etchings, as well as a vivid suggestion of color, and characterized her "Twilight" as "a plate of extraordinary power and beauty." She used various technical methods to obtain effects. Thus, this same "Twilight, Easthampton," has some rouletting and much tint produced by roughening the copper plate with the "Scotch stone" (a substance used to reduce plates). And in "Old Bridge Over Hook Pond at Easthampton" and "Between the Gloaming and the Mirk," there is much rouletting and *retroussage*, which, together with the brown ink used, adds a peculiar richness. (*Retroussage* is a certain handling of the rags used in wiping a plate clean after inking, by which some ink is lifted out of the etched lines onto the sur-

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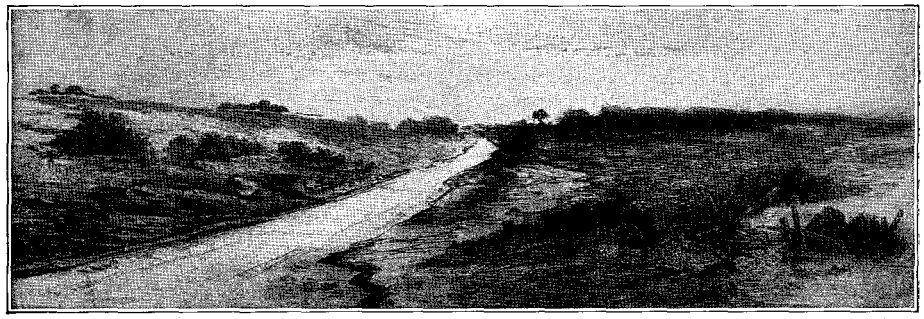
face of the plate.) Again, in "The Old Mill," *retroussage* is used in the foreground to throw the more delicate background into relief. On the other hand, in "Summer at Easthampton," dependence is placed almost altogether on the pure etched line, the foreground deeply furrowed by the acid, the background more delicately etched. A film of ink left on the plate in certain places supplies necessary tones or re-enforcement and accent.

The impression given by the totality of Mrs. Moran's work is that of force and swing; it is painter etching with the accent on "painter." She never lost herself in petty delight over technic for technic's sake. It is the pictorial effect which occupied her. In some of her plates this appears in a manner of framing a more distant view by near-by foliage—as in "Summer Day" and "Willows on the Bushkill, Easton, Pa." Usually the outlook is unbroken, however. But, always, the result is a picture. In "The Goose Pond," the quiet landscape contrasts with the swirling clouds above, and one feels here, as elsewhere, the influence of her husband, Thomas Moran. This influence is shown not in the choice of subject but in a certain big outlook on nature, even when nature in her quieter aspects is treated. Yet one comes across a print such as "Autumn, Edge of Georgica Pond, Easthampton," of a sunny lightness.

Mrs. Moran was one of a score of women whose work was frequently seen at the exhibitions of the New York Etching Club in the eighties, and at the special displays of etchings by women shown at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in 1887 and at the Union League Club, New York City, in the following year.

Not all noteworthy work was this, but there was much of it in which a certain pleasing quality was at least not sentimental amateurishness, but rather a technical facility in securing pretty effects, a showing of grace rather than strength. Among these exhibitors were Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, who was inclined to transpose to the copper the technic of her interesting pen-and-ink sketches of "Old New York," in terms a bit fumbling though delicate, Edith Penman, Mrs. J. H. Twachtman, Ellen Oakford (whose view of the Yale campus had a certain popularity), Margaret W. Lesley (later Mrs. H. K. Bush-Brown), Gabrielle D. Clements, and various others.



"The Road to the Beach," at Nonquitt, Mass. By Mrs. Edith Loring Pierce, née Getchell.

A dainty touch is shown by Miss Edith Loring Pierce (later Mrs. Getchell), an exhibition of whose etchings was held at the Worcester Art Museum in December, 1908, and whose vistas of moor and coastland, with gnarled trees by placid pools, show a pleasing craftsmanship and a clever use of tints of ink, an effect produced in the printing. There is Blanche Dillaye, too, with a penchant for odd nooks and narrow alleys—a "Quebec Sail Loft," for instance—which she pictures in plates unassuming in subject and treatment. Her "Lights of Venice," with its delicate view of the city in the distance, is perhaps her best effort in summary suggestion.

One of the very few women in this country who have etched the human figure is Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt. Her work is somewhat unequal in style and value, but in her best portraits, such as those of Agassiz, her husband, Henry Merritt, and Sir Gilbert Scott, the broad treatment of clothes and background brings out the more delicate lines on the face, illustrating both

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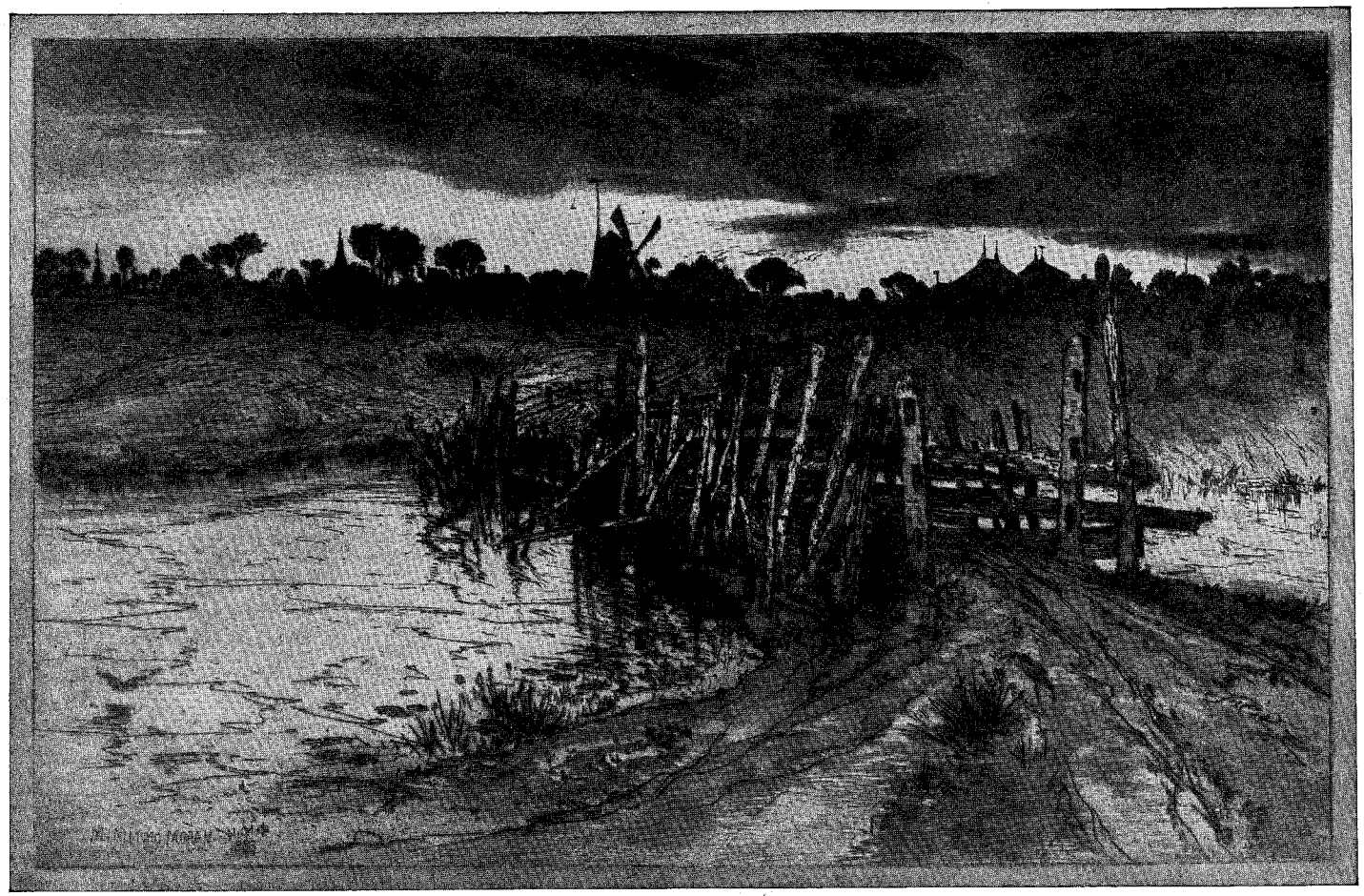

"Between the Gloaming and the Mirk," by Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran.

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"The Stocking." Dry-point by Mary Cassatt.

her technical ability and the freedom of handling with which the completeness of effect is attained.

Once or twice, in the catalogues of the Etching Club exhibits in the old Academy building on twenty-third street, in New York City, there appeared the name of Mary Cassatt. Since then, she has placed

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"Mother and Baby." Dry-point by Mary Cassatt.

many plates to her credit, mostly dry-points.

Miss Cassatt's etchings and dry-points show the not too common quality which marks the best work accomplished with the needle and the copper plate—a full appreciation (sensitive, notwithstanding a robustness often emphasized by the models

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Dry-point sketch by Cornelia Paczka, née Wagner.

used by her) of the nature of the medium, a recognition of its possibilities and its limits. This adaptation of manner to process is one of the most important factors in any art. Miss Cassatt's work shows a wise reticence in linear expression, the "tact of omission" as Walter Pater, speaking of Watteau, happily characterizes it in his "Imaginary Portraits." The secret of compressed statement is hers, of condensed significance. The synthesis which, consciously or unconsciously, we look for in the painter etching. (I remember meeting a man who, knowing nothing about etchings, never having heard of Whistler, immediately appreciated the latter's etchings because they "told so much with such few lines.") In its forceful technic, its firmness, its spontaneous vitality, its succinct straight-forward manner of statement, its judicious and effective economy of line, her work forms an admirable model in the art of etching. With all their apparent robust vigor in subject and execution, these plates on closer study, reveal a sensitive suavity of line, which, while never sweet for the sake of sweetness, deftly caresses the form which it indicates. Her subjects in black and white (as in painting) are usually women and children. There are not wanting those who wonder why she selects homely models. One has but to get a little below the uncompromising realism of this absolute truthfulness in presentation to see the beautiful expression of relationship under this homely exterior. Her sympathy with her subject, free from the weak sentimentality that pervades so many "mother and child" pictures, is shown in deft and subtle records of fleeting expression of face and quickly shifting pose or characteristic gesture. She reveals the beauty of the relation between mother and child without calling in the aid of a superficially pleasing prettiness which, after all, has nothing to do with the matter. Perfectly natural caresses, instinctive movements of childhood, changing expressions of the eye, attitudes and movements full of significance are observed with a complete understanding of child nature; noted with a penetrating insight into its different manifestations of character and temperament and mood. Here are babies feeding (little gluttons), in the bath, accepting caresses with the lordly air that their plump highnesses not infrequently display. We who study these pictures enter into full enjoyment of the intimacy, the simple tenderness

Etching by Madame Frédérique O'Connell.

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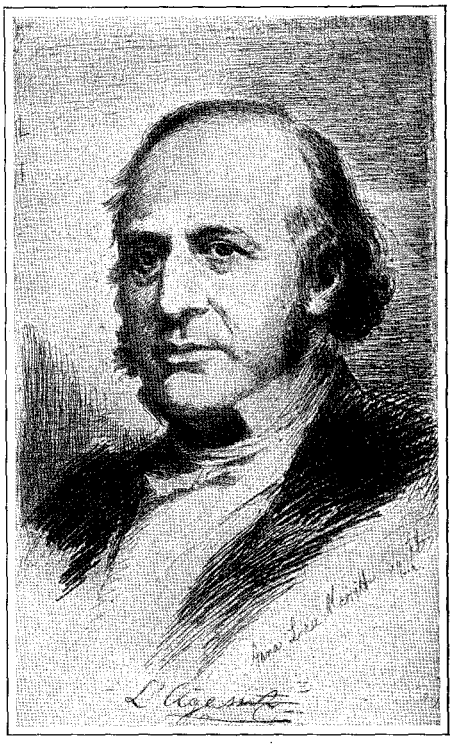
of these scenes of home life. And the appeal to our human sympathies is stronger and deeper and fuller by reason of the knowledge which makes this appeal solely on the merits of the case.

Miss Cassatt, by the way, has done a set of etchings in colors, of which she says: "I drew the outlines in dry-point and laid on a grain where color was to be applied, then colored *à la poupée*. . . . The set of ten plates was done with the intention of attempting an imitation of Japanese methods." These prints, with their well-balanced color schemes, are interesting particularly from a technical stand-point, but her black-and-white work is best known and forms the freer expression of her matured individuality. Recognition has come to her particularly in France, where she was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor a few years ago, and where this pupil of Degas, this "painter of childhood," as Gustave Geffroy called her, is held in high estimation.

So absolute a personality is not common. It is in Germany that another striking individuality is encountered, another such note of modernity in work by a woman. With Frau Käthe Kollwitz, grace of form and charm of line, the pleasing flow of submission to contour, are wanting. She works with an intense vigor, with an energy which seems to seek expression without much attention to niceties of technic; certainly without any emphasis on refinement of craftsmanship for its own sake. She makes no appeal through sweetness or suavity.

Her style is elemental rather than finished. Strong lines tell her story in the directest way. There is no light caressing of subtle curvatures, no gentle modulation. All is terse, direct, emphatic. Her etchings illustrate the truism, often lost to sight, that in art, as in life, acquaintance and sympathetic study are necessary in order to understand a personality worth while. That you have to understand the artist and his intentions in order to understand and appreciate his work. With her, all is subordinated with stern, almost fierce, energy to the directest expression of the idea. And the idea here is usually the delineation of the soul of poverty and of its revolt against existing conditions. In rigid lines, with no deviation into pleasing curves, she tells stories of uprising. So in the picture of rebellious peasants with scythes and other weapons accentuating the straight lines of the composition, striding on in a dull determination, broken here or there by an ecstatic outbreak of gesture, as they follow a flag at the front, near which hovers a personification of the spirit of revolt. Or,



Portrait of L. Agassiz. By Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt.

there are the striking weavers (echoing Gerhart Hauptmann's sad Silesian drama) moving on with clenched fists, roused out of their listless despair into an emotion as near to fury as is possible to their impotent, crushed natures. And those dreadful, dishevelled women in "La Carmagnole," dancing to the drumming of a half-witted boy, around a guillotine. The weirdness of this last scene is underscored by the dismal, half-lighted alleys running deep between high, crazy buildings. But she can depict the laborer also without revolutionary intent. There is a little plate by her done in a few lines, entitled "Workman's Family," published in *Pan*, a workingman holding his child, the mother standing by. A masterly little presentation of simple hap-

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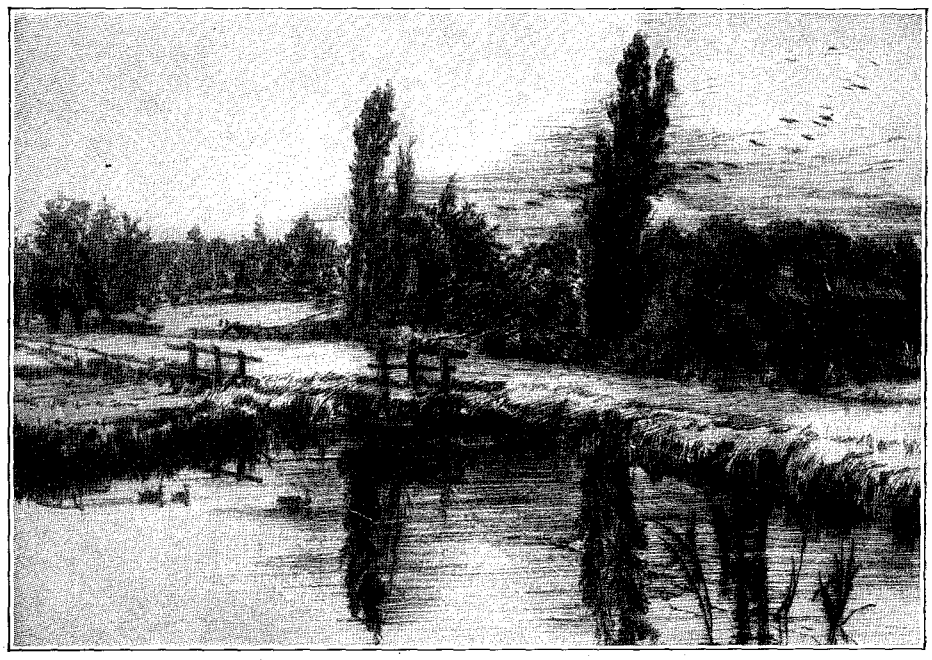

"Road by a Pool." By Miss C. M. Nichols.

piness and contentment, a bit of humanity felt and pictured with a sympathy that needed the aid of no sentimental story.

That she has not simply forced her manner upon the copper without thought of the process is shown by her head of a peasant woman, done in lithography and printed in blue ink. This evidences her subjection of method to tool. Here the latter, the "grease crayon" instead of the metallic needle, imposes the propriety of a less rigid vigor, and the nature of the crayon in her hands finds full expression in the firm yet soft modelling of the face. So the manner is softened somewhat, here. But while respecting the medium she remains true to herself, which two qualities form a basis inevitable in good art of any kind.

While the almost aggressively vigorous personality of Frau Kollwitz does not find its counterpart among other German and Austrian women artists, yet some of them have produced interesting work, marked by the dignity of serious endeavor joined to technical knowledge and force. Cornelia Paczka, née Wagner, best known by her *algraphies* (lithographs on aluminium) has done a "Dry-Point Sketch," a head of a woman, in a manner that seems to suggest rapid, broad brushmarks. Marie Stein won a prize in 1898 for a male portrait done in dry-point (diamond point on copper), somewhat in the style of Helleu, with good characterization and a fluent command of the medium. A head of a woman for which she won another prize six years later showed that she had evidently emancipated herself and was going her own way, though that way implied a certain hardness of touch, a rigidity suggesting archaism.

Hermine Laukota, in the only two plates by her which I have seen, shows a noteworthy versatility. Quite different in handling, the one, "The Microscopist," is firmly yet lightly produced in pure line, with an effect of bright sunlight, while the other, "Rainstorm," with aquatint tones of varied richness in the dark sky, gives rain effect without loss of atmosphere, without recourse to the cheap effect of a uniform gray tone. Aquatint plays a prominent part in the color etchings of Baroness Hedwig von Lekow. The American, Helen Hyde, at last accounts in Japan, also used aquatint in depicting "A Rainy Day" in the land of the Mikado; and the aquatint is etched in flat tints of various intensities of gray.

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"Strike of the Weavers." By Käthe Kollwitz.

The print recalls, in black and white, the wood-cuts after the Japanese manner, printed in subdued and harmonious colors, which form her most important work and that by which she is best known.

Respectable achievement, far above the idle-hour art of other days, may be noted elsewhere, too. In England, where Miss Catherine M. Nichols, Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, has happily utilized the rich softness of the "burr" that dry-point yields, in her "Reeds," or the yet better "Road by a Pool," the latter printed by her friend Goulding, the noted printer, who died early in 1909. In Holland, where Therese Schwartze was one of the founders, in 1885, of the *Nederlandische Etsclub*, we encounter the work of Etha Fles and B. E. van Houten, respectively characterized by C. E. Taurel as "betraying a timid female hand" and "remarkably vigorous and effective." And in the sister-land, Belgium, royalty, in the person of the Countess Marie of Flanders, played an active rôle as member of the *Société d' Aquafortistes*, founded in 1881—I have seen landscapes by her, with a certain breadth and feeling for contrasts of light and shade —while Louise van der Kerkhove, sister of the artist prodigy known as the *Enfant de Bruges*, etched some very small plates which "have some of that delicate force which Lalanne knew so well how to get into little prints." In Denmark, Miss Luise Ravn Hansen is a noteworthy figure in a group of etchers whose art is in good taste if somewhat conservative.

The temptation to mention many names is naturally great, and the degeneration of what is to be a study of a few types into a sort of annotated catalogue takes place all too easily. Yet some indication of a field that has possibilities of much pleasure does not seem amiss. Those who will may see for themselves. Print rooms in Boston, Washington, New York, and elsewhere exist for the public and exist to be used.

The point may be repeated here that the best work by women may stand on its own merits without being classified separately from etchings by men, without being treated as a curiosity instead of an achievement. Furthermore, in some of these recent productions, such as those by Cassatt and Kollwitz, dissimilar in style, there is felt an intense seriousness in the expression of an artistic personality, with no trace of the weak grace once apt to be associated with the female artist.

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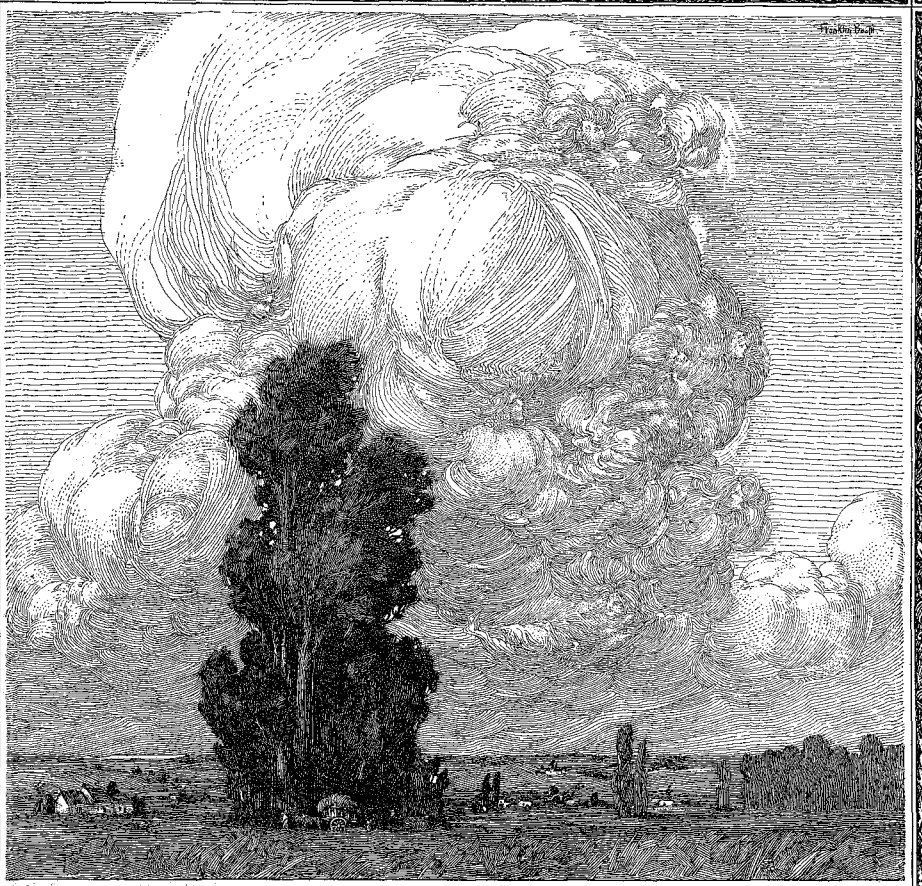

THE WIND OF DREAMS.

By ROSAMVND MARRIOTT WATSON.

WIND of the Downs, from upland spaces blowing,
Salt with the fragrance of the southland sea,
Sweet with wild herbs in smoothest greensward growing,
You bring the harvest of my dreams to me.

Wraiths that the scented breath of summer raises,
Ghosts of dead hours and flowers that once were fair. . . .
Sorrel and nodding-grass and white-moon daisies . . .
Glimmer and fade upon the fragrant air.

I hear the harvest-wagons homeward driven
Through dusky lanes by hedgerows dark with leaves . . .
The low gold moon, hung in a sapphire heaven,
Looks on the wide fields and the gathered sheaves.

Wind of the Downs—from cloud-swept upland spaces,
Moorland and orchard-close and water-lea,
You bring the voices and the vanished faces—
Dreams of old dreams and days long lost to me.

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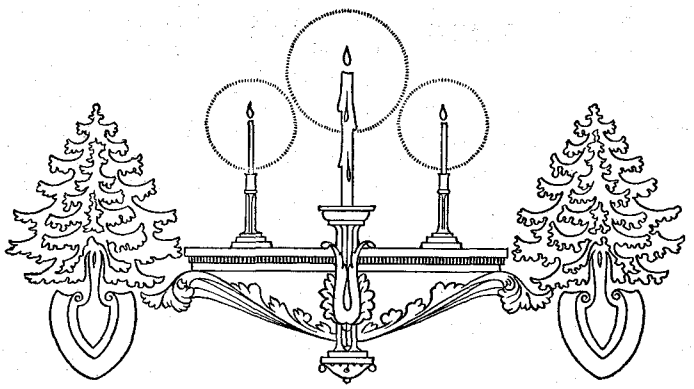

THE McDERMOTT TWINS

By Bradley Gilman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

HER name, "Hypatia," admirably fitted her: she had an air of distinction, a quality of leadership, as she moved leisurely about the library—her "den"—and glanced, at times, through the mullioned windows into the snow-dotted air.

The trophies about the room indexed her many victories: the fox's brush, the two silver cups, the three blue ribbons, the inkstand (made from a horse's hoof), and the tiny pair of antlers over the bookcase—all declared for triumphs won, in somewhat masculine fields of sport, often against masculine competitors.

Even her husband, who drooped in an easy-chair by the fireplace, was a "trophy." She had twice elaborately explained to him, as lover, the merely sisterly quality of her regard for him; then, because the Polish countess at Newport drew him away—and boasted—she whistled him back and married him.

That had happened three years before; she had never regretted her action; nor had gentle, affectionate Tom Fenderson. His clingingly conventional nature rested in the atmosphere of her self-reliance, and he frankly admired her intrepid spirit. He was now well "broken"—indeed, had been from the first; it had come true, as watchful friends had softly prophesied at the wedding: in a couple of months she had him "eating out of her hand."

One insuperable obstacle she had met in these three years of married life, one hurdle which she could not "take," one rival whom she could not defeat: Death had "entered" and carried away her baby girl, and her fierce mother-heart rebelled, and still tore at its stinging wound, while she met life outwardly, with high forehead, challenging eyes, and a caustic tongue.

Hypatia had been a spirited, wilful girl, a capricious, fascinating bride, a passionately devoted mother, and now was a melancholy, childless wife. None of her former diversions now interested her; horses, house-parties, concerts, women's clubs—all failed to distract her; and she brooded ceaselessly upon her great bereavement. Both she and her husband loved their rural life; but while he enjoyed, passively, its peace and beauty, she found in it a field for her restless energy in directing household and estate; activity had always been her chief source of happiness, only child that she was of a successful inventor and railway projector.

This dull afternoon of the day before Christmas bored her immeasurably; her tall, erect form sank listlessly into an armchair opposite her husband; the very fire-

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place seemed to yawn at her from ennui; she probed mechanically the glowing embers and stared absently through the window at the samite snow-flakes which fell from the dark gray vault like bright new coins transmuted out of a baser metal by some mysterious celestial alchemy.

Presently her listless gaze, straying about the walls of the room, rested on a full-length portrait of a smiling little girl. Hypatia felt her husband's hand seek and tightly hold her own, and knew that his gaze had followed hers; his ever-present sympathy was always welcome to her, although she rarely responded openly to his child-natured advances of affection; abrupt silence was her usual sign of assent, and cessation from attack her sole form of capitulation. This reticence was due, in part, to a sensitiveness which she hated and repressed; sometimes, in a letter, she used a warmth and wealth of tenderness which quite confounded her correspondent; and her next meeting with that friend was likely to be more constrained and icier than ever.

She held her husband's hand, and he felt a sharp tremor in her fingers, and knew that she was fighting off the softer, tenderer mood; then she withdrew her hand and remarked, in a hard, nonchalant tone, "Christmas is such a bore; only a farce to everybody over ten." And, after a moment, she added even more cynically, "It is a sham; better if it were blotted out of the calendar, or treated like other days."

Her discreet, peace-loving husband never differed from her; although sometimes, as now, his assent was less distinct and immediate than at other times. He was glad when, after a few moments of silence, she mused in a mellower tone, "That was a sweet little Christmas Tree which we had for Pet last year, and a capital idea of yours, Tom, to set it out afterward; how readily it rooted, too!" Then a new and sudden purpose laid hold of her impulsive nature, and she sprang up, exclaiming, "Come! Let's go out and look at it! It will be so beautiful, all powdered with the snow."

Glad to see his brooding wife's attention diverted—even though but slightly—he was prompt to second her suggestion, and they threw on a few wraps and went out into the twilight and the silence, amid the softly groping snow-flakes.

A short walk carried them through the new pergola, past the Byzantine sun-dial; and there, at the end of the lawn, they should have come to a sturdy little fir tree—their child's Christmas Tree of one year before. But they both stopped short and stared, perplexed; then Hypatia cried out in surprise and anger, for the little tree was gone; only a mutilated stump, a foot tall, met their astonished gaze; and the snow, all about, was trampled and discolored.

"Oh, the Vandals!" she cried indignantly, scanning the trodden snow. "Boys, probably; men would have known better." And the hot blood mounted to her pale cheeks and gave them a glow which they had not known for many months. Her husband's own face tinged with color as he saw this recrudescence of her old-time spirit; and he was almost thankful for the vandalism which had so transformed her.

"The poor little thing!" she ejaculated, gazing with pity on the mutilated stump, as if upon an injured human creature. Then her anger reasserted itself and she broke forth again: "The Vandals! I know who it was; it was those McDermott twins; I know them well; 'Mickey' and 'Mackey' the other town children call them; 'Micmacs' for short; regular little Indians they are, too, and pests of the neighborhood; they ought to be punished for this; I'll telephone at once to the town constable; I'll see. . . ."

Suddenly a new idea seized her, and she exclaimed abruptly, "Come, Tom! we can track the little scamps in the snow, and make sure they are the thieves; come at once, before their footprints are covered up!" And she drew her tactful, compliant husband after her, dominating him in the old, imperious way he had so admired.

They skirted the lawn, circled the group of poplars where their little one had often played with her nurse, then down the hill toward the village. The footprints—diminutive in size—were easily followed. Hypatia—with something of the zest with which she had formerly followed the hounds at Stockbridge—bent to the trail, commenting as she moved swiftly along: "Two of them, I think; those McDermott twins, without doubt! The lawless little wretches!"

Then, as the plain trail of feet and tree swung around the base of the hill, and led straight toward a bare, dilapidated home-

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stead at the edge of a stubby, melancholy cornfield, she stopped to catch her breath, and reiterated, even more angrily, "Yes, I knew it was those wretched vagrants, and I'll see that they——"

The quiet man beside her interposed in a deprecatory way, "They are quite young, my dear; mere babies."

"I certainly don't consider them babies," she retorted, frowning. "Six years and a half old they are; old enough to know better. The people in the village tell me they are always in mischief. Their mother ought to be— but there! She is an untidy, spiritless creature, with no control over her brats."

"She has a great deal to do, dear," ventured her husband gently. "She has another child, hasn't she? A lame girl, a few years older?"

"Yes," came his wife's reply curtly. "She is about twelve. 'Constantina' they call her. Think of that! And one of the twins is 'Hildebrand.' I forget the other's name; something equally grand! What high-sounding names such people usually give to their children!"

"Not a bad plan!" countered her husband cheerfully. "It's about all they have to give." Then a more serious look came into his eyes as he added, "It is an expression, I think, of the idealism which is forever cropping out in human nature of all sorts and conditions."

"I see more humor than idealism in it," Hypatia responded crisply and added, moving forward again, "See! The trail leads straight to their door; but if we go and ask openly about the theft, the parents will deny it. Such low people always aid and abet their progeny in evil ways."

"I think you are not quite just to the McDermotts; really, my dear, you are not," interposed the husband, with more than his usual insistence. "They're not such a bad sort, from what I hear. He is an unfortuante chap who broke down, over daybooks and ledgers, at the Shawmut Bank, and removed here to this old farm, hoping to regain his health; they are having a hard time with poverty. The 'wolf at the door' is very real to them, I'm told. Luckily the wife is——"

Hypatia threw out her hand impatiently. "Now, Tom, don't! You are going to eulogize that easy-going hussy; don't!"

"But with three children and one of them a cripple!" suggested Tom; "and only her two hands to do all the work!"

"There, there! Don't let's stand like two idiots," exclaimed Hypatia, with increasing anger, "arguing until we are black in the face. But come over to that window! That's their parlor; I notice a light moving inside. I'll warrant that we shall see proof enough with our own eyes."

They left the trail and moved, in the deepening darkness, toward the parlor window; they picked their way carefully across the dooryard—littered with fragments of barrels, a remnant of a buggy, and some empty cans and bottles—and sniffed protestingly as they came to the leeward of the pigpen. Through it all Hypatia's face expressed utter scorn, and her husband's a mixture of anxiety and amusement; presently they climbed the tumbledown turf bank, which surrounded the house, and peered cautiously in.

There, indeed, was the purloined fir tree; and as Hypatia's gaze fell upon it she uttered an inarticulate sound, half pity and half rage. Then the two watched, with deepening interest, the scene within.

The little parlor had not that stiff, bare character usually seen, and felt, in rural New England homes; evidently it was the "living room" of the family, and a distinctly decorative purpose was evident in it; but the adornments were touchingly meagre and elemental. The walls within held several frameless pictures, evidently cut from magazines; also a certificate of Mr. McDermott's membership in some fraternal order, and two diplomas which testified to Constantina's graduation from one and another school; on the mantel above the air-tight stove stood two gaudy little statuettes, and a shell-covered box which had shed its shells during several years, to the peril of active little McDermotts on exploration and adventure bent. Over the door hung a framed photograph of a little girl—Mrs. McDermott's oldest child, no longer living—and over the other door, in a similar frame, hung a silver plate, surrounded by a wreath of white wax-flowers; the plate was inscribed with the name of a McDermott, and, with the ghastly wax-flowers, had once rested, for a brief day, upon the lid of a tear-stained coffin, but had been rescued and preserved by

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loving hands, and made to serve as an ever-present memorial of the beloved dead.

The fir tree was indeed there; it formed the "high-light" of the scene—psychologically, though not optically; on it all pairs of eyes in the parlor were fastened with admiration; but its six candles were "home-made"—from tallow run in candle-moulds by Constantina—and were dim and uncertain; and they sent tiny rivulets of grease down upon the newspapers spread below. Still the twins danced about the little tree with beaming faces, and when—in process of explaining exactly why the candles "guttered"—Mrs. McDermott declared enthusiastically that they were "the best ever," and (shading her eyes with her big red hand) she was "really dazzled by the great light they gave," the wan face of the sick girl lighted up with joy at these reassuring words, and she looked across at her mother tenderly and gratefully.

In addition to the candles, strings of popped corn were festooned among the branches, and Mr. McDermott, under his daughter's directions, had cut up some tomato-cans and ingeniously hammered out half a dozen of their fragments into little stars and hearts; and these, suspended by pieces of plain brown string, shone gayly amid the dark green foliage, looking—as little "Mic" loudly declared—"just as fine as real silver." And little "Mac," straightening, added, in even louder tones, "that they beat silver all hollow." Not that penny-pinched "Mic" and "Mac" knew much about silver from experience; a copper cent, now and then, was their maximum of wealth. In addition to the festoons of popped corn and the glittering stars and hearts, a score and more cranberries, strung on white thread, were distributed among the branches; yet, when Hypatia saw them and must have known that they came from her own meadow, apparently the discovery caused her no irritation, for her husband heard her murmur that it was a pity they were so shrivelled and dull in color.

Several figures of dolls and cows and birds, cut from the red and blue labels of boxes and cans by Constantina's deft fingers, completed the abundant and resplendent decorations of the little tree; certainly it made a brave showing, and seeemd proudly to reflect the joy and echo the gladness of the happy faces and voices about it.

The two spectators at the window uttered no sound, but clung to their position, constrained though that position was, on the sloping, slippery bank; the woman's face was pale and unexpressive; yet, at times, a faint suggestion of self-distrust crossed the rigid features, as if she had lost her confident poise of unqualified condemnation. As for the husband, his mobile, kindly, round little face showed unmistakable signs of tenderness and pity.

But his generous, compassionate outgoing of spirit was unwarranted, and would have been almost inexplicable to the happy group in the parlor. Mr. McDermott's pale, drawn features had relaxed into an expression of gladness very unusual for that despondent, anxious man; and Mrs. McDermott, who always radiated joy and content from her large red face, therefore could only add one or two more creases of jollity to those already beside her full, generous lips, and double the contagious twinkles of merriment which usually flashed from her cheerful brown eyes. With sleeves rolled to her elbows and arms akimbo, she stood back near the kitchen door, bestowing unstinted praise upon the product of her daughter's skilful hands and loving heart. "Oh, ain't it lovely!" she exclaimed, turning her head with difficulty—on her short, full neck—at various angles, to gain various views of the entrancing sight. "It's jest lovely; I never, never seen a better," she repeated whole-heartedly; and this judgment she expressed, like a musical cadence, in several keys, while her husband added, with concise corroboration, at the close of each outburst, "That's so!" as if he sounded a concluding chord.

But the gifts themselves—what were they? First, there were two parti-colored and much-soiled lamp-mats, made from "spool-work"—evidently the product of severe toil and exhaustive concentration by the grimy-fingered twins; Mr. McDermott, quite cheery in countenance, even now was taking the mats from the tree and putting them into Constantina's white, sensitive hands; and she read the names on their slips of paper as carefully as though she had never seen them and knew not their destination. One was for "Father" and the other was for "Mother," and when both parents showed great surprise, and wondered and wondered who could have

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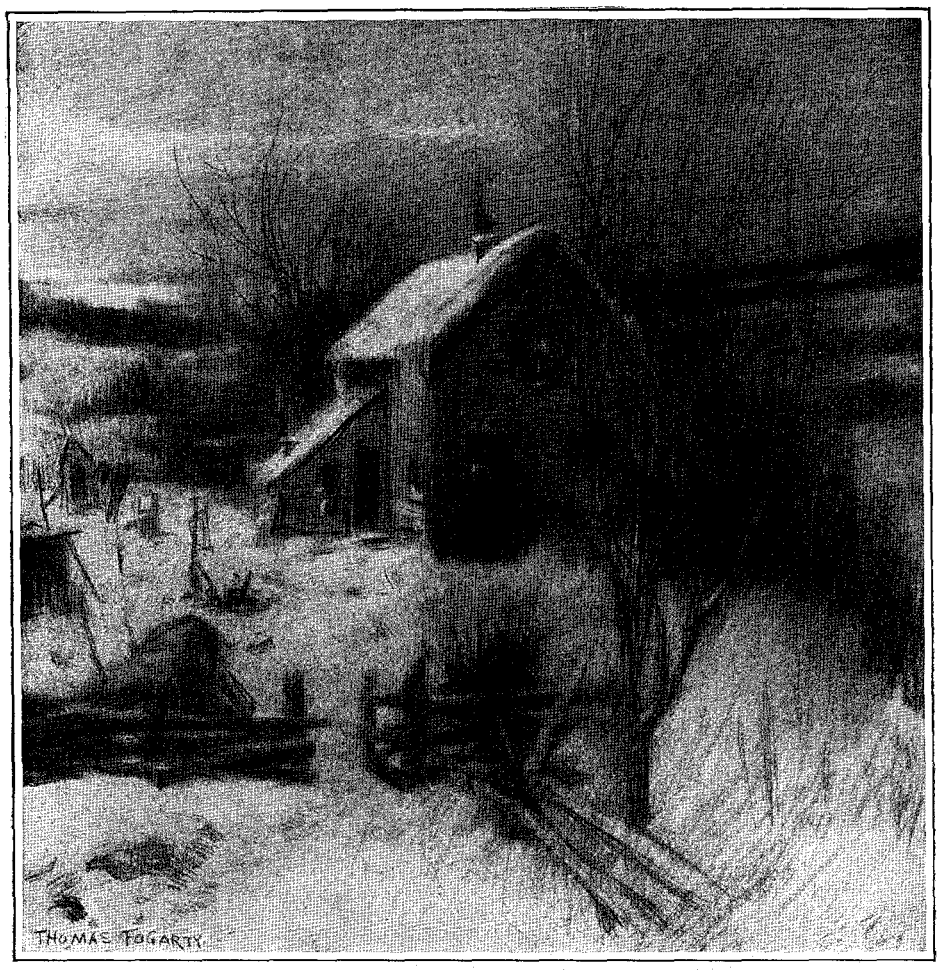

A bare, dilapidated homestead at the edge of a stubby, melancholy cornfield.—Page 743.

sent them these beautiful gifts the seething "Micmacs"—smudgy-faced and spluttering with their self-restraint—bestowed upon each other sundry hard nudges and nearly burst with delight.

The redoubtable twins also gave and received gifts between themselves; although such an exchange was almost like an exchange between a right hand and a left. "Mic" bestowed on his brother a somewhat battered tin flageolet, which had long been the envy of "Mac," and had been graciously loaned to him at times, for very brief periods, as a reward for services rendered. If the player knew how to cover deftly the gash between the second and third holes, several varieties of noise could be evoked, and "Mac" was entirely adequate to such skilled manipulation.

"Mac's" gift to "Mic" had at least the merit of novelty: it was a raw sweet-potato, and it lay, in plebeian nudity, on the spread newspaper beneath the tree and received, at regular intervals, half-molten rivulets from one of the guttering candles, so that it looked like an imperfectly basted roasting turkey; but the sturdy "Micmacs" never let trifles stand between them and a desired goal; the tallowy tuber was a coveted object, and "Mac" eyed it uneasily, and half regretted the burst of generosity in which he had committed it to Constantina's charge, to be duly ticketed with his brother's name.

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Among the other presents were some spiral lamplighters, skilfully rolled by the sick girl's slender fingers—themselves hardly thicker or ruddier than the white spirals they fashioned—and some turgid, viscid squares of molasses candy, made by the "Micmacs," ostensibly for their father, but predestined and foreordained to reach—after much show of eating and enjoying on Mr. McDermott's part—the eager palates and elastic stomachs of his two sons; at such times "Mic" always stood sympathetically in front of his parent, and manifested deep interest in the various stages of deglutition. "How does it taste, father?" "There! Take the rest of that piece!" "Say, Mac, see how it chews! Jes' like gum!" All this, and more, uttered with hands nervously fidgeting behind his back and eyes narrowly watching every motion of the parental hands and mouth. Always the invariable result followed: Mic received sundry specimens of the edible, and straightway shared, evenly, with Mac, his *alter ego*.

A joint present from the twins to their sister was a robin's egg; Mic had "boosted" Mac up to the limb of the old apple tree, and their united resolution it had been to take only one of the three eggs in the nest; because, as Mac quoted, with no thought of questioning it, "Teacher said it was mean an' crool to clean out a poor bird's nest."

McDermott's gift to his wife was an egg-beater, which he had taken in part payment for auditing the local storekeeper's books; Mrs. McDermott knew perfectly well what was in the odd-shaped parcel, because one of the twins had indulged his curiosity about it, and had not re-tied the package successfully; but not until officially informed of its destination did she appear to notice it, and then she made a vociferous display of eager curiosity, ending with a burst of admiration and gratitude. "Jest the very thing I wanted!" she exclaimed. "Suits me to a 't'! Couldn't a hit my case better!" And she threw her big red arms about her tall, thin husband and enveloped him in a mighty hug of affection.

Of course the paper boats were for the twins, and of course they were made by Constantina; and the two red apples and two of the five corn-balls went to the same destination; in fact, a large part of the other three corn-balls eventually went in that direction. And the warm socks went to Mr. McDermott; and many other gifts there were, too numerous to mention, but all clearly noted by the two pairs of eyes, still peering eagerly through the window. Not the least important feature of the joyous occasion was the poem, written and read by Constantina, who had given a valedictory in verse when she graduated from the grammar-school in Boston the year before. It had several sweet little lines about "Mother" and "Father" and sundry indirect references—of a good-natured yet critical character—to the twins, who swelled with pride and periodically exploded with a yeasty joy, and exchanged many innocuous digs with thumbs and proddings with elbows. The poem being not a creation of "Art for Art's sake," but a charming expression of a sweet and devout personality, closed with lines which enjoined all listeners to be grateful to the Heavenly Father for their blessings, and not to forget those less fortunate than themselves.

Hearing this appeal (from the midst of nipping, biting Penury, for a possibly poorer than itself), Hypatia's grasp tightened on her husband's arm, and he understood. "Oh, the beauty and yet the pathos of it!" he responded under his breath. Then came a little refrain, at the very end, which had been used twice before in the course of the poem: "That spirit of Love the whole world shall fill—The Christmas Spirit of 'Peace and Good-will.'" And, at this final repetition, Hypatia uttered a sound—half sigh and half sob—ejaculated "Come!" and peremptorily led the way back across the dooryard and the field, and up the hill, not bending eagerly forward as she had come, but with rigid form, head erect, and cold, white face defying the whiter, colder snow-flakes.

Her husband silently followed. As they reached the stump of the little fir tree, she seemed to hold her breath, and passed it with face resolutely averted. When they were once more within their "den," and Hypatia had absently warmed her chilled hands at the fire, she glanced about the room, then said sadly, almost savagely, "Those who seem to have least, often have most." And Thomas thus traced the hidden progress of her thought, as one traces, across a wheat-field, the progress of some

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

She stood back near the kitchen door, bestowing unstinted praise.—Page 744.

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He glanced through the window and saw stout Mrs. McDermott and the irrepressible twins.

moving creature below by the ripple among the heads of wheat above.

About a week later, on a clear, cold afternoon, Thomas Fenderson was aroused from his work in the library by voices outside the front door. He glanced through the window and saw stout Mrs. McDermott and the irrepressible twins.

Although surprised, he instinctively hastened to the door to take the burden of this visit—whatever its nature might be—upon himself; he feared lest the combination of his wife and the McDermotts should produce, chemically, an "explosive mixture." He prepared, therefore, to explain her absence; he instantly suspected that Hypatia, in some way, had put herself in touch with these people, who, manifestly, had aroused her deep interest.

From what he had seen of Mrs. McDermott, in the unrestraint of her own home, on Christmas Eve, he anticipated a voluble and even boisterous outpouring of some sort; but, with that adaptability so generally found among Americans, the good woman, arrayed in her bare best, accepted the rôle of guest on equal terms with him, her host, and evinced a quietness of demeanor and a poise of self-respect quite admirable.

First, she carefully adjusted her restless sons to their unaccustomed environment, seating them in chairs; and she lifted an admonitory finger, mustering as severe a frown as she could on her round, good-natured face. Their hands and feet moved ceaselessly, but automatically and harmlessly; for their minds were busy cataloguing and classifying the novel impressions received through keen, watchful eyes.

Mrs. McDermott, showing no more perturbation than a nervous clasping and unclasping of her honest, red hands on her ample lap, thanked Mrs. Fenderson, through

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her husband, for the "lovely New Year's present" which had been sent to the McDermott home. "It's a picture," said she; "and a grand one; large, with a lovely frame; yes, it's fine. I never saw a finer; at least not close to."

So Hypatia had thus expressed her involved self, reflected Thomas; then he wondered, and asked what the picture itself was; for the good, grateful creature before him seemed far more impressed with the size and apparent costliness of the gift than with its æsthetic significance.

Mrs. McDermott now halted somewhat in her description. "It's a picture—of—of—a woman," she began. "Not a dressed-up woman, you know, but just ordinary like; and she is standing in a field; and, and—she holds a sort of sickle in one hand, and she is looking in the air—so." And Mrs. McDermott suited action quite dramatically to word. "And she ain't pretty, you know; not at all pretty; that is to say, I don't call her so, nor does my husband; but Constantina declares, most positive, that she is lovely. And Constantina says, too, that the woman is looking at a bird up in the air, and—and——"

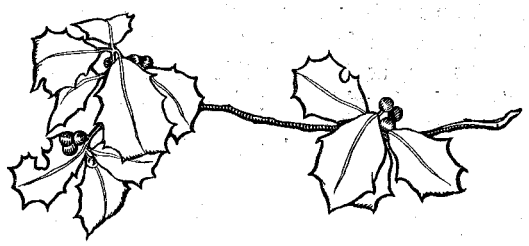
Then Thomas Fenderson knew that Hypatia had sent the McDermott's a copy of Jules Breton's "Skylark"; and for the moment he was not sure whether the gift was absurd or was singularly felicitous. But, even as he was mentally debating the problem Mrs. McDermott burst out, with more confidence and with increasing warmth: "And then, sir, the lovely letter your lady sent! So sweet and touching! Why it was fit to have come right out of the pages of the Bible. Constantina, we think, is pretty good at writing, but she can't hold a candle to Mrs. Fenderson."

It was all so frank and sincere and grateful, that Thomas took it, with all its crudity, unconventionally, at its full heart value; but he became anxious as his visitor continued: "We intend to keep that lovely letter most careful; we may have it framed, sometime, if we can afford it, and hang it up in the parlor under the lovely big picture."

Upon this, Thomas glanced uneasily at the hallway; he had thought he heard a door creak on the floor above; he hoped, earnestly, that Hypatia was not listening, and rising, nervously, he interposed in a loud voice: "I understand; I understand perfectly. You are very kind; very kind, indeed, to come over and say these pleasant words; I—I thank you for Mrs. Fenderson." Then, by a happy inspiration, he bethought him of the twins, silent but observant, and only a word of formal inquiry was needed to send their devoted mother off in a dissertation upon their condition—physical, mental, and moral.

By this diversion the delegates of the grateful McDermott family were lured toward the door and soon took their leave. After he had closed the door, Thomas Fenderson stood, with hand on knob, several moments, reflecting deeply.

He did not, however, mention the visit to Hypatia; and he could not clearly decide, from his wife's manner, whether or not she had overheard their visitor's enthusiastic tribute to her generosity, tenderness, and epistolary skill. One never could tell, with Hypatia.



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LINES TO A HERMIT THRUSH

By Olive Tilford Dargan

Dweller among leaves
  And shining twilight boughs that fold
    Cool arms about thine altar-place,
What deity receives
  Thy fluent tribute-gold?
    What joyous race
Of gods dost serve, whose service gives
  Thee heart to sing as thou hadst passed no way
Save beauty's since the unsleeping Wand
Tipped thee with life, and overfond
  Gave thee the perfect woodland lay?
Wouldst weave a spell
  Of time-fringed memories?
    An age-unbroken charm
  Of slumbering, ancient trees,
  Of star-sweet fragrances no day defiled?
Of bowering nights innumerable,
    When thou didst nestle warm
Upon a nymph's unfettered heart
  That sleeping yet was wild
With dream-beat that thou mad'st a part
  Of thy dawn-fluting?—ay, and keep'st it still
Down to these sober days of godless woods.
  Dost strive, so late, to fill
  This long unhaunted dell
With life that poured its forest floods
  In seasons through thine undefeated strain,
  And in one hour build the old world again?
Wast thou found singing when Diana drew
  Her skirts from the first night,
And morn and earth met wondering and new?
Didst feel the sun-breath when the valleys grew
  More warm and loved the light
Till blades of flower-lit green gave to the wind
  The mystery that made sweet
  The earth forever—strange and undefined
  As life, as God, as this thy song complete
That holds with me twin memories
  Of time ere men,
And ere our ways
  Lay sundered with the abyss of air between?

List, I will lay
The world in a song
Deep in the heart of day,—
Day that is long

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As the ages may dream or the stars delay!
Keep thou from me,
Sigh-throated man,
Forever to be
Under the songless wanderer's ban!
I am of time
That counteth no dawn,
Thy æons yet climb
The skies I have won,
Seeking for aye an unrisen sun!

Soft as a shadow slips
Before the moon, I creep beneath thy trees,
Even to the boughs whose lowest, circling tips
Whisper with the anemones
Thick-strewn as though a cloud had made
Its drifting way through bough and leafy braid
And sunk with unremembering ease
To humbler heaven upon the mossy heaps.
Here, near thy heart, a warmer flow
Urges thy melody, yet keeps
The cool of forest deeps;
As might a rose blush through
Its unrelinquished dew
And dream itself aglow;
Or beauteous heart that knows not woe
Put on the robe of sighs, and fain
Would hold in soft surmise a neighbor's pain.
Nay, I have wronged thee, sprite!
So tenderly thy song is sped,
Floating, sailing o'er my head
In sweet, reluctant flight,
I dream of time when thou hast gone
With gleaning wing o'er human years,
And met, ay, made thine own
The sigh of men who pray, the tears
That hide the woman's star,
The brave ascending fire
That is youth's beacon and too soon his pyre,
Yea, all the longings that outbreathe
From silent bosoms and enwreathe
Our way to Heaven, Heaven being
The goal our striving, bateless and unseeing,
Builds each day new
Deep in time's unattainèd blue,
Yet fairer, farther, ever fleeing
The dream that ever must pursue.

Heart-need is sorest
When the song dies;
Come to the forest,

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Brother of the sighs!
Heart-need is song-need,
Brother, give me thine:
Song-meed is heart-meed,
Brother, take mine!

I go the still way,
Cover me with night:
Thou goest the will-way
Into the light.
Here have I treasure—
Life in a song—
Gift none may measure
For thy journey long!

O, little pagan with the heart of Christ,
I go bewildered from thine altar-place,
These brooding forest wings
Of twilight pine, and beech gray-lit
As dream had fashioned it,
Nor know if thou deniest
My destiny and race,
Man's goalward falterings,
And sing'st the perfect joy that lay
Along the path we missed somewhere,
That led thee to thy home in air,
Whilst we, soil-creepers, bruise our way
Through murk and fen
To heights and sunrise bounds
That wings may know, nor feet may win
For all their scars, for all their wounds,
Or have I heard within thy strain
Not sorrow's self, but sorrowing
For that thou went the way more sweet
Nor took with us the trail of pain
That endeth not, e'er widening
To footstep of the worlds that beat
A path unto the Infinite,
And ere thou fall'st to silence long,
Would golden parting fling:

Go, man, through death unto thy star:
I journey not so far:
My wings must fail e'en with my song.

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THE CARROLLS' FORMAL GARDEN

By Jesse Lynch Williams

WHEN Fred and Molly Carroll finished the building and furnishing of their celebrated country house there was no money left for what they had always counted upon most of all—the garden. Though scarcely half as extensive as the "rambling old" manor house they had frequently fashioned in their dreams and had actually designed in their studio with plans carefully drawn to scale, the placid little home they now lived in had innocently swallowed more than double the amount of their original "appropriation," as their combined available assets had been lightly termed by Nelson Peters who was once their trusted friend, since turned their arch-architect, and with whom they were at present upon a footing of noticeable politeness, far more formal than any garden of theirs would ever care to be.

For, as may be found elsewhere in the annals of the illustrious Carroll family when it came to the apportioning of their share of the world and the problem had reduced itself to a choice between a tennis court for Fred or a garden for Molly, his wife, they decided to compromise upon the tennis court because exercise was a necessity, whereas gardening was a mere luxury. "Besides," as Molly added to clinch the matter, for she, as has been recorded, advocated the tennis court because she knew Fred preferred it, just as he insisted upon a garden because he knew how she longed for it—"Besides, I can play on the court, but you would *never* work in the garden." So Fred laughed and good-naturedly gave in, not willing to appear unreasonable in the matter. Wives are wonderful wheedlers.

Now, otherwise, it should be understood, the house had proved a notable success—"despite that man Peters," as Carroll would say, with a reminiscent smile at his wife, when week-end guests seemed to appreciate the Carroll estate or made a well-meaning effort in that direction by saying "so artistic!"

"The *good* features of the house were all Fred's ideas," Molly would always say in answer to his smile, readily recognizing her cue, as all true women should learn to do if they would succeed as wives, actresses, or in any other womanly sphere.

But though so eminently comely and comfortable, though as much like their dream of a house in the country as anything so grossly material and expensive as a house could hope to be, the house could never become a home, it seems, would remain a mere house, so long as it lacked an out-door room to smile back at the in-door rooms, a shadowy place, secluded, unimagined even, from the public road; a place to stroll in in the cool of the evening according to the precedent established in the garden of Eden, and followed with some interruption by the descendants ever since; a place to work in at play hours and mayhap to play in at what ought to be work hours.

A few flower borders Molly possessed and plenty of shrubs, properly planted along the edges of things or massed in corners in accordance with the orthodox outlines of the landscape architect whom Carroll had employed—when that man Peters had at last finished making a mess—on the commendable principle of its paying "in the long run" to start right. ("We'll save money in the end by spending a little more now," said Fred, trying to look practical as he quoted the expert landscape opinion. "But do you suppose we'll ever reach the end!" asked Molly). Planting here and there, however correctly, however successfully, did not compose a garden. This was not an out-door room. These more or less interesting bits were not a structural part of the habitation. Indeed, some of Molly's more recent flower-beds looked rather lonely and detached as if they were camping out—a very good thing in its way, Carroll said, but not the only way or the best for civilized living. The best place for beds is within the walls of a room, though a hammock or two outside will do no harm if placed unobtrusively.

Indeed, as the seasons rolled by and the Carroll's vines and children grew, the truth

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was borne in upon Molly that this yearning for a garden was not a mere luxury, as she had supposed, but a necessity, an organic need of her nature; that her otherwise good and useful life could never be complete, that she could never "really live" until she had a garden. Some women feel the same way about children. She pondered the matter in her heart and wondered if her husband ever felt this void in their lives, but she did not like to broach the subject of her secret sorrow. He was a Carroll, and the Carrolls are all so reserved. It was such a delicate matter. We all have hidden depths in our natures where even our dearest dare not enter.

Now, as it happened, they had done very well in the way of children—or were doing, we might more accurately state, since they were still young and healthy parents—very well indeed, considering the present price of food and clothing which a wise civilization allows young parents to pay for the privilege of supplying well-reared future citizens. Nearly all the rooms they had designed for guests had been permanently appropriated by offspring. Perhaps if the Carrolls had not been so long on future citizens—but why should public spirit and private gardens go together? . . .

Frederick Carroll, watching solicitously, knew and understood what the noble woman who bore his name was suffering in silence; with mingled feelings of shame and tenderness, of sympathy and perhaps aversion he understood as well as a man can understand a woman's yearnings. So, in a man's blundering but well-meaning way, he would draw near, pat her hand tenderly and say, "Let's play tennis."

And it was noticed at such times that he was very thoughtful and solicitous, serving easily to her and cheating himself conscientiously in the score.

Yes, sometimes she felt that he understood. Once she had caught him surreptitiously measuring off spaces on the sloping lawn below the south terrace, and when she asked him as women will, "What are you doing, dearest?" he started and answered gruffly, "Oh, nothing darling," and hid the tape measure. And one day when, supposed to be out upon social duties, she entered the studio unexpectedly, her heart gave a great bound of primal joy, for there upon the easel (where he was supposed to be turning out a money-maker) she beheld the very vision of her dreams: A silent, silvery pool gleaming in twilight shadows, reflecting serenely a pair of stately cypresses in the background, one a little taller than the other; a broad flight of easy steps in the foreground, half hidden in the shadow, a little crumbling perhaps at the edges, half choked by flowers at the bottom; a single white stone bench at the far end, strongly marked against the deep black green of evergreens beyond, and surrounding it all an old stone wall, very tall, very mellow, nearly hidden by vines and completely covered by the tone of time as Fred could suggest so well, so much better than any painter of his day.

"What's that you are taking down?" asked Molly, framed in the doorway in her calling clothes. She tried to make the question sound casual, unemotional. To have remained silent would have been more significant, embarrassing.

"Oh, nothing," said Fred with the well-known Carroll reserve. He was blushing furiously. He hid the canvas abruptly in a drawer and turned the key, quite as once long ago when he had come upon Molly in the sewing room she had abruptly hid some of her "work" in a lowest bureau drawer, also blushing furiously. Only she had laughed on that occasion and he did not on this, for he was a Carroll.

"It looked very nice," said Molly, ignoring the Carroll reserve. The Carrolls were rather proud of it, but it always irritated her unmeasurably.

"Just a pot boiler."

"Let me see it."

"Now, Molly, you know I never like to show things until I've finished them. How pretty your new dress is. I always like you in those half tints. Did you find everybody out?—made a clean score, eh? Great luck."

She looked at him a moment until his gaze fled from hers. Then she knew and understood that he, too, alas, had a vacant place in the hidden recesses of his deep, strong and reserved nature. Their sorrow though unspoken, was shared.

II

FRED, deeply absorbed in the finishing of a canvas, was pondering over certain minute details which, perhaps, would not make

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a great deal of difference to the progress of civilization one way or the other, and were undoubtedly delaying the start of a lot of other work which was to make money to pay for keeping a house, a wife, four children, and three dogs, not to speak of other luxuries with which it is said artists should not encumber the free and gladsome expression of their own individualities.

But he was not thinking about the flight of time nor the progress of civilization or any of his other obligations. He never did while at work (only when he got through and could not sleep), though he had placed his studio with one of its windows in full view of the drive so that the morning procession of butchers, grocers, plumbers and other daily callers would remind him of what he was there for.

This tendency was called temperament, and it was something to be proud of, though, "My dear, it's a dreadful thing to keep in the house," Molly confided to her dearest friend over the tea cups. "It's worse than a skeleton in a family's closet until you get used to it."

Molly was getting used to it. She was seated in the studio now near by him to watch his genius burn. She was not working. It is not a woman's place to work. She was merely mending a few dozen garments of varying sizes and descriptions belonging to future citizens who at the present moment were seeing how close a tennis ball could be thrown to their loving father's studio window without penetrating the glass. Fred did not mind; he had become used to it. So long as the ball did not go through the glass, he rather liked it—they might do so many worse things. He had also become used to having Molly around while he was working. She had taught him—it took years. She seldom bothered him and always admired his work. She had wonderful taste.

She even helped him, though he did not know that. He thought she was merely asking him eager, child-like questions as when he was a young and precocious lecturer at the League and she was a young and precocious pupil. Judging from her questions she was quite intelligent for a woman. He told her so.

To-day, however, she asked a banal one, one she had asked before, and should have had intelligence and taste enough not to ask again. But it distressed her to see him working himself into pale exhaustion over something which was already beautiful enough and might be rendered less beautiful now that he was stale and sick of it. "Oh," she burst out, threading a needle, "why don't you just dash it off, and let it go at that." She made a striking gesture, thimble and all.

He came back startled from his tantalizing vision of things as they ought to be, always hovering just out of reach. He came back just in time to see the gesture. It interested him. He would have liked to dash off a study of that. Then he heard her words, realized the proportions and the curious arrangements of a real world, felt guilty, ashamed, and then irritated. He knew all that as well as she did, but it was a wife's duty to understand and be sympathetic. He took his pipe out of his mouth. "Let's see you—just dash it off," he replied imitating her gesture with his pipe, not having a thimble. Then he smiled indulgently and bent over his work again until the very last of his daylight was gone, which meant, as the month was June, after the Carroll's usual dinner hour, and this not only caused a cold, stiff dinner, but made the waitress give notice, for she had a lover waiting down the lane, and not even waitress's lovers ought to be kept waiting, any more than artists ought to get married.

Molly had been a great artist herself, or was going to be, when Fred had come along and spoiled her life. So it was rather rubbing it in to jeer at her, even in fun. But then, she had spoiled his life, too, as she often reminded him. Each, it seems, had succeeded in making a complete negative of the other's life when they affirmed their intention of taking each other for better or worse. It was very sad.

When first married she had wanted to be "just an old-fashioned wife," because that seemed to be what Fred wanted. And now she had to be something of that sort, whether she wanted to or not. It seemed too bad. So many women could produce children, but there have been so few great artists of that sex.

Well, a few days later, Molly ordered her husband out of the house and sent him off to the city to rest and have a good time with friends at the club. For she had learned that it was best not to let him get at a new

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piece of creative work when in the exhausted state immediately succeeding a finished product of creation. For he had finally finished it—at least, he wanted to fuss with it some more, only she smilingly but firmly refused, took it away from him, in fact, as she sometimes took a toy away from Frederick, Jr., when he became tired of its proper normal functions and tried to suck the paint off.

"But I've got a new slant on the thing entirely," pleaded Frederick, Sr., the morning he was to start.

"It's too late," said his smiling mentor, "I've expressed it to MacPherson's. It will make a hit." And sure enough it did, being one of the most charming and characteristic Carroll's now in existence. It is worth thousands—though that does not help the Carrolls much, as they accepted mere hundreds for it. It is a hard world for creators too.

Having got rid of her husband, Molly, with a quiet glow in her determined eyes, sent her elder offspring in charge of the governess across the sloping meadow to the woods for a picnic by the spring. Anything with Guava jelly in it was a picnic. Then having conferred with the cook, given incisive orders to butcher's and grocer's boys, answered half a dozen telephone calls, consulted with the gardener about the Irises (they had an excellent gardener, even though they had no real garden), written three or four letters for Fred—he often let her do that much, it made her feel that she was of some use; and helped make half a dozen beds, moving with light staccato footsteps about her immaculate and glistening house, she suddenly, stealthily darted into Fred's studio, picked up brushes and palette and began to "dash off" an oil of that portion of the Carroll estate bounded by the studio window—a graceful bit of trellis with large grape leaves in sun and shadow framing an old gate (erected last year). She was still a child and did not like to take dares.

But just as she was well started upon her dash, young Frederick, Jr., aged three, bleating loudly for her, tracked her down, found her out, regarded her reproachfully and reproved her for deserting him. Apparently this healthy male shared the common masculine prejudice against a woman's going out of her sphere. Woman was made for man. He did not in the least approve of her gazing with such rapt eyes out of the window of her happy home. Why should she when she could look at him? That ought to be enough for any true woman.

But the training of women has made them very adaptable, some would say deceptive. When she saw that what she was doing failed to coincide with his beautiful ideal of sweet femininity she put him in a chair (before the window) and began to paint *him*. He did not know that, but he saw that he had her undivided attention, and this pleased him very well. She told him how wonderful he was—and she looked as if she meant it. She admired his work (sucking his thumb). She asked him intelligent questions. She laughed gayly at his witticisms. He thought he was filling her life. He complacently believed that he had put an end to her nonsense. What they do with their soft little feminine hands does not matter so long as they gaze admiringly at us. It is just as well to let them play with fancy work, beads, baubles, what not; it gives them something to do, and keeps them out of mischief against the return of the superior sex.

Molly painted rapidly, not being hampered by a temperament. She was obliged to. He had gone to sleep looking contented and adorable. It was a chance she had often wanted. She was painting him so with the background of out-doors. The pose might not last long. He might wake up and want to go off to the city or the sand pile. And yet she had the impudence to jeer while she took this unfair advantage. "How furious you would be," she smiled at the poor duped male, "if you only knew what a joke I have on you, you angel! You thought you were interfering—you are *helping* me!" There was a gleam of triumph in her eye. This was an achievement. Any woman of intelligence may regard a mere fatuous father as so much putty in her hands, but it takes unusual gifts to get ahead of his child of three.

And yet these females assume a guileless wonder that we seek to keep them in the home, where they should be securely locked. They even pretend, in order to dupe us, that the motive we allege is chivalric. It is not that we wish to protect them, but ourselves, and they know it, even when we do not. For the first law

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of nature makes itself felt and obeyed even among the blind.

By the time the children had wandered back from their picnic and Fred had returned from town, weary from too much smoking and weighted down with gossip and shop talk from the club (but refreshed all the same and glad to be back), Molly had finished her creative dash and had hidden it carefully away (in the lowest bureau drawer where she kept other things) and, dressed all in white—Fred loved her "all in white"—she was seated serenely before the white wicker tea table upon the cool green terrace to welcome him, looking as sweet and guileless and fresh as the terrace itself or Freddie, Jr., who was also in white and who knew no more of what had happened or of what its consequences would be than Frederick, Sr.

"You poor dear boy, it must have been *dreadfully* hot in town," she said kissing him. "Boys, bring the reclining chair for your father. There, sit down—here's your tea—now tell me *a-all* about *everything*."

And he did, adding beamingly, "And how have things gone with you, dear?"

"Very smoothly. The children have been perfect angels all day. And Freddie has helped his mother wonderfully—haven't you, my adorable?"

The unsuspecting namesake had been hugging one of her fair hands; this he now kissed, being fond of her. It was the very hand that had betrayed him.

III

For fear it might worry him, it had been Molly's intention to let her husband remain in ignorance of her faithlessness so long as possible. That is always the best way to do it. The fiction about women and secrets is one of the traditions men fatuously enjoy handing down from generation to generation of males, while women listen patiently and enjoy men's believing it. The female is the only sex which can keep important secrets, being trained to do so from infancy. It is only that so few we consider important they consider important enough.

But when one day a month or two later an express package of familiar shape was brought into the studio Fred, without noticing the "Mrs." prefixed to his own celebrated name, and supposing that it contained the original of one of his own works of art returned after reproduction for publication, opened the package and gazed first in perplexity, then in admiration at a certain dashing style in the vigorous brush work, then in astonishment at recognizing a portrait of his own flesh and blood, and finally, in utter bewilderment, at seeing the modest signature of his small and beloved wife. Next, recovering his breath, he clamored loudly for his helpmeet. "Molly! Molly! come quick!" he called as if something had happened to one of the children—and something assuredly had. His namesake had been immortalized.

Trembling like Bluebeard's wife, Fred's soon stood in his presence. The evidence of her guilt was before her eyes, and now in her cheeks.

"When did you do it?" It was clear from his excited tone and the light in his eyes that her work had found favor in his sight.

"I am sorry," she said. "I did not mean you to know——"

"Sorry! Look at it. I didn't know you had it in you."

"Oh, it's just a little thing I dashed off in an idle moment——"

But he did not feel this thrust. He was gazing and chuckling with delight again at the canvas. It was not an excellent portrait of Frederick, Jr. It was something better. It was a baby, The Baby, all babies; bland, bulging babyhood with its well-fed complacency, its healthy individualism, its smug disdain of worry, its voluptuous content; as well as also, more commonly portrayed, often more sentimentally piled on, its soft fragrant cuddlesomeness, so terrifying to most men, so intoxicating to most women (not all!), causing them to beam and say, "Ah!" in that tone which betokens not only maternal tenderness but a sort of self-satisfied expertness of appreciation to which man can never hope to attain.

"I didn't know you had it in you," Fred repeated. There were crudities; it was not professional work; but it had charm, and it had the easy flowing confidence of virginal ignorance. Fred knew too much about his job to work so easily. "I wish I could have done that," he said sincerely.

"Oh, don't be sarcastic," she answered,

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glowing at his praise, trying in vain to conceal her joy of it. "So you're really not offended at my trying?"

"Offended?" He looked perplexed. He had forgotten his preujdices for the moment. "Why, that's good work, I tell you." Art, it seems, is sexless.

Molly was surprised, a little taken aback. Somehow the big, blundering brutes do at times show a generous fairness which rather shames and confuses the petty sex. We have taught them much, but not sportsmanship. But Fred had gone on, talking of the merits of the work and some of its demerits, to show sincerity, in the masterly manner men talk shop to women, making queer movements with his thumb and head as many artists seem to feel relief in doing. "And the background—the trellis frame, the big leaves—the kid's head against the green gate. You have the decorative instinct, Molly, rare in women. This sketch might make a successful special cover for a magazine—reproduce well, too. But of course they didn't see that. Too bad they returned it." He covered it up with its wrappings, to go on with his day's work. He could be genuinely sorry for his wife, and at the same time feel a slight pang of relief for himself. He did not mind other women's being strenuous and "artistic"—but not his wife.

It was Molly's supreme moment. "They *had* to return it," she said, casually, "because I sold only the rights of reproduction, dear, just as you do."

"What! They took it?" He forgot about his day's work.

"*They* did not take *it*. It took one of those prizes they offered for covers for the woman's number." She said it as if accustomed to doing such things.

"Only the second prize," she added modestly.

"Why, that's the very contest I told you of—they asked me to act as one of the judges in that contest."

"Yes, dear."

"Is that why you advised me *not* to act?"

"Yes, dear."

Fred burst out laughing. It was one of those moments when a husband realizes that he does not know his wife so thoroughly as he had supposed, and likes her more for it.

"Oh, it wasn't much," she added, "not half as much as you get for your things, you know."

"Molly," he declared after a smiling pause, half-jocular, half-earnest, "I always said I spoiled a good painter when I married you. Now I'm sure of it. But, you *would* marry me."

Her smiling answer took him unawares. "I can live it down, my dear," she said innocently, pushing back her hair. "It is not too late yet. They have asked to 'see more of my work.'"

The artist looked up at his wife, artist no longer, all husband now. Art may be sexless, but marriage is not. "Do you mean, you are thinking of drawing for the magazines—regularly?—that sort of thing?"

"Why not? if I can make money at it."

The so-called civilized instincts, dormant for the moment in the unworldly artist enthusiasm, were now awakened. Somehow he could not like it. He showed it in his scowl. It was not jealousy, of course, nor was it the desire to absorb all her time and attention. He believed in women's doing things—but not for money.

He thought this due entirely to the instinct for protecting his mate. He thought that the instinct for displaying his masculine power to do so before the gaze of other males had nothing to do with it. But even artists, it seems, who see themselves upon enlightened heights far above the burrowings and jostlings of the sordid horde, professing to despise the absurd ideals of our great and glorious pecuniary culture, sometimes show that they, too, are touched and tempered by the pecuniary canons of taste and respectability derived therefrom.

It is all right to allow the soft and clinging creatures to do a little real work now and then, some of them do rather good work, winning, even commanding, the respect of the superior sex. But they should not be paid for it. The only thing they should be paid for is living with a man. Men will give them as much as they can afford, or at any rate as much as they, in their superior judgment, see fit. That is the only right and respectable economic sphere for the female. Others are sometimes necessary, to be sure, but they are compromises with man's lofty ideal of womanhood. Man so decreed it when the supply of women was scarce. Women have graciously accepted this ennobling ideal and have sought to per-

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petuate it ever since—all but a few strange, unsexed creatures.

"See here, Molly," he said, trying sympathetically to think in feminine terms, "are you—'unhappy?'"

She looked at his easel. "But are *you?*"

"Oh, but that's different; I'm a man. I have my work to do in the world."

"'Artist' can be either masculine or feminine—or neither."

He looked interested, amused, alert, and finally laughed indulgently. They will get these crazy notions now and then, when you forget to kiss them or something. "So the kids and I aren't enough, eh?"

"Enough! I really don't feel the need of any more husbands or children."

He laughed, as she had intended that he should; but she could tell that he was serious from the slangy manner in which he asked: "Oh, come, wouldn't you really rather take care of kids than paint 'em?"

Molly took a dance step toward him, raised her impudent face to his and shook a small capable finger under his nose, "Oh, but I can do *both*, you see," and she swaggered across the room from him. It was the New Woman Rampant—most adorably so.

Fred chuckled from sheer delight in her, and catching her by her waist, still attractively slender, kissed her mouth, still eminently kissable. For this still seemed to him the best way to end an argument with a woman, though he avoided, so far as possible, arguments with other men's wives.

Molly, though a new woman, liked to be caught and kissed by the man she loved. It is said that the soft yielding creatures seldom get over it. Perhaps it is not inconsistent with the new womanhood. Men, while still given to catching and kissing in sturdy man fashion, have been known to succeed in other ways at the same time.

But that did not end the argument. Frederick, Jr. ended it by a summons from the throne room. Molly ran with cheerful loyalty. But even that did not settle the question of the proper limitations of her sphere. It settled itself, as such things usually do. . . .

Molly's triumph was to be kept a secret in the family until the day when it should burst upon the world in the shape of the magazine itself, a worthy journal devoted to the interests of women, *true* women for the most part. Molly did not tell a soul.

But Fred did. He told everybody, manlike. He boasted of it to all their friends—under the transparent guise of merely telling the joke upon himself, "Why don't you just dash it off—" and "Let's see you do it"—especially to those who still considered Molly merely a cunning little thing, because she took her clothes more seriously than her clubs. He seemed, indeed, more proud of his wife's achievements than of his first picture in the salon in his bachelor days.

It was the money that appealed most to Molly, the sordid little parasite. She was an economic entity at last. It made her self-respecting. It gave her a superior, elated sensation. It is not every woman who can be an economic entity. "It's the first money I ever earned in my life," she said, beginning on the heels of the tenth pair of stockings.

"I see," said Fred, who didn't. He was painting, swingingly this morning. Therefore he was happy. "Quite a capitalist, aren't you? What are you going to do with it all?"

"I suppose I really ought to turn half of it over to my husband," she said demurely.

"He might spend it foolishly," said Fred. "Husbands are so unbusiness-like."

"I think I shall invest it," she said seriously. She seemed rather impressed with her new responsibility.

"Where—or is that something a husband oughtn't to bother his little head about."

"In the savings bank for little Fred. You see, I can have the glory—except what you get as the husband of Mrs. Carroll. So it is only fair that he should have the money. He earned it. Besides, he hasn't a cent in the world, poor darling." It was too true. The earlier children, whether namesakes or not, had fared pretty well among grandparents and unpatriotic uncles on both sides of the house, but toward the end of the string the recurrence of new little dears became an old story and rather expensive. Besides there was now considerable competition among the various in-laws, and even grand-parents can become *blasé*.

"Poor little cuss," said Fred, "but you will do nothing of the sort. He's my namesake. I will put the proceeds of one of these money-makers to his credit. You must get something pretty for yourself with your dollars. Nothing useful, something

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extravagant. You haven't blown yourself since we built the house."

Molly's darning needle worked in silence for a moment. "I do need a new evening dress," she began tentatively, then seeing a faint frown on her husband's brow—"do you think me horribly selfish?"

"Yes, I've often noticed that," he said with his nicest look. "We'll go to town next week. I'll help you pick out some decent clothes."

They were indeed decent, and almost as costly as those of the early days when Fred had only Molly and himself to clothe. "But it's your own money," urged Fred, when the frugal habit of later years knitted her brows. "You earned it. You deserve it."

When the wonderful things at last came home, the bill with them was receipted. Fred ducked his head into the newspaper palpably.

"Do you think this a fair, a manly thing to do?" she asked. "Was it thoughtful? Was it Christian? Was it kind?" All this with orthodox interludes according to ancient conjugal custom.

"You needed some new things," he said gruffly, "you never would have got decent ones otherwise." Then he turned to the newspaper again. The Carrolls are *so* reserved.

"It seems to me I have *some* rights," Molly complained. "It's my own money. I earned it. I used to think that if I could only earn some for myself I would not feel so degraded, but—what *will* you let me spend it on!" She looked desperate and determined.

Fred liked the look. It entertained him. He put down the newspaper, arose, approached and took her by the shoulder. "What do you want most in all the world?"

She looked up into his eyes, then sprang off the floor into his arms. "Our garden at last!"

"No, *yours*. I've got a tennis court."

IV

NEVERTHELESS, Molly, though a new woman, felt a little badly about it's not being *our* garden, until Fred made that all right by showing her the plans—he had scores of them. "I design it, and you merely pay for it. I have already put in more time upon the job than your money can possibly cover, and I'll probably put in a lot more."

He did, as it turned out, and not only time, but a couple of his own pictures as well as Molly's went into the garden. Even then it was not like their dream garden. But it was a garden, and their own, and they loved it.

"You see that is the new way," he had gone on; "the new woman supplies the money, tosses over a check with an abstracted scowl—'try to make that last the month out,' she says, and goes on with her more important affairs. The other merely supplies the time, taste and intelligence. It is all right. We are merely a little in advance of our generation."

Molly looked up at him soberly. She had derived an idea from his fooling. "It doesn't really matter so much, which does which, Fred, does it, so long as they do them *together*."

It seemed to be a good enough idea for the present.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ON a certain page of a certain novel of the week—there is no need of a more definite citation—the young author summons in fancy the Chosen Few into his study and tells them briefly what they ought to read. He warns them against too much fiction, advising just enough; he commends some very commendable poets; and he urges the reading now and again of science and philosophy. This solemn duty done he resumes his narrative. It was the sort of thing that always occasions the impulsive remark that "he takes himself too seriously," which when you come to think of it is quite absurd. For obviously the good young creature did not take himself half seriously enough. What he actually did of course was to lay too serious and paternal hands on us.

Taking One's Self Seriously

Advice of this sort is commonly given in a spirit of utter self-abandonment. Readers are seized in the midst of their reading with a mad Chautalkative philanthropy, and disdaining their own digestions tell us what to read. I am constantly receiving advice as to my book consumption from people who look starved. "Culture" is always preoccupied with my conversion. There are writers for the London Weekly *Bombardinian* who have never read a line except for the discipline of me. *Sic vos non vobis* is too manifestly their motto. In my own country there is the literature of the helping hand, more active than the Salvation Army. Unselfish men running back and forth all their lives between their books and me; devoted women telling me how to approach poets who are by no means fugitive; engines of literary "uplift," ably manned or womaned, from heavy, hoisting academic derrick to smoothest of ladies' escalators; societies formed to make me feel as if I had read what I have not; road houses on the way to every well-known author for the pilgrims who never quite arrive. In England the duty which the man who has read something owes to the man who has not is tinged, to be sure, with a certain sternness. The Briton with a bit of literary knowledge in him makes it a class distinction, accentuating the ignominy of the man who has it not, pointing more unmercifully than we do to the horrid gap between them—but always for that vulgar person's good. With us there are more who lend a hand or smooth the pillow. But common to this abounding helpfulness is the tendency to begin too soon. Too soon does the thought of others extrude all other thoughts. Too early and devotedly do readers plunge into the care of all minds but their own. The self-indulgent partaker is rare; the toil-spent, ill-nourished eleemosynary book-executive or taste-commissioner is almost the rule.

I forbear to add any reflections of my own to the vast body of expository or satiric comment on this familiar democratic tendency, but I do protest against the view that even the most solemn of these missionaries are people who take themselves in the least seriously. They are swept away from themselves on waves of premature benevolence. In a humanitarian era they are clean gone into other-mindedness, having no private tastes, only ministerial instincts, no personal pleasures, only social subsidiary utilities. These are not the cases of yourself-serious person. The more seriously he took himself, the more lightly would he be apt to take the duties of this literary motherhood. He would leave us to make our way as best we might into Meredith or toward Dante or under Shakespeare or around Browning. No sign-posts from him, or guide-books, path-finders, step-ladders, "aspects," "appreciations," central thoughts, dominant notes, real messages, helps to, peeps at, or glimpses of; in short, none of the apparatus of literary approach, and none of the devices for getting done with authors. For what should he care—that seriously selfish man—about our propinquities and juxtapositions, our first views and early totterings? *Sauve qui peut* would be his feeling in these matters, coupled with no especial unwillingness to see us hanged.

A foolish phrase, that of taking one's self too seriously, and doubly so when applied to writers, accusing them, as it does, of quite incredible excesses—thinking too long, feeling too keenly, enjoying too heartily, living too much. And, as is well known, true literature is compact of very lordly egoisms, the work of men preoccupied with self-delight. Never a philosopher without his own first egotistic certainties, or a poet who was not the first adorer of his dreams,

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or a humorist whose own earliest and private laughter was not the nearest to his heart. Never a good fisher of men in these waters who had not first landed himself, taken himself so very seriously that we cannot mistake him for anybody else, maintained his egotism in a masterpiece—that most unblushing, self-interested device ever yet achieved for the preservation of a personal identity.

"I AM bound, however, to say that it does not appear as if, of late times, endowment was the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people for endowments on the face of the earth in their universities; and it is a remarkable fact that since the time of Bentley you cannot name anybody that has gained a great name in scholarship among them, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way." The reference to England would alone suffice to stamp this extract as old-fashioned. It is, in fact, from Carlyle's famous inaugural address at Edinburgh, delivered just a generation ago. To-day the reference would be to America, which has so far surpassed the Old-World precedents in this as in other forms of munificence. With the exception of Cecil Rhodes's bequest, so well meant and, so far as we can as yet judge, so well doing, there is no English modern instance of benefaction in the way of endowments which is comparable to the gifts of any one of several American citizens. There are, to be sure, those who explain that some of the American gifts may have been intended as a propitiation by the givers of a victimized public. To which purpose there is a delightful inscription on the gates of Memorial Hall at Harvard, where it is set forth, with very questionable Latinity, that Blank, of 1871, built them "with his own money." But, as the gates were set up in 1876, it is unlikely that the inscription was so prophetic as to be invidious.

Endowing Research

Quite waiving, with Vespasian, the "taint" of the money, one would say that the endowment of research was at once one of the most valuable and one of the most difficult of the uses to which affluent benevolence could "shake the superflux." It is, at any rate, one of the least commercial. The commercial desire for "quick returns" underlies many munificent procedures in no other respect commercial. M. Paul Bourget has put it both accurately and neatly in saying that the rich and generous American "is willing to spend anything but time." The object of his beneficence must embody itself and take shape before him. He has nothing of the patience of the old Roman, planting that others may reap, and exclaiming "Immortalibus diis sero" as he holds one plough handle while Death holds the other. Hence the complaint of the colleges that he will rather build a dormitory than endow a "chair." The complaint overlooks not only the natural tendency of the munificent millionaire to see of the travail of his bank account and be satisfied. It also overlooks the natural tendency of the occupant of the chair to pad it with reference to the security of his own slumbers. Even in these days, one hard-working professor said of another, not notorious for zeal: "He has got a professorship which is secured to him, irrespectively of his own exertions, and if anything will quiet a man, that will." Historically, one need not go back to Gibbon's testimony to know how "quietly" the incumbents of Oxonian "s ft things" devote themselves to a still further softening of the things; how few Bentleys are likely to arise out of the British system of "endowments." One cannot expect that this system should commend itself to the American millionaire, with his proclivity to immediate and visible results, that he should be satisfied with the performance of his protégé before his protégé had been "quieted." He has a right to expect periodical and repetitious proofs of the diligence of his endowed researcher after the endowment begins.

But is there any way of making sure of such results? Is there any effectual or satisfactory substitute in endowments for "private means"? Take the case of Gibbon, by far the most distinguished Oxford man of his time. Suppose Gibbon had had no "private means." In that case, pretty surely, the "Decline and Fall" would still remain unwritten. To be sure, it was published volume by volume, but one can imagine a state of things in which a council of the university would have "sat" on each volume as it appeared, and decided that the author had or had not "made good." Unfortunately, as to the particular example, such a council, if of Oxford, would doubtless have decided, in every generation from the publication of the first volume even to our own, that the author's heterodoxy effaced his research, and that the university could not afford to sanction so scandalous a production by con-

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tinuing the livelihood of the author. Or take a more modern instance. If Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution" had had to be written out of leisure secured by some "endowment of research," it is fairly clear that it also never would have been written at all. If the author had had to be supported by some endowment, for the use of which he would have been called to a periodical accounting, and upon the income of which he would have had to live while he was writing, can one really imagine that he would have devoted himself to this subject so unreservedly and so long? While the "endowment of research" is, in a way, the most attractive and promising object to which the benevolent billionaire can devote his spare money, it seems that he must be content to have the bulk of his benefactions waste their sweetness on the desert air, which is to say, "the still air of delightful studies," without any tangible results, and that he must get his satisfactions out of the one case in ten or in twenty in which his munificence may prove to have been the enablement of epoch-making works.

I TRUST that no one will misunderstand, or will think that I cherish uncleanliness, when I confess that I deeply regret the advance made by modern science in bacteriology. It is not that I love disease, or fail to share the enthusiasm of those who would banish it, but the knowledge tending to prolong life has made life in many ways so much less worth living that some of us would rather go back to shorter and merrier days. I am all compassion for a piteous childhood, brought up no longer in the fear of the Lord, but in the fear of the Germ. A young friend of mine, not long since, told me of her little sister, aged five, who came home daily from the park full of enthusiasm over a new acquaintance made there, a little girl of about her own size. The family, interested, pressed her with inquiries about her friend, very naturally asking her name. The youngster bore the questioning for some time, but at last burst into tears with,

Germs in the Mind

"I don't know her last name, but her first name is Dorothy, and she hasn't got any germs!"

The story made me recall a tiny niece, all too young for such horrid thoughts, disciplining a still younger sister on a railway train for having put a splinter from the porter's whisk-broom into her mouth. The infant's idea of what might be on that whisk-broom appalled me: "Worms, and wriggly, crawly things that will get inside you and eat you up." I remember, too, the four-year-old daughter of a friend who resolutely refused to kiss her sick mother because, the little monster averred, she was afraid of getting sick herself. Are these bacteriologists in miniature to be endured? What shall be done with a childhood, robbed of its legitimate fear of bogie and hobgoblin, and left to construct from distorted facts such an unattractive mythology of its own? Are not erl-king and witch wife as true as many a bacillus legend, and far more enticing?

If the minds of those on the very threshold of life are thus overshadowed, what shall be said of the mind of eld? Uneasy age, waking to the import of recent discoveries, finds wretchedness in the place of long comfort. Isolated facts hit hard when used as missiles, and the younger generations do not hesitate to hurl them as fast as they can pick them up. Heaven help the unprotected old gray heads! Like a sword the thought of microbes cuts down between grandfather and grandchild; puts enmity between mother and son; separates sister and brother; comes between you and your faithful hound. My dog leaps toward me with the old look of affection, but, unless he has been lately scrubbed with antiseptic soap, I dare not touch him. He looks at me with grieved eyes, for he does not understand; neither do I. I only pretend to. My cat used to make me think of beautiful things, Egypt, and endless, unseen deserts. It was as if the Sphinx herself were coming to meet me more than half-way, would even jump upon my knee, feigning intimacy, while all the time the untold secret lurked in the depth of her beautiful eyes. Soft fur and flashing yellow tail no longer bring me comfort, but only fear, and to the Goddess of the Nile I have naught to say but "Scat!" Can it be that ancient prophecy about the house being divided against itself, father against son, mother against daughter, mother-in-law against daughter-in-law is being fulfilled, and in this way?

Doubtless my ignorant recognition of the unseen terror comes largely from being associated from time to time with two women physicians. My experiences with them on both sides of the water have made me realize what exceeding loss has come from their gain in knowledge. They can see nothing but their grim, invisible fellow travellers, feel nothing else, talk of nothing else. Show them the

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glories of Florence; they are aware only of the bacilli lurking on the Luca della Robbias and on the Baptistry gates, dismally speculating as to the length of life of this or that species. Take them to ancient Rome; they tread in gingerly fashion, thinking, not how many aspects of an immortal past they are confronting, but to how many kinds of disease they are exposed. Art history and the glory of the earth are to them but germ beds; these creatures infest all their subjects of conversation and multiply in every noun and verb. My learned friends rival Jeremy Taylor in enumeration of the countless risks one takes in accepting life. "Death meets us everywhere, and enters in by many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the meeting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, . . . by a hair or a raisin, . . . by everything in providence and everything in manners, . . . by everything in nature and everything in chance. *Eripitur persona, manet res.*" With all due deference to Jeremy and the Jeremiad, this does not seem to me the best or the bravest way of facing the great danger of being at all. In similar mood, though with different mental processes, my associates enumerate our ways of being taken off. They suffer all contagious diseases at once, and die daily a thousand deaths. To undergo at one moment and always the pangs of cancer, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, grippe, and all the rest is surely beyond the intention of nature in her most malignant mood. As for me, I am ready to die the death singled out for me, but not the deaths prepared for each and every other person.

"What is the death rate here?" the census man asked in a New England village.

"Same as anywhere," was the gruff answer; "one death to each person." Surely this is the divine allotment; surely this suffices.

This mental obsession makes me wonder if some phases of our great gain in physical matters have not come at too great expense to the spirit. I am ready to admit that noxious bacteria are everywhere, infest everything; how can one help it in the presence of such prolonged and triumphant demonstration of the innumerable host that swarm in a pin-point of space? But I am not yet ready to admit that nothing else exists. Rather would I side with Thales of Miletus in affirming that the primary substance of all things is water, or with Anaximenes, pupil of Anaximander, in conceiving the principle of the universe to be unlimited, all-embracing, ever-moving air, before I would accept the monstrous cosmology of these scientists. I draw the line at the Universal Germ! They who are aware but of bacilli have made but a doubtful step forward. I am willing to entertain these creatures in any part of me—it is the common lot—except my mind. That threshold I defend stubbornly. I should like to think of this innermost me as sacred, immaculate, to be forever kept apart from these creeping things, which swarm, millions strong, to every atom of gray matter of those who know too much about them. As to the occupancy of blood and bones by these minute destroyers I have no choice; I will suffer them and, in time, succumb to them, but I will not think of them. I banish them resolutely—it is the last resort of the idealist—from my immortal spirit.

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THE FIELD OF ART

PORTRAITS AS DECORATION

PORTRAIT-PAINTING has so long been regarded from the point of view of sentiment merely, so long been looked upon as a means of perpetuating the personalities of those held in affection or esteem by their contemporaries, that an important aspect of the art has been well-nigh overlooked in the long period of its practice.

The very fact of its possessing an intimate and human interest has led the mind away from its æsthetic possibilities, and this, besides being harmful to portraiture, has deprived the world of much that is legitimately ornamental; for, owing to the fact that portraits have not been considered as a means of decoration, they have at times lost much of the pictorial element that properly belongs to them. There is, however, so much in good portraits that may be utilized in this way that it is being borne in upon the knowing few thus to employ them.

Precedent is such a difficult thing to depart from, usage is so powerful, that the very name of decoration calls up a certain style of ornament which for ages has conformed to the hard-and-fast limitations assumedly imposed by the architect. If there be a side wall or ceiling to embellish, the artist must respect the conditions already existing of heavy or light wainscot, mouldings, sunken panelling or flush surfaces of the actual finish of the room or corridor, or hall that is to be treated. In reality, and if the architect and artist work together, such matters might be beneficently arranged; the architect having first created an interior of well-considered proportions, and intelligently lighted. Even if the room already exist without collusion with the painter, there is still more solicitude than necessary concerning the conventional and traditional manner of treating the spaces to be filled by form and color.

Too much has perhaps been made of the claim for the preservation of architectonic qualities in the pictured surfaces of interiors. Perhaps, after all, the work is worthy if it really ornaments — beautifies. In any case we are quite sure we can name instances where so-called architectural integrity in the way of supporting surfaces has been ignored by the artist, which still have proved by no means unsatisfactory as decoration.

If this be true, and if this condition of things will insure to the painter more latitude, greater originality, and to art more vitally interesting results, let us, by all means, have more of it.

It is certain that there are other topics than pseudo-classic ones which may be made use of, and successfully, to enrich interiors provided by the architect.

At a period of the world when god-peopled Parnassus was a theme of more real significance than now, when the world was so near the splendid art of Greece that noble forms, both in the human figure and in drapery, were the natural expression of the artist, classical themes in conjunction with architecture were fitting and beautiful; but that this style has so inevitably survived through the ages—with the perhaps unique exception of that eighteenth-century period when Watteau, Boucher and Fragonard frolicked with irresistible blitheness and gayety over interiors that were of the sentiment of their time—must be regarded as both a solecism and a mystery.

We can imagine conditions even in the present when such practice may be permissible—as, for instance, when the architect and painter unite to revive or create, in a happy artistic conspiracy, some perfect example of Greek precedent to which scholarship and research have lent their aid. I should say that it would be delightful to see this kind of thing done. At present, however, not this, but something else, is done constantly, inveterately and without regard to fitness or to buildings.

Now I say this state of things has so long obtained that nearly all other kinds of decoration, fitting, interesting and of the time, have been overruled, outlawed, ignored.

Are there no other periods or subjects that offer opportunities for fine forms, intelligent spacing, effective quantities? I think so. Quite as much surely as those of classic myths and Greek draperies.

It is the custom of banks, hospitals, universities, schools of medicine, and public buildings such as city halls, state houses and federal halls to collect portraits of their representative leaders, whether known as presidents, direc-

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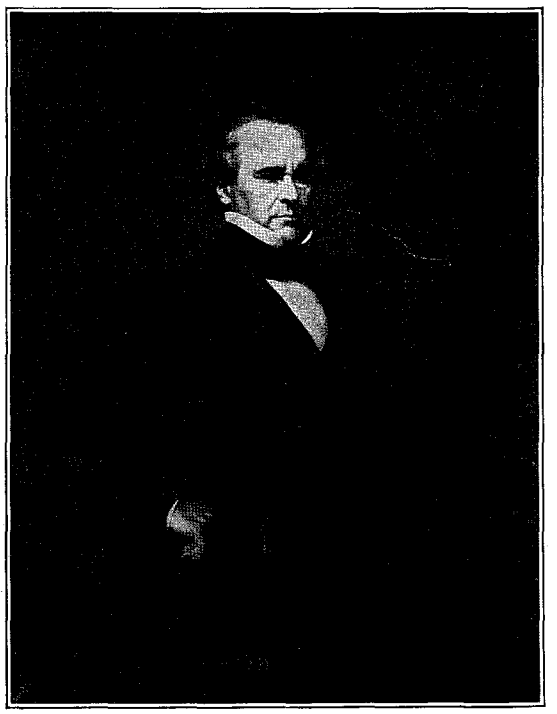
tors, benefactors, or originators of measures which have marked them in some special way as friends of the institution or of the State. These individuals are commemorated frequently enough in these various organizations, by portraits that tend to keep their memory green. How are these portraits placed? Do they serve any æsthetic purpose? None whatever—but they may do so. Would not these buildings gain in dignity and beauty if the portraits were given a mural setting that contributed to the enrichment of the halls and chambers of the structure?



Charles Anthon.
From a painting by J. W. Ehninger, in Columbia University.

English country houses, guild halls, college buildings at Oxford and elsewhere, as well as many palaces on the Continent, have successfully employed this kind of decoration. It may be owing to a kind of divination of future greatness that first impelled the English to encourage portrait-painting, and it remains a fact that the country is particularly rich in portraits. These are preserved with much care and become, in some cases, a feature of decoration in great houses, pointed to with pride. They stir the imagination, foster a sense of dignity in the descendants of the originals, and pique the curiosity of the student of character in tracing attributes of some past representative through inherited lineaments or mien.

This is no less interesting when these portrayals represent not family only but race; achievements of rulers, law-makers, or in the professions. These become doubly impressive and significant when used as embellishments of hereditary homes, palaces, or public buildings.

To mention an instance where such treasures could be effectively utilized, we give here a portrait of Charles Anthon, LL.D., author of the well-known classical dictionary and former professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University. This is one of many portraits of the professors and trustees owned by the university which by some ornamental treatment would greatly enhance the fine halls of the newly raised structures on Columbia Heights.

May not bar associations, city halls, and other buildings we have mentioned be similarly enriched?

There are collections of portraits owned by municipal and State buildings which could be readily made available for really handsome decoration by removing the frames, which are often ugly objects in themselves, and with an architectural purpose arranging these pictures as a frieze above a high wainscoting, as seen in the accompanying illustration.

The empanelling in a cartouche over a chimney-piece, or forming some centre, is very effective. An example of the kind may be seen in the accompanying reproduction of a design by Galland, a French decorator, for the setting of a portrait of Emperor Napoleon III; and one recalls also the picture of Diane de Poitiers in the palace at Fontainebleau.

To further my contention concerning the decorative possibilities of portraits, and to prove that the fact is being entertained by some minds, I will mention that an acquaintance who is planning a country house tells me that he is really building his house around the portrait, which he highly prizes, of his father. It is placed, set in, over the dining-room fireplace, and may be approached through a suite of rooms and seen at a distance of ninety or one hundred feet.

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Gallery of Apollo, Louvre, looking south.

Such a distinction for the former head of the house takes nothing from, but rather adds to, the filial sentiment, and nothing can be urged regarding the misuse of an intimate work of art—it is in its proper place and contributes to the ornamentation, the decoration of the house.

With the increase in wealth and consequent large estates that are coming into existence throughout the country, it seems peculiarly fitting that provision of this kind should be made for the dignified adornment of these stately places.

Portraits are records of the time; they become historical and, with the flight of years, take on an ethnological interest that gives them permanency of value not only to the family but to the race. Made use of in this manner, they need no longer be restricted in area; but full-length groups portraying not merely the individuals themselves, but the environment in which they lived, the pleasant paths they sauntered in, the acres they trod, may be depicted, so that there springs into existence a veritable ornament as legitimate for decoration, if properly empanelled, as some tapestry would be.

Something of this kind has been done by the early English portraitists, unembarrassed as they were concerning the ultimate placing of the canvas; for it was intended to beautify the home and contribute to the prestige of the family it represented. The increasing splendor of modern building, especially in rural America, sooner or later will call for works of this description, and it will become the part of the architect to make suitable provision for these pictured spaces.

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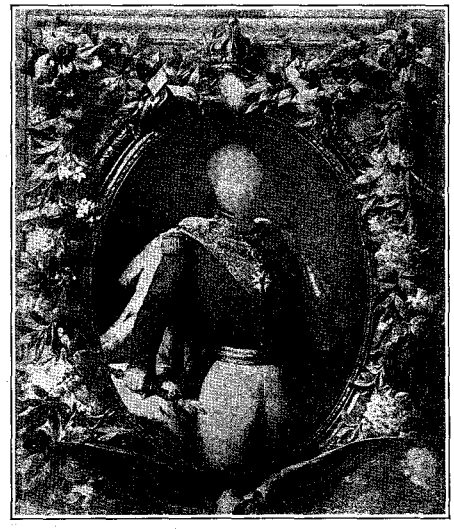
The scale of living has so expanded that one's surroundings must assume something of stateliness—we must outgrow our satisfaction in small or belittling objects—our minds must be appealed to by dignified forms, and nothing petty should be tolerated. Our outlook is widened, is more spacious; travel and cultivation have so broadened our views and made us so familiar with things of real beauty that we have become, or are rapidly becoming, fastidious in our demand for fitness in interior decoration. Numberless gilt frames of questionable design confuse the mind as well as the eye and disturb the mental attitude which even works of genius call for in order to be rightly appreciated. Breadth, simplicity, and just proportions must become the study of the architect who would fill acceptably the rôle of designer of public buildings or private homes. This fact is a very real one, as the practising architect can verify by his experience. No more will portraits or other works of art, even by men of acknowledged genius, be permitted to mar the balanced proportions of a room which should rest the mind through its intelligent and well-studied design. Whatever goes into it of portable art production will be in its place, and contribute to the general purpose of the whole—that of a room in which to live and be happy. And as our theme is the value of portraits thus utilized, we may see, I think, that they are eminently suited for such a destiny—they stimulate the sentiments, recall great factors in the various activities of the world, incite emulation, stir ambition, and provide food for thought. This is particularly the case where they are found in seats of learning, like Oxford, Cambridge, and universities in every land. Let them be so placed, the appropriate chamber for them so well chosen, that they fulfil the double purpose of effective lesson and appropriate furnishing. The mind will be surely better taught through the restrained taste displayed in this kind of ornamentation than by the often none too intellectual conception of a classical theme which to many a thoughtful student falls far short of his own imaginings of the subject as it may have appealed to him in the course of his studies.



A design by P. V. Galland, for the setting of a portrait of Napoleon III.

Reproduced in tapestry by the Gobelin manufacturers.

This is a plea for improvement in decoration, for more variety, a freer play of mind when the problem presents itself. There is much else available for the purpose, but this paper is intended to show the possibilities of the human element of portraiture when thus employed. The scale on which many English portraits are painted seems to call for this character of setting; and the opportunities for inventive design on the part of the architect are many, according with the official, semi-official, or domestic class of subject to be empanelled.

In recalling the multitudinous frames that disfigure the side walls of many institutions that are conserving with commendable pride the pictured presences of former officers, it seems most desirable that these halls, many of them of splendid and dignified proportions, should be so treated, still retaining their treasures of portraiture, so studied, with a view of best displaying their possessions, as to augment the beauty and impressiveness of the interior. This may be done, for the material is there.

When will military academies, naval academies, chambers of commerce, universities, bar associations, State houses, banks, colleges and schools be brought to the consideration of this eminently decorative and eminently practical scheme?

The few examples I have given to illustrate my contention may serve as hints for the more serious consideration of the subject; and I feel convinced that, as the civilized construction of buildings progresses, there will be increased demand for the application of the idea I have here but briefly suggested.

FRANK FOWLER.

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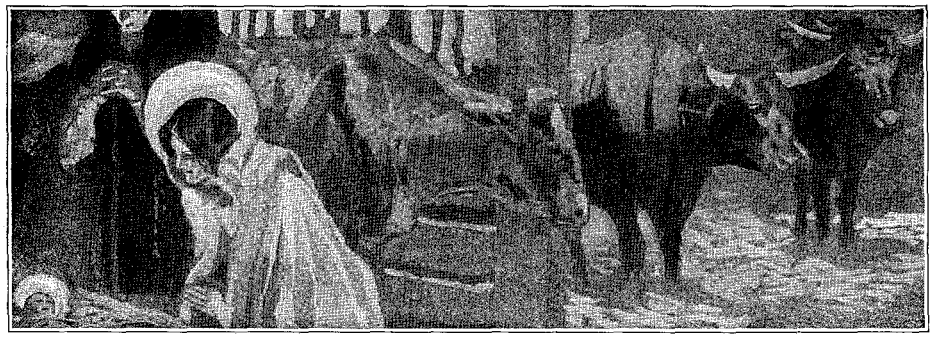

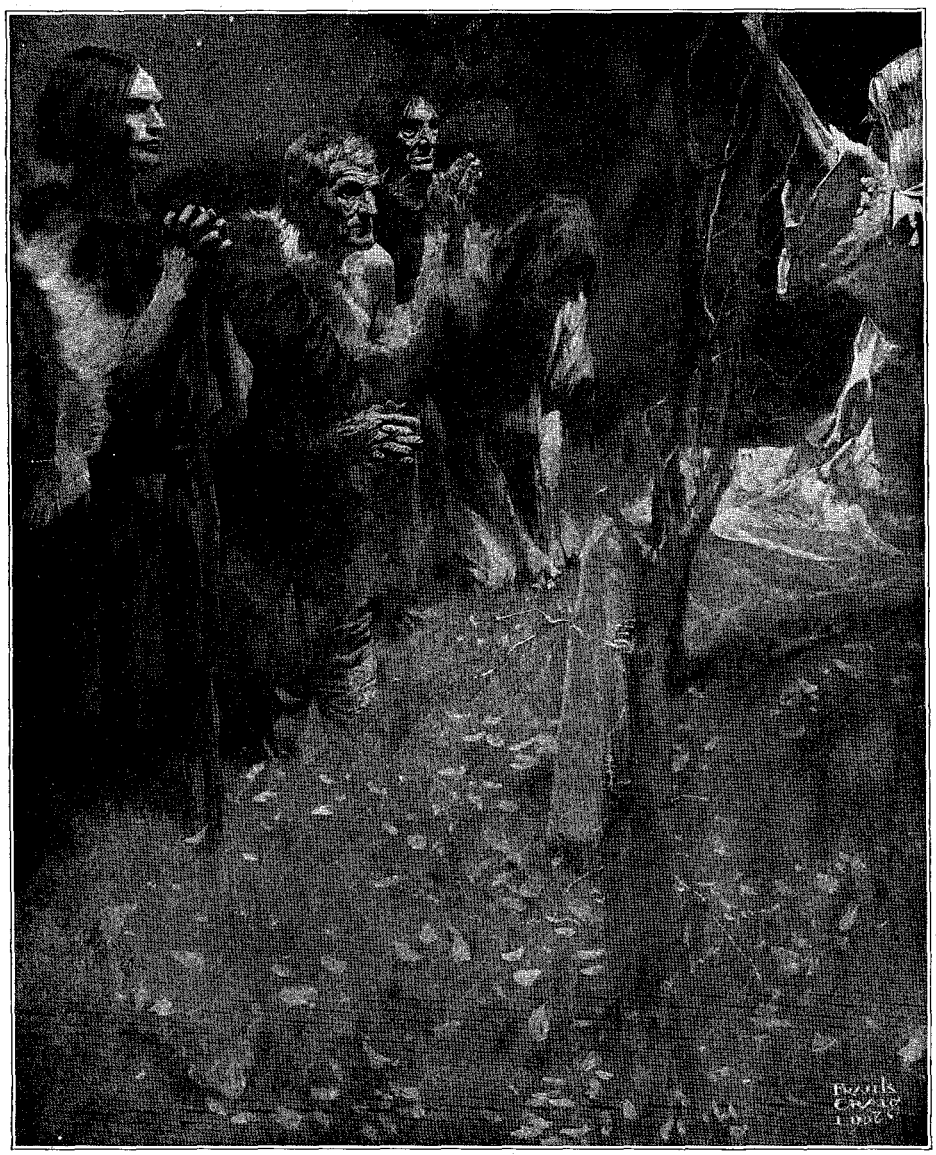

Drawn by Walter Craig.

He told them the story of the manger.—Page 651.

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Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

At the end the curtain went up and down a dozen times.—Page 677.

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